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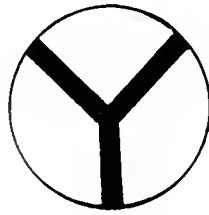


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THE STORY OF CHICAGO



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*“ The point which was her goal yesterday
is her starting-place to-day, and to-morrow
will be far behind her, a mere study for her
future historian.”*

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*An Indian Chief, the so-called Chicagou. After a bas-relief by
Edward Kemeys*

THE STORY OF CHICAGO

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By

JENNIE HALL

*Author of "Viking Tales," "Four Old Greeks,"
and "Men of Old Greece"*

Illustrated by

ANGUS MacDONALL

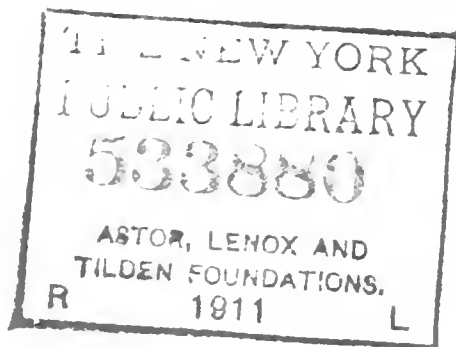
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CHICAGO

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LONDON

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FOREWORD

I AM not a very old woman. Generally, I am glad of this, but as I have been writing this story I have been sorry that I had not lived in Chicago in the early 30's. For if I were an old settler now, I could look into my memory and see lovely, long-ago things by the thousand. I could talk with my old-time friends about early days and be set right when my memory failed me, and every picture would be true. But I am only a newcomer, and I fear that I may have made mistakes. I am sure, too, that I have left out a hundred interesting things that I could have put in, if I had been my own grandmother.

So I hope that many of you may read this book at the elbow of grandfather or aunt or old friend who will say, "When I was a youngster," and will go on to correct and enlarge my story. For old Chicagoans are the best historians of our city. Such historians you will be some day, when your hair is white. What stories you will have to tell! "It's very different from the days of 1911," you will say—"much cleaner and pleasanter and much more beautiful. What wonderful things have happened in my time! What dreams I have seen come true! And I helped to bring some of them to pass. But there's

something left for you to do, my dear," you will say to the little boy who will be listening—"for Chicago must grow better every day. There must always be beautiful dreams ahead, and there must always be people to make them come true. See to it that *you* have such dreams, my boy, and see to it that you make them come true. Love your city. Think for her, work for her. Help to make her clean and beautiful and honest and happy."

JENNIE HALL.

Chicago, Illinois.

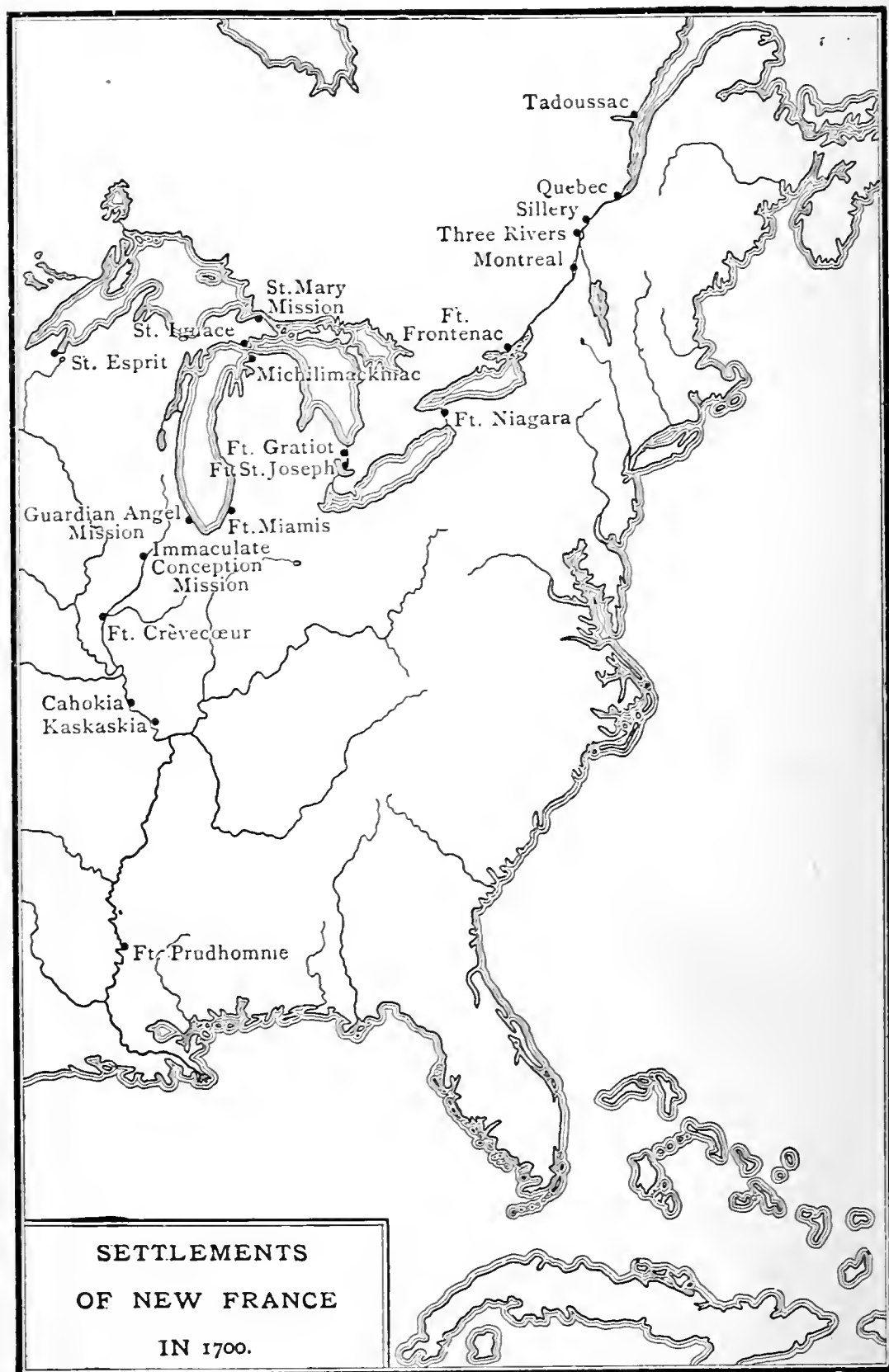
PART I



IN THE WILDERNESS

*“ Alas! for them, their day is o’er,
Their fires are out on hill and shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds,
The plough is on their hunting grounds;
The pale man’s axe rings through their woods,
The pale man’s sail skims o’er their floods ;
Their pleasant springs are dry;
Their children—look, by power oppress’d,
Beyond the mountains of the west,
Their children go to die.”*

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Map showing French Settlements in 1700

THE STORY OF CHICAGO

OLD FRENCH DAYS

NEW FRANCE AND ITS MEN

THREE hundred years ago North America was a land of forests and Indians. White men had discovered it in 1497. Every year after that a few ships came over from Europe. They sailed to our northern shores because they hoped to find a way around the land's end to rich China. But they were disappointed. Most of them sailed back to Europe, never to return. They told stories of a wild, wooded land, empty of riches. But a few of the vessels came again to explore this new country, hoping to find treasure of some sort. One daring Frenchman sailed up the St. Lawrence and spent a winter on one of its islands. And some ships came back to fish, for the Grand Banks of Newfoundland are the best cod-fishing grounds in the world. But at first nobody thought of making a home here, or building a town. Sometimes a few men from a fishing vessel stayed behind when their ship set sail for France. They built little huts on the shores and spent busy days fishing and drying their fish to be ready for the first visiting

boat of the next spring. But these few loitering fishermen were the only white men in a whole continent. Behind them stretched an untouched wilderness whose size and wonder no man knew. After not many winters some of these men began to look with longing eyes at the forests on the mainland behind.

"There must be furs in those woods," they thought. "This fishing is beggarly work. Furs would bring princely prices."

Moreover, those bold, adventure-loving men longed to wander through that unknown country. What wonders might they not see? What riches might they not find? What strange things might not happen to them? One or two at a time, the rough fishers slipped away to that strange land. After a few months they came back—fur caps on their heads, fur gloves on their hands, skin jackets, and leggings. They came in a strange, frail boat of mottled birch bark. It was laden with fur of otter and beaver and mink and fox. Their old companions stood in silent awe and gazed at the curious sight. They lifted the furs. They listened to the tales of the newcomers.

"Mink, rabbit, beaver, otter, swarm in that country," the bold travelers said. "It is a land of streams and lakes and woods. The forest is the home of countless animals. The waters are a path for the hunter. Scattered far apart are a few

friendly Indians. We lived in an Indian's bark hut for a month and ate from his dish. The land is a land of plenty, of fur, of silence, of adventure."

When the next boat went back to France from Newfoundland it carried not only dried cod and mackerel but a few bundles of furs besides; and the sailors took with them the stories of those adventurous trappers.

During the summer the returned hunters fished as they had used to do; but when the air grew crisp, and the leaves yellowed, and the frost glistened on the grass, they became restless.

"Now the mink are turning bright and silky," they said to each other. "Soon the snow will be covered with trails. It is dull here; let us be off."

So they set out, and two or three others with them to find furs and adventure in the wilderness.

Season after season this kept happening until, after fifty years, perhaps a half-hundred of these bold trappers were roaming the forests of Canada and canoeing on the Great Lakes. Every year their furs and their stories went back to France. Gay young nobles wore the furs and heard the tales.

"It sounds like a frolic," they thought to themselves. The longing for the wild forest, the strange Indians, the wonderful streams and lakes, began to work in them. One or two ships came across with some of these French gentlemen aboard. They breathed the fresh air, and caught a glimpse

of deep woods, and dreamed of broad lands, and went back to France full of wild plans.

At length, in 1608, a soldier and sea rover called Champlain founded the town of Quebec. It was a little fort of log blockhouses and log palisades. A broad river swept past the place, coming out

of the unknown land. Indians told the white men of a great waterfall and of wide lakes and of endless forests beyond. Where canoe could go or Indian would lead, these fearless Frenchmen went.

"Perhaps," some of them thought, "we can sail up this river, through these lakes, and out into the ocean that leads to rich China. At least we can explore and claim this land, and make a great empire for France."

This kind of dream was for wise old soldiers in steel

cuirass and helmet, or for ambitious young lords in plumed hat and velvet doublet and flying satin cape and wrinkled top-boots. There were plainer men who had different dreams. Furs and the gold that they brought were in their dreams. Still another kind of men had yet different



*One of those Wise Old
Soldiers*

thoughts. They had sat in quiet monasteries across the ocean in France. They had heard the tales about men in far-off lands—men who carried arrows sharpened against their brothers; men who had never heard of Jesus or of the blessed Mary.

"We must plant the cross in that wild land," these men said to one another.

"We must teach the savages the joy of peace and love. We must claim the land for our blessed Lord."

Soon in every ship that came from France to America was one or more of these priests. They had shining eyes and lean bodies. Some of them wore loose gray robes with peaked hoods and wide sleeves. These were Franciscan monks. But others wore long, tight coats of black, and broad black hats looped up at the sides. A rosary and its crucifix hung at the waist. These men were Jesuits.

So, for different reasons, gentlemen and trappers and priests tramped the forests, paddled on the waters, made friends with the Indians. Up the St. Lawrence River they pushed. They founded a fort, a mission, a trading post, at



*A Young French Lord
of the Seventeenth
Century*

Montreal, at Three Rivers, at Fort Frontenac, at Niagara, at Detroit, at Michilimackinac, at the farthest end of Lake Superior. Sometimes the fort was first, sometimes the mission, sometimes the trading post; but no matter which one of them led, the others soon followed.

The place chosen was always an Indian village, because here were the people to trade with, or to make friends of, or to be converted. So, in a French settlement there was always the cluster of low Indian lodges of bark or skin or rushes. Beside these, in another cluster, stood the brown log huts of the trappers and the large mission house of logs. In front of these white men's buildings the little fort stood on guard with its strong palisades and sturdy blockhouses, with sometimes a cannon or two pointing fiercely out from portholes.

Perhaps two or three hundred Indians, naked or half-dressed in brown deerskin, swarmed in the crowded village. A few trappers, waiting for the hunting season, lounged about in worn buckskin jackets with horsehair fringes, their legs tightly wrapped in strips of leather, and perhaps a gay sash fluttering at the waist. A dozen soldiers in long gray coats or shining cuirasses walked about. Two or three Jesuit Fathers in black gowns and broad hats went briskly from group to group, from lodge to mission house, or to the garden behind. They seemed the busiest people of the settlement.

All of these men were good friends, dropped down in the wilderness, perhaps a month's journey from another such settlement. Every spring trappers gathered in from the wide forests to these villages, and soon their canoes, laden with furs, went back to Montreal or Three Rivers or Quebec. In the autumn they returned, bringing tobacco, kettles, blankets, flour, whisky, perhaps more trappers, perhaps a visiting Jesuit, and surely bringing welcome news of the gay cities, the visiting ships, the governor's doings.

In winter these wild hunters wandered far away north, west, south. For nine months, sometimes even for two or three years, they went where fancy and game led them. If a trapper trailed a silver fox for days and days into a new country, he did not go back, but pushed on farther. At night he broiled a rabbit at a chip fire and ate a bit of dried deer meat from his pouch and, rolled in his blanket, slept on the ground. A dog or a chance Indian was his only company.

What tales these trappers had to tell when they went back to the stay-at-homes in Quebec or Montreal! And here in the towns were the men of dreams, and they forgot not a word that returning hunters and visiting Indians and priests' letters had to tell of a great western river—a river longer than the whole kingdom of France, broader than a great city, the stories said.

"Perhaps that river will lead us to China," some men thought; for in those days China was the land of gold, and every merchant and sailor longed for a short road to its riches.

Others said to themselves:

"A great river must have a great valley. If we do not explore it and claim it for France, the Spaniards will get it."

Both these thoughts were in the mind of the governor of Quebec. By this time Quebec and Montreal had grown to be large towns. They had stone forts; stone monasteries and convents; neat rows of solid, pleasant houses, where wealthy merchants lived; large storehouses for furs; hosts of little packing sheds along the docks at the river's edge. "New France" consisted of these two cities and the far-scattered forts along the Great Lakes. And "New France" must have a governor to take care of her, a wise man sent by the king back in old France. This governor, Count Frontenac, lived in Quebec. He was a man anxious to learn all the secrets of this unexplored land. He sent men hither and thither to visit all the interesting places he heard of.

"We must know more of this great river," he said when people told him the Indian stories of the Mississippi. "Through what lands does it flow? Are there gold mines along its banks? Into what sea does it fall?"

A certain young Joliet of Quebec was chosen to find the wonderful river. He had been born in the new world and had traveled much in the wilderness, and loved adventure. So he set out with joy. Up the St. Lawrence and along the lakes for a thousand miles he went, until he came to the mission of St. Ignatius at Mackinac. Here he stopped to meet Father Marquette, the Jesuit missionary.

This was a man who had been far and wide. He had lived for a time on the edge of the West at the mission of St. Esprit. His eyes and ears served him well. He knew the western wilderness as no other man knew it, perhaps, and his heart loved its wild woods and its wild people. He and Joliet already were friends. They had talked together of their adventures and their dreams. So Marquette met his visitor with great joy, and when he read the governor's letter and learned that he was to go with Joliet on the great errand, he cried out:

"At last I shall accomplish my dream! Years ago a strange people visited me at St. Esprit—the Illinois, or something like that, they called themselves. They told of a great river to the south. They begged me to come to them and to carry the word of God into their land. They were a gentle people. Now I can plant the cross among them and teach them of God. As to the

great river, we shall find it. It will be a glorious sight!"

In the middle of May, 1673, Joliet and Father Marquette, with two birch-bark canoes and five French paddlers, started on their long voyage. For many days they paddled on the lake and on unknown rivers—along Lake Michigan and Green Bay, up the Fox River and down the Wisconsin. Sometimes there stretched back from the river banks deep old forests with deer and bear and rabbits running through them; sometimes wide, flat plains waving with grass and dotted with strange, woolly, humped cattle. Sometimes the paddlers pushed through swamps clogged with clumps of wild rice. And the men had to portage from river to river, carrying provisions and canoes and tramping through the woods. At night they slept on the ground in their blankets. They shot wild game and pieced out their luck with corn meal and dried meat cooked at a bonfire. Often little villages of strangely built lodges sat on the banks of the rivers. The people of many of these villages had never seen white men before. Some of them received the travelers with joy, and feasted them and guided them on their way; but others yelled at them, shot arrows at them, chased them down the river, until the Frenchmen feared for their lives.

Everything was new and wonderful, but the

most wonderful of all was the moment when, at last, the canoes slipped into the great river. There was no question about it. They had finally reached that river of story and of dream. As they floated on they marveled at the ugly fish, the muddy water, the thousand turns of the current, the caving banks, the great width. For a month they paddled down the stream, with eyes open for everything. At last they said:

"It is enough. We must go back and tell the governor what we have seen. It is surely the Mississippi."

They took a new route back, up the Illinois River, up the Des Plaines probably, and into Mud Lake, and down the Chicago River to Lake Michigan. After some months Joliet reached Quebec with his story of the discovery; but Father Marquette, of frail body, had grown sick from the long journey, the damp nights, the tramping, the paddling. All that winter he lay at the mission on Green Bay, nursed by his brother priests. During the next spring and summer he slowly grew stronger. Always his thoughts were busy with those kindly Indians, the Illinois, whom he had seen again on his voyage. They had begged him to return and tell them more of his story of Christ. All that summer the Father had sweet dreams of Indians properly clothed, with warpaint and feathers gone, working fertile cornfields in

peace, meeting in a clean log chapel beside their friends, the French. By autumn he felt stronger.

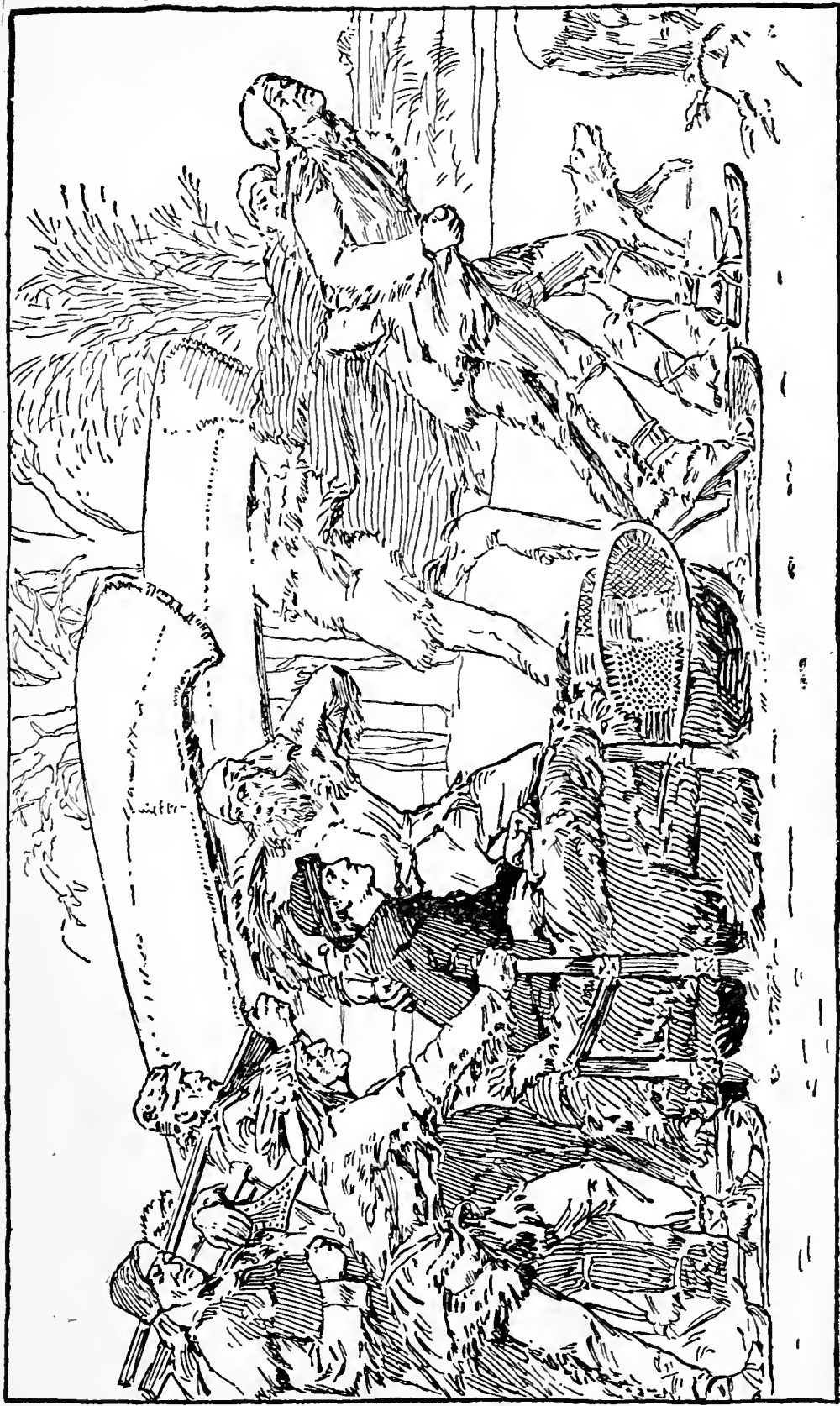
"I will go back to them," he said. "They are hungry for God's word."

Two French canoemen went with him. They planned to use the short route up the Chicago River, through Mud Lake, down the Des Plaines and so along the Illinois a few miles to the friendly village near Starved Rock.

But years of living in cold, smoky, Indian huts, much tramping through swamp and slush, cold winds and driving sleet and soaking rains, had worn Father Marquette to a feeble man. As his paddlers pulled the canoe upon the low bank of Mud Lake, he dragged himself out and sank down exhausted. These wild French woodsmen loved the gentle Father, with his delicate face and his golden hair. A rude little log hut stood on the bank. They carried him into its shelter and quickly built a fire and cooked what rough food they had. Here all winter long the priest lay on a heap of furs on the sand floor. His rosary was almost never out of his hands. Regularly, as the hours came, he read his prayers. As the two men looked at his gentle face and his thin hands, they thought:

"He is more fit for Heaven than for this wilderness."

There seem to have been no Indian villages



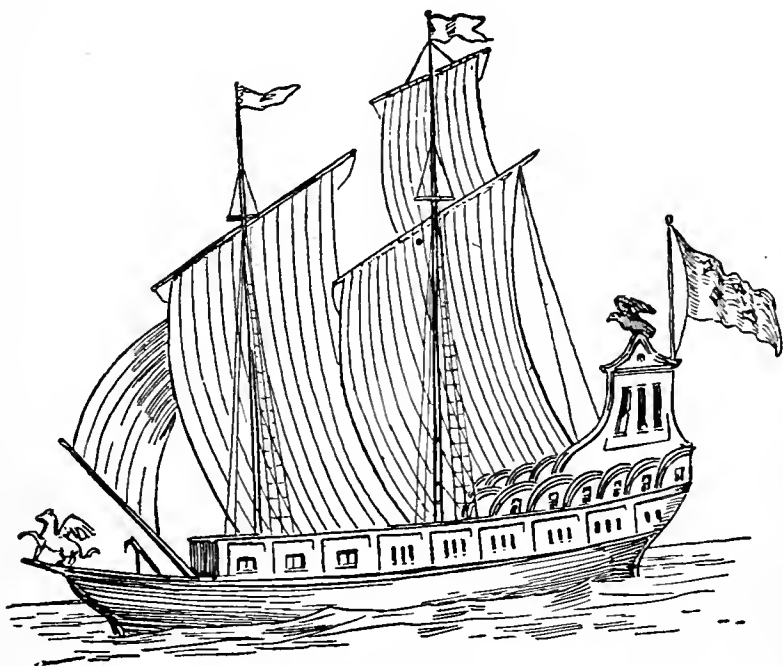
Father Marquette making the Portage near Chicago. After a bas-relief by Herman A. MacNeil

very near his hut, but his old friends among the Illinois often came up the river to visit him, bringing him corn meal and dried meat and wild turkeys and geese. The two French trappers who owned the hut came often with gifts of berries and bread and game. One of them had some doctor's skill and tried to make the sick man comfortable. And always the Father prayed for health. At last he grew better, and after the ice broke in the river, late in March, he started on to the Illinois village. There he preached for a while, living in the Indians' huts and eating at their fires. But soon his sickness drove him away. He started back for his old home mission, St. Ignatius. On the way, however, he died, and his two French canoemen buried him lovingly in the sand hills of Michigan, and planted a great log cross above his grave.

But even before Marquette, French fur hunters had tramped this plain of Chicago. They had paddled up the river and carried their canoes over the portage into Mud Lake. They had slept among the low sand hills or in the woods to the north. They had made friends with the Illinois and had bought furs in their villages. Doubtless some of these wild rovers had seen the Mississippi before Joliet and the priest; but they were ignorant fellows who could not write and who sometimes did not take the trouble

to know where they were. Father Marquette, however, during that long winter on Green Bay, wrote a full account of his voyage and sent it back to his brother Jesuits.

Joliet's wonderful story had flown from mouth to mouth, and the Fathers spread the further news in Marquette's letter. People longed fever-



La Salle's Ship, "The Griffin"

ishly to see these new lands. In 1679 one young man, La Salle, built a ship west of Niagara Falls and sailed it into Lake Michigan. Then he sent it back and paddled in canoes the whole length of the Mississippi. He dreamed of building a line of forts all along the great river. Around these forts should grow up French cities. The Indians should live in peace there beside their white

fathers. New France should become a great, rich country. La Salle and his men went to and fro through the Illinois land, making friends with the Indians; and behind them followed priests



Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

*Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle. From a painting
by G. P. A. Healy*

and trappers and new explorers. Montreal and Quebec, and Paris across the ocean, were full of stories of the great West and of the wonderful river. Indians shifted back and forth, sometimes here and sometimes there. But every man in

New France knew of the Illinois Indians and the Chicago River and the Chicago portage for the Mississippi; and every western voyager paddled our river and tramped our plain. And all this happened before the year seventeen hundred.

THE MISSION OF THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

It was in the very beginning of the year 1701. Prairie, river, and swamp were covered with snow. Here and there clumps of bare trees were black against the white. On the shore of the frozen swamp were signs of an Indian summer village. Low, dome-shaped frames of poles stood deep in snow. A few huts had been left with their rush mats on. From among them towered a great cross, grayed by the weather. Behind it stood a large house of brown logs. The snow was shoveled away from the door here, and a path led to a little log cabin. From the log and clay chimney of this hut blue wood smoke was rising.

Far to the south, across the flat plains, a black speck was moving. It came rapidly toward the village. Two men rushed out from the cabin. They peered across the plain, talking excitedly.

"I say it is a Frenchman!" cried one. "I can see scarlet leggings."

"Then it must be one of the trappers," said the other. "Now what can be the trouble? The Sacs must be on the warpath."

The traveler came swinging toward them on his snowshoes.

"I'm going to meet him," cried one of the men, and he was off, wading heavily in the snow.

"I'll get him a warm drop to drink," called the other, turning toward the cabin.

The hut that he entered was half dark, for the wooden shutter of the one small window was closed against the cold. The man stirred the fire on the stone hearth and swung a kettle over the blaze. Then he walked to a shelf that stretched along one side of the brown, log wall. From among the dishes and pipes and powderhorns that littered it, he took down a brass flask of liquor and a pewter cup. While he was mixing the drink his friend pushed open the door, bowed, and waved his hand, saying, "Enter, Monsieur."

And in came the traveler.

"Jacques," said the man who had brought him, "we have the honor to entertain Monsieur Courtemanche, who bears a message from the governor."

"You are welcome, Monsieur," said Jacques, "and so is your message, whatever it may be. It is our first news for months. But your blood must be cold. Drink, Monsieur," as he handed him the steaming cup.

"Ah! this is a kind welcome," cried Courtemanche in a gay voice.

He drank the cup as he stood, drawing a deep breath at the end.

"Hu-u! I think that reached my heart," he laughed, as he unstrapped his fur roll from his back.

He pulled off his beaver gloves and spread his hands before the fire.

"Your Indians are off on their winter hunt, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes," answered Jacques, "and the priests are down at the Immaculate Conception among the Illinois. But perhaps you were there and saw them?"

Courtemanche nodded, and Jacques continued:

"Pierre and I and my squaw are here alone. And, I tell you, we are tired of one another. You are doubly welcome, Monsieur."

Meanwhile Courtemanche was stripping off his buckskin jacket and scarlet leggings. Under them he wore tight knee breeches and long gray stockings, and a dark green coat with long skirts. It was touched at neck and wrists with beaver fur and had a few straps of gleaming gold braid.

"Ah! Monsieur carries the gayety of the court with him," said Pierre.

Jacques clapped his friend on the back.

"Come, Pierre, don't be envious," he laughed. "Buckskin and horsehair fringes, when we can get them, are good enough for trappers."

"Man," said Pierre gruffly, "in another year you will be a painted, naked Indian."

"But, gentlemen," interrupted Courtemanche, "I have a thousand questions to ask. Our governor plans a great peace assembly. Iroquois, Hurons, Sacs, Foxes, Illinois, Miami—all our northern and western Indians are to come to Montreal. They are to smoke the calumet and go home friends."

"Eh-h-h!" scoffed Pierre, "the Iroquois are good at promising."

"Well," said Monsieur Courtemanche, "the governor means to try again. I am sent with a message to the western tribes. I brought a priest with me. We found Mackinac deserted. The Indians were off on their winter hunt. The Father stayed there to call them together. I came on south to your tribes. I have already seen the Miami at St. Joseph's and the Illinois at the Immaculate Conception. They have promised to come. Now I must see these Miami in assembly."

"I will go to their winter camps," said Jacques, "and call them to meet you, Monsieur."

"Good!" Courtemanche said. "The governor will pay you for your trouble. Will Pierre stay and help me welcome the Indians as they come?"

"Certainly, Monsieur," answered Pierre.

That very day Jacques went off on his errand.

"I shall not be back for a week or more," he said. "The Indians are in several camps, scattered through the woods."

The time of waiting was long and slow to the two men left at the village. Two or three days they tramped the prairie all day long with gun and powderhorn. At night they came home with gay-colored ducks or long-tailed turkeys or a line of dangling rabbits strung over their shoulders. Once, even, they killed a deer and dragged it home across the snow. The squaw boiled dried corn and beans and squash in the kettle over the fire, and dropped in dumplings of corn meal. But Pierre himself dressed and roasted the game.

"I like to have my fingers in the cooking," he laughed, as he turned the spit. "It is a jolly thing to watch a duck sputter and brown, and to breathe the good smell."

One day he went out to the river and caught a few fish.

"It is Friday," he said as he threw them, carefully cleaned, into the pot of boiling vegetables. "You remember to keep the fast, I suppose, Monsieur. In the forest it is hard to tell one day from another."

Much of the time the two men spent before the fire, talking and smoking. Courtemanche sprawled on the shelf-like bunk. Pierre lay stretched on

his back on a buffalo robe, with feet to the fire.

"Ugh!" he once said. "Never again will I stay behind to keep the trading post when the trapping season begins. Think of those other lucky fellows swinging their legs through the forest now, making their spears fly at a beaver dam, hearing the good squeal of a mink in a trap, thawing beside a fire at night!"

"How many trappers have you here at the Guardian Angel?" asked Monsieur Courtemanche.

"Twenty left here in November for the hunt," answered Pierre. "But if I can read signs, not so many will come back in the spring. There was Jean. He would not sleep under a roof all last summer. He paints his face and sticks eagle feathers in his hair. He eats and sleeps and hunts and dances with the Indians. He longs for the mountains past the Mississippi. Doubtless he will wander off there and be adopted into some Indian tribe. He is a lucky dog."

"A lazy, worthless dog, I should say," replied Monsieur Courtemanche, angrily. "This turning Indian is the curse of New France. Dozens of young men do it every year, and our country is so much the poorer. This is a big, fierce land. We need all the white men we can get."

"Eh-h!" sighed Pierre, "but it is a sweet life—hunting, war, the woods, squaws to do the work, no laws, no prisons, no scolding. Heigh-ho!"

He poked his moccasined toe into the lean side of a wolfish dog that lay nose to the fire.

"But then, Monsieur," he added, "there is no danger for me. I shall stay French. I like a bit of good cooking now and then, and I have a wife back in Montreal that can make a pasty. I shall go back some time with a canoe full of beaver skins. Then I will buy out the whole beaver fair—plumed hat, velvet breeches, ruffles, lace, powder. Oh, ho! I shall swagger."

He rubbed his curly hair and laughed up at the ceiling.

"How long since you were there?" asked Monsieur Courtemanche.

Pierre dreamily blew smoke toward the blackened rafters.

"Oh, let me see," he mused. "Last year I went out from Michilimackinac; the year before that from St. Esprit, and before that from St. Joseph's. At first I trapped about Three Rivers—but that is a tame country—too near the French. This western land is the place for me. I was through here when Father Pinet was founding his mission and building the house there. Let me see, that was how long ago?"



Gay Clothes at the Fair

"Five years, in the year of our Lord 1696," answered Monsieur Courtemanche.

"You have a wonderful head for dates, Monsieur," Pierre said admiringly. "That was a holy man, Father Pinet," he mused on. "And it was a rare joke to see him make the braves work for him like women. They cut down trees and dragged them across the prairie and built the mission house out there. Of course, the squaws helped, too. These Jesuits are no lazy dogs, Monsieur. Two of them are off in the winter camps now, and I think you must know that winter Indian camps are not beds of ease. All day they tramp with the men through the half-frozen marshes. At night, wet from wading, they sleep on the snow. They eat what the Indians eat and starve when the Indians starve. I have seen some of them die of the hard life. And they do it all for the love of God and the saving of souls. I cannot understand it. Now as for me, I love the fun of it; the smelling about for beaver; the circling around and around a moose; the looking for marks of deer browsing; the sweet smoke of a little chip fire; the danger; the hiding; the looking, looking; and then the victory. Ah! It is life!"

At last the Indians began to come, a small group at a time. They were wrapped in buffalo robes. The skin side was out and was brightly

painted. Their moccasins and leggings were gay with dyed porcupine quills. Each squaw carried a large pack of food strapped to her back. Monsieur Courtemanche and Pierre walked out and spoke to the braves and led them to the cabin.

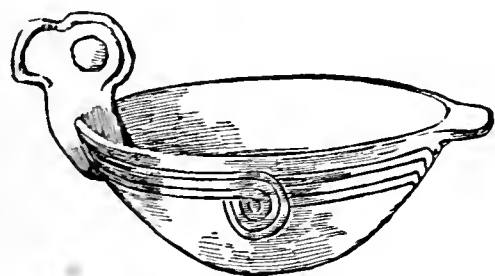
The women dropped their packs and set to work. A few gathered wood and started fires in the snow. Others trotted about, digging up corn and dried meat that had been buried the year before. Still others untied the packs and took out the rush mats and tied them upon the tent poles that during the winter had stood bare.

There were two or three days of waiting for all to come. Meantime the braves amused themselves with games. Often they passed the time by running races. A long line of them, two or three abreast, ran around in a circle, trampling down the snow. Then tall young Indians, throwing off their buffalo robes, stepped out to race. A yelling crowd watched them. At other times a warrior would go shouting from hut to hut, for some one to come out and wrestle with him.

But in a few days the waiting was over. The hundred or more rush lodges were crowded with people. Then early in the morning a great fire was built out of doors. The squaws were carrying and cooking for an hour or more. The chief walked to the French cabin, where he found

Monsieur Courtemanche with the two trappers and the two priests.

"The sun is beautiful to-day, O Frenchman," he said, "on account of your coming. Your snowshoes had smoothed our way through the forest. Our fires are warm because of your



Indian Pottery

presence. Our meat is sweet because you are to eat of it. Will you come and sit with us and taste of our feast?"

When they went to the fire they found the warriors already seated on their buffalo robes. The women stood far back in a silent circle, watching the men. After the chief and his guests were seated a man brought them a wooden platter of corn-meal mush. The chief dipped up a spoonful and blew upon it to cool it, then fed it to Monsieur Courtemanche. So he did with the boiled fish and the boiled buffalo steak that followed. After the Frenchman had eaten, the dish passed around among the silent warriors, who ate from it.

At the end of the slow, silent feast one of the priests rose and spoke.

"My children," he said, "our blessed Lord has been good to us this winter. He has filled our caches with corn and meat. He has softened

our beds with buffalo hides and fox skins. Now he sends us a visitor from our father at Quebec. Let us give him thanks."

Slowly the Indian braves lifted themselves and stalked after the priests and the Frenchmen into the mission house. It was a small room. Benches made of the flattened halves of logs with sticks for legs stretched from log wall to log wall. The few windows were closed with rude shutters. Pine torches, thrust into holes in the walls, smoked and half lighted the room. In the front a little white-painted altar stood before the brown wall. On it shone a gilded cross. At each side burned candles. The picture of Mary hung above it on the logs.

Some of the Indians knelt and made the sign of the cross as they entered; but many strode straight on with heads high. It was a curious looking crowd to be in a chapel—the clipped heads with their dangling locks around the ears, dyed feathers thrust into black hair, painted cheeks, oiled and shining bodies.

After mass the people poured out of the church, spread their buffalo robes about the fire again, and squatted upon them. The chief filled a pipe with tobacco and lighted it from the fire. Then he went and calmly sat down by Monsieur Courtemanche. He drew three slow puffs of smoke, then passed the pipe to his guest. The Frenchman

also took three slow puffs and passed the pipe to his neighbor. So the calumet went around from warrior to warrior. No word was spoken. Every movement was slow. The Indians sat with folded arms. When the pipe had gone all the way around the circle, back to the chief, he slowly rose. He looked about on his warriors. Then he turned to Monsieur Courtemanche.

"A visitor comes to us," he said, "from our father at Quebec. He brings a message. The ears of his children are open. Let our white father speak."

Then he sat. All the eyes of the silent circle were on Monsieur Courtemanche as he rose. Here, close to the fire, he had pulled off his leather jacket and leggings. He stood as he had stood in the trappers' cabin, in gray breeches and dark green coat. He lifted a beaver skin from a pile lying beside him and threw it upon the ground before the fire. Then he spoke:

"Here is my gift, which says that the Miami's troubles are the Frenchman's troubles. The Miami's enemies are the Frenchman's enemies. The Iroquois steal the white men's furs, kill their men, burn their villages. They do the same to you. Our great father at Quebec has said: 'It is enough. War must cease. We have no time to build our houses or to till our fields or to hunt our furs, because we always must be fighting with



Courtemanche addressing the Indians

the Iroquois. All my children must live in peace. I will gather them into Montreal, and I will tell them so.' That is the message I bring from our great father. This present," as he threw out another beaver skin, "is to prove my message true."

He sat down. There was a moment of silence. Then an old warrior, scarred from many battles, rose.

"We have heard the words of our father," he said, and he smiled. "Can it be that our white father is afraid of the Iroquois?"

Then he sat down calmly and stared at the Frenchman.

Monsieur Courtemanche clenched his fists in sudden anger. Then he felt those hundreds of watchful eyes, and he felt the dignified silence, and he rose as calm and steady as the Indians themselves.

"The Miami have seen many Frenchmen," he said. "Did the Miami ever see one who was a coward? I remember a day when the warriors of the Miami from behind their palisades saw a host of the Iroquois come against them. The man that led the Miami out for battle was a Frenchman, and his name was Courtemanche. Have your brothers, the Illinois, told you of the time when they stood trembling before the hosts of the Iroquois at Starved Rock? Every Iroquois

arrow was on the string, every Iroquois gun was at the shoulder, but a Frenchman, Tonty of the Iron-Hand, stepped out before them, alone. Iroquois yells were in his ears, Iroquois axes swung around his head, Iroquois fingers clutched his scalp lock. An Iroquois dagger stabbed his side, but he stood up, bleeding, and spoke. He and a handful of white men stayed and held back the warriors of the Iroquois, while the Illinois paddled away.

“At another time our father Frontenac gathered all his warriors, bright with plumes and with steel dress, and marched into the Iroquois country. The Iroquois fled from before him. Behind him he left ashes of fields and villages. It was long before the Iroquois again dared to look into a white man’s face.

“Long ago, when our first white father, Champlain, came to this land and built Quebec, he found your brothers, the Algonquins, at war with the Iroquois. He said, ‘Your enemies are my enemies,’ and he went with his red children to make war upon the Iroquois. Never since then have our hands been off our guns. Yet who of you has heard of a Frenchman’s going back to France to live?

“We have a great country there. The villages are so many and so close together that a man can see from one to the next. The villages have walls

of stone three times as high as a Miami lodge. The warriors that stand on that wall to fight are as many as the stars. Why do we not go back there and be safe, if we are afraid? This," he threw another beaver skin out before the fire, "is my gift to say that Frenchmen are afraid of no man living."

When Monsieur Courtemanche sat, another brave arose.

"No one doubts the courage of our white fathers," he said. "That was an idle word. But our complaints against the Iroquois are many. The Great Spirit gave to the Iroquois the land south of the most distant lake. To the Miami and their brothers he gave this land about the lake of the Illinois. But the Iroquois are not content. They will not stay in their own country. Many times have they followed the setting sun into our land and left it desolate. They have dragged our dead from their scaffolds and have scattered their bones. That is no news to Frenchmen. One of our white fathers, La Salle, came down our rivers not many summers ago and found only ashes of villages and bones of men. The braves of the Miami will wait no longer. We will hang our belts with Iroquois scalps. We will leave in their land only ashes of villages and bones of men. We have already danced our war dance against them. This is to prove my words."

He threw down his war club.

The Jesuit missionary, in his long black gown and wide, looped-up hat, arose.

"My children," he said, "you are speaking the language of blood and of folly. Have you forgotten the words of the Black-gown? Peace and kindness, not anger and bloodshed, will open the gates of Heaven to men. Our white father sends to say, 'I will have peace.' What he says, he will do. He loves his children, but they must obey him. He is wise and will do the best thing for them. And will you not do this thing for love of your white fathers? They have helped you fight your battles against the Iroquois. They buy your furs and give you tobacco and paint and guns. Their Black-gowns live among you and cure your sick and teach you of our Lord."

He lifted high the crucifix that hung from a rosary at his waist.

"The children of the cross are peaceful warriors. 'War is the Lord's.' He will have peace among his children, or with his great arm he will reach down and crush them."

The priest sat, and Monsieur Courtemanche rose again. He threw a long roll of tobacco upon the beaver skins.

"This is to say that Montreal is full of tobacco and guns and beads and many things that the Miami love. And they can all be bought with

beaver skins. There will be a great feast, and no man shall be hungry. Drums will beat, and guns will thunder, and the shores will be loud in welcome of our Miami children. And the father of the Miami will listen to all that his children have to say. But his arm is long; let the Miami not think that if they stay at home it cannot reach them. His arm is longer and stronger than the arm of the Iroquois, and his warriors are braver and more numerous. Let the Miami remember."

This time the tall old chief rose slowly.

"Our father knows," he said, "that his Miami children are not afraid. He knows that they love him. Their father is wise and does the things that are best for his children. He will hold the Iroquois under his hand. His children, the Miami, will come to Montreal to smoke the calumet. Give this to our father when you tell him our words."

He took a wampum belt from his waist and gave it to Monsieur Courtemanche. Then the council broke up.

That night the Frenchman planned with the chief to meet the Miami in July at Michilimackinac, where the other western tribes were to gather on their way to Montreal. On the next day he started north again to give his message to other tribes. The Indians went back to their winter camps. Jacques and Pierre were alone again.

In the spring the Indians returned from the woods. The squaws came, bent double under heavy burdens of winter-caught meat, and of iron pots bought from the Frenchmen, and of wooden platters, and of bundles of furs. The winter had been prosperous. The braves had brought to the lodges deer and bear and buffalo for food, and furs of beaver and otter and mink. The squaws had been busy in the huts drying the meat, tanning the skins, sewing leggings, dyeing porcupine quills, making moccasins, weaving wampum belts. Now they brought all these things back to the summer camp on the Chicago River. Here the busy days for the women continued. They went out to the cornfield and loosened the dirt with sharp sticks. They dug up the seed-corn from the holes where it was buried and planted it. Another field they planted to beans and squash. The two missionaries often worked with them, teaching them to plant in straight rows, to loosen the dirt deeply, to break the clods. They even made a rude sort of plow and tried to teach the women to use it; but the squaws liked the old way better, and laughed at the plow.

"The Black-gowns are wise," they said among themselves as they worked. "They can drive away the devils that make us sick; they can talk with the Great Spirit; but the Great Spirit has taught his children how to grow maize. Long

ago he showed our fathers how to dig up the ground. That way is best."

As soon as the seeds were planted, the work began for the children. They went about the edge of the field, making a great noise with wooden clappers to frighten away the birds from the crop.

The men, too, had work. Some of them left the village to hunt or to dig flint. At home in the huts or under some shady tree others sat chipping arrowheads or whittling bows or feathering arrows or carving the handles of war clubs. On other days they went into the woods and chopped down trees and lopped off the branches and barked the long logs. Then they hollowed them out, shaped the ends, and painted the sides. These were their canoes. They had to make the paddles of light ash. Sometimes the priests sat with the men and worked, or went with them into the forest. They gossiped of Indian affairs or told of Christ and the saints, or of the wonders of France.

"You say, Black-gown," asked a young brave one day, "that the white men have canoes bigger than our mission house and taller than our cross?"

"Yes," answered the priest. "And the canoes have wings that we call sails, and one of those sails would cover three Miami lodges. The canoes have tall trunks of trees set in them to carry these sails. One canoe would hold all the braves of

this village. It stands high out of the water. If you paddled to the side of it, the men on board would drop over a rope ladder to you, and you would have to climb up and up."

"Yes," spoke an old warrior, "I once saw the monster canoe that our father, La Salle, brought into our lake. It was like a huge duck with gull's wings. Men upon it seemed like ants. No paddle could be made long enough to reach the water from its top. The white men must have giants to help them work."

"So they have," said the Jesuit, "giants of iron and of ropes. We call them machines. We make them, then we have them help us make other things. They help us to build lodges of stone as tall as a tree. There are many such lodges in France. In some, great chiefs live. In others, people hear mass and say their prayers. No great warrior in France is too proud to kneel to our blessed Lord. Those people love their red children in New France. They say to us, 'Teach our children to love the good God. Build chapels, set up crosses in every village. Our red brothers must come to our Happy Hunting Ground when they die. We shall meet them there.'"

Often in those days the Indians talked of the great assembly to be held in Montreal.

"Our eyes shall see many wonderful things," one would say. "I am glad to go."

In June the French trappers began to return. One or two or three in a canoe, with a dog sitting stiffly in the prow, they paddled down Mud Lake. Indians, priests, and other trappers ran down to the shore when they saw the bright caps or fluttering sashes far off. The newcomers waved to their friends on shore and shouted a gay greeting. As they came near, Indians waded out and pulled the canoe upon land. Out leaped the Frenchmen and stretched their hands to their friends.

"Ah! ah! Philippe! Jean! Robert!" they cried. "It is good to see men again. And the papooses!"

They caught up the little naked Indian children and threw them to their shoulders and went running about.

"A horse! a horse!" they shouted. "You are riding a horse, like a French knight."

One day in July a canoe with a French trapper in the stern and a strange Indian in the prow came to the shore. As the Frenchman leaped upon shore, shouting and laughing, the other trappers crowded around him and clasped his hands and threw their arms over his shoulders.

"Louis! Louis!" they cried joyfully. "But what?" they said, touching his left eye, for it was withered in its socket, and his check was scarred.

"Eh-h, yes, my brothers," Louis laughed. "And here is the other half of the story," pointing to the strange Indian standing stiff, with folded arms.

"It was a bear," Louis went on. "I was in the woods with no man near. I stooped to pull a thorn from my moccasin. Ah! then it happened. I felt great arms around my body. My lungs were flattened. I screamed to the blessed Mother. I slowly worked my hand to my knife. I struck and struck, but, oh! it was feeble. Then the great bear lifted his paw and struck me in the face. I felt the blood follow his nails down my cheek. Next I heard a little singing close to my ear. I felt the great arms loosen. I heard another little singing and a soft footfall over the breaking twigs. Then I and the bear fell together, and a man pulled me from between the ugly paws. And this," Louis cried, waving his arm toward the quiet Indian, "this was my savior. He carried me to his village. He laid me upon his own rush bed. An old squaw put some wise herbs on my face. I grew well, and this man shall be my brother forever. But my eye! My cheek!" he sobbed, covering his face.

"Your stomach is empty," cried one of his friends, clapping him on the shoulder.

Then the men rushed away from the sad tale and set about cooking a meal and helping to unload the canoe.

"What is this?" they said, as they lifted out bundles of furs. "These did not grow in the land of the Illinois."

"No," Louis said. "Ah! I have been in a wonderful country, among the mountains of the setting sun. After the fight with the bear I stayed in my brother's village all the summer. I learned of his people; I hunted buffalo with them; I went on their war parties. I made myself bow and arrows and saved my powder. I told those people about New France and about our wonderful motherland. Then, when winter came, I asked my brother to go up into the mountains with me. And there, my lads, is great hunting. See—the skins of mountain goats, of white bears, of a strange sort of elk, and of fox and of mink, too. And there is great climbing, also, among forests of pine, up steep rocks to where snow lies in summer. But after a while I began to feel a hunger in me for a French voice and a French pipe. So we built a canoe, and as soon as ice broke we set out for home. We stopped for nothing, and, behold, we are here. I am poor in furs and in eyes, but I am rich in memories and in a brother."

As he said it, he threw his arm over the strange Indian's shoulder.

"These wonderful furs will get you more than money," his friends said. "You will be a famous man in Montreal."

They carried the furs to Pierre's hut, and he marked the bundles with Louis' name and piled them with others.



Louis and the Bear

At the meal that was soon ready more than a dozen trappers sat down, and beside Louis sat the strange Indian. These wild rovers were not used to a roof, and the rafters rang with loud, gay voices. Hard, bronzed fists thumped the bare table. Men stood and swung their caps as they sang a jolly French song.

Of all that gay crowd Louis was the gayest. Three years before he had been the hero of the post; the best fighter, the best man at hurling the bar, the swiftest on snowshoes, the fastest swimmer, and the best teller of tales. He had been gone three years. Some of the men at the table were new at this post and had never seen Louis before; but every one was his friend already. His stories, his voice, his laugh, had won them.

"Lucky dog!" they thought, gazing at him with shining eyes and thinking of his strange adventures.

At last the meal was over. Pipes were filled, and the trappers stretched themselves on piles of furs in the corner of the hut, or leaned against the wall, or lounged with elbows on the table.

"Where is this new land of yours, Louis?" asked Jacques. "Tell us about it."

"Well," Louis answered, taking his pipe from his mouth, "when I started out alone three years ago, I kept a shut mouth, but I meant to see what was west of the big river. I had a good bag of

pemmican and another of pounded meal, and a big box of powder. So I kept on paddling down the Illinois and into the Mississippi. I hadn't gone far before I saw a whirlpool ahead. A great river poured muddy water into the Mississippi. The current rushed away to the other bank. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'Louis, this is the river you want.' So I edged my canoe in and paddled up that strange stream. It was as broad as the Mississippi itself. The land is full of game. Every day I shot a duck or a turkey or a rabbit, and saved my pemmican and meal; for I did not know what bare land I might find. One night I slept in a big cave that opened out to the water. At other times I slept on islands, hidden in the willow brush.

"Sometimes I drew my canoe upon the bank and walked through the country for a day—woods along the river and great prairies back of them. But after a while the plains came down to the bank, and far off I could see where buffalo grazed.

"Sometimes I saw Indian villages along the river. Almost always the people were friendly, but once or twice I thought Louis was a dead man. It was hard paddling on that river, because the current was swift, and in many places the banks were falling in. Once when I had to hug the shore to keep clear of a sand bar, the earth caved in and fell into my canoe and swamped it. Oh, I had many mishaps, but I went on, seeing new things,

always new—Indian lodges covered with buffalo skins, salt springs, rocks of marble, banks of white clay.

“But in December the river froze, and I had to give up my canoe. I drew it into the woods and put my mark upon it and blazed the trees near by, thinking I might come back some time to get it. Then I set off with the dog through the snowy woods. I had tramped for several days, and I hadn’t seen a face for weeks. Then one evening I sniffed a fire, and down in a little hollow I saw the blue smoke. I circled about to find out what it was, and what do you think I saw?”

Louis leaped up from the bench and leaned toward his friends with eyes ablaze.

“A buckskin jacket, a scarlet sash, a Frenchman!” he cried. “Ah-h-h! I ran to him. I embraced him. He cried out to me in the sweet old French tongue. We wept. Well, we were comrades.

“All that winter we hunted together. We sang songs and told tales beside the fire at night. Always we kept pushing west. We both longed to put our feet among the mountains. But alas! one day we hunted separately. We planned to have a feast at night. At sundown I went back to the place we had chosen. I lighted the fire. I cleaned a prairie chicken and a rabbit. Then I waited. Henri did not come.

The light faded. Still he did not come. I fired my gun many times, in case he might be lost. I walked out from the fire and shouted. I listened. I heard only the wolves howl. All night long I watched.

“Then in the morning I scoured the woods. Late in the afternoon I found him. His blue cap lay torn on the snow. His bright sash was tangled in a bush. Shreds of his leather jacket were scattered about. His bones—ah! and the gnawed bones of his dog—were trampled into the snow. The carcasses of three wolves lay there. The snow for a great circle was trampled with a thousand wolf marks. He had made a good fight. My dear friend! I gathered up his bones, and dug a grave in the snow and buried him. I put a cross of poles above his grave. Ah! I shall never forget the good days, the gay songs.”

Louis buried his face in his hands, and his comrades looked at him with wet eyes, murmuring pitying words. After a moment the story-teller lifted his head and continued:

“I found his gun and his powder box and went on west. Soon the spring began to come. The geese went north over my head. I found tufts of fur and hair hanging to bushes. Then! then the bear caught me, and afterwards I went on to the mountains, as I told you.

"Do you think," he cried out gayly to his comrades, "that the pretty girls in Montreal will dance with Louis, the one-eyed?"

And they cried back:

"Louis, the dare-devil!"

"Louis, the hero of the post of the Guardian Angel! Long may he live!" and they seized their cups and drank a health to him.

In July the Indians started for the assembly. Only a few braves went for the whole village.

"We will go with you," the trappers said, "as far as Michilimackinac. Then we will push on and sell our furs. We want to be ready with our dashing clothes, when our Miami friends come."

So several canoes paddled out of the Chicago River together. All were packed with furs; for the Indians remembered what Monsieur Courtemanche had said about things being bought with furs at Montreal. In some canoes knelt three or four Indians, with naked bronze backs and chests, and bright feathers in their hair. In others knelt French trappers. Some of the white men went with heads bare in the hot July sun; others had tied gay scraps of cloth over their dark hair. The Indians went along swiftly and silently. The Frenchmen sang, and called jokes back and forth.

Behind them they left a quiet village. The men worked a little on their weapons, and hunted

a little, and spent much time in games. The women hoed the fields, and gathered the crops, and dried the vegetables. The Jesuits worked in a little garden of their own, said mass regularly, and visited from lodge to lodge to teach the prayers and to tell new stories of the saints.

After about three months some one saw the canoes returning from Montreal. He shouted out the news. Then there was a great crying and rushing out from lodges and fields and shady places, and a great running to the shore. The stately chief and his followers stepped from the canoes into the happy crowd of their people. Together they walked to the council ground. The squaws busied themselves with making the council fire. Children frolicked about among the tall, painted braves. When the fire blazed up, the chief led the way, and the warriors seated themselves quietly about it. The chief stood. He threw back his head and looked at the little cornfield, at the clustered lodges, at the canoes on the shore, at the women standing back and listening, at the eager faces of his braves.

“Our nostrils have breathed the smoke of the council fire of a thousand nations,” he said, “but the smoke of the home fire is sweet. Our eyes are full of the wonder of new things—the white man’s thunder-guns, his stone lodges, his canoe with wings, his heaps of furs. The shore of Montreal

was covered with canoes. The braves of a thousand nations stood behind them. There were tribes that our eyes had never seen, from the far shore of the great water that is under the rising sun. Our white father in his war plumes stood to welcome us. His warriors stood behind him. His guns made thunder. His braves shouted. There was much joy because the Miami and their brothers had come.

“Our white father took each of his children by the hand. He spoke to us, and he listened to our words. We stayed for many days. We built wigwams on the shore. Three of our villages have not so many lodges as were built there. Afterward there was much talk. Sometimes it was in the white father’s lodge. His lodge is large enough to hold all the braves of our tribe. It is built of stone and cannot be moved. It is like the one that the Black-gown told us of. At other times we met in a great council plain. All the people of our white father were there. His women sat and listened. The orators of a thousand tribes of the red men spoke. I cannot tell you all that they said.

“Our father is wise. His heart is full of red blood. There is no fear in it. He spoke bitter words to the Iroquois. They ate their deeds. Then our father brought a piece of skin. On it were strange marks. It was a promise not to

make war upon any tribe that was at the council. Every chief went before our father and marked his totem upon it. Then we smoked the calumet. Then our father made a great feast for his children. The war hatchet is buried deep. Let no Miami dig it up!"

Such a place was Chicago long ago—an Indian village, a Jesuit mission, a fur trading post, on a little swampy river. Such were the things that went on here then—Indian councils, French trappers' sports, mass in a log hut. When we walk, unthinking, along our paved streets to-day, perhaps we cross the very spot where an old Indian chief stood to speak. Perhaps we tread the ground where Father Marquette lay ill. Possibly we walk where a Frenchman set trap for fox. It is a land full of stories.



Map showing English Settlements in 1700

IN THE DAYS OF THE ENGLISH

PIONEERS

FOR almost a hundred years this western land had been the hunting ground of the gay Frenchmen. They wandered free as the deer among wild forests. They loved the game-filled wilderness and its rough life; they laughed at civilization. They cared nothing for farms, for houses, for cities; such things spoiled the hunting and the adventure. They liked to have a fort here and there, to keep the land from the Spaniards. They wanted a few log trading posts, to shorten the long journeys for provisions. They thought it pleasant to see a cross rise from Indian huts in lonely places. With these few things they were content.

But the English, also, had been settling in America. A long strip of the seacoast at the east was dotted with their little towns. There were two or three cities there that alone had more people than all New France put together. In these busy places men were driving teams up and down the streets, sawmills were buzzing, splashing waterwheels were turning machinery in cloth mills, paper mills, and hat factories. On the shore, carpenters were climbing about in

great ships that they were building. Stagecoaches rattled from town to town, passing neat farms as they went, and dropping letters and papers at every inn. From the ports, ships went out laden with lumber, and tobacco, and whisky. Every village had its school, and in some of the large towns there were colleges.

For a long time these English people kept their faces turned toward the sea and only looked at the edge of the wilderness behind them. But there were men among them who, like Frenchmen, loved a gun and the breath of open places. After a while this little strip of coast became too busy and too crowded for these men; so they turned to the forest and went hunting and exploring there. They came back, and their wonderful stories tempted other men to follow them. So huts were built and fields were cleared in the new land.

Then the trappers went still farther into the woods, and crossed the mountains, and found the streams running toward the west, instead of toward the east, as the rivers did at the coast. They followed these streams and found them widening into broad rivers. And as they went down they met French trappers coming up. So for years these two races kept meeting in the western woods, and both were displeased.

"These Frenchmen are trespassers," thought the English. "This land belongs to us."

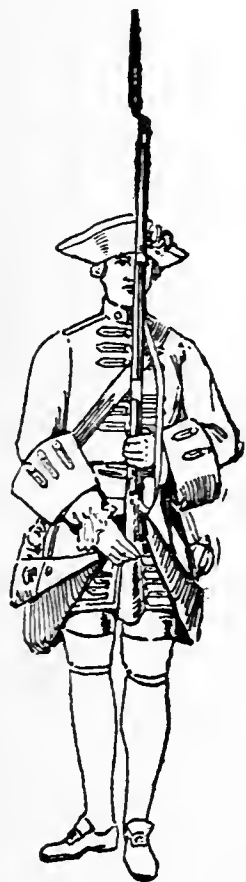
“What right have the English to catch furs in our land?” thought the Frenchmen. “This country is ours.”

Soon all the people in America were talking about who owned this western country. England and France, across the sea, began to dispute about it. At last all this talk ended in a war, in which French and English and Indians fought to decide who should keep the land. The French and Indian War, we call it. England won, and all the French soldiers in Quebec and Montreal and Mackinac, and in all the little forts in the woods, marched out, and English soldiers marched in.

But in the land of the Illinois it made little difference. There were few English or Americans here, for they did not care to wander so far from civilization. The French Jesuits still preached to the Indians. French trappers still hunted the woods in the winter and frolicked at the trading posts in the summer.

Then after a little time stirring things began to happen among the white men of the coast settlements. These people had lived in America all their lives, and their fathers before them had lived here all their lives. So they had come to call themselves not Englishmen but Americans. They loved their new country better than old England; and they had complaints against the English king and English laws.

Then began the Revolutionary War between America and the mother country, to decide whether the American colonies should belong to England or should be free. The war was on the coast, and for a while the few white people in the western forests heard only dim stories of it from wandering trappers; but later the Indians joined the war, and they soon brought the news in a terrible way.



An English Soldier

The red men had learned the difference between Americans and Englishmen. When Americans came into the land they came with ax and saw. They cut down trees and built houses and plowed fields.

"They spoil our hunting ground," said the Indians.

But Englishmen were the red-coated soldiers who sat in the forts and left the land to the Indians. They called their red children to their cities once a year and gave them presents.

They sold them guns and tobacco and whisky and cloth, and were willing to wait for their pay. So now the Indians said:

"It is better for us that the Englishmen should drive out the Americans. We will fight with the English in this war."

So they did. There were night raids on sleeping American villages. Woodsmen living in little cleared places in the forest were shot as they worked. A man might come home from his field at night and find his house in ashes and his family killed. The Indians went east to the very edge of the forest, where villages were many, and there they burned and killed.

A certain American in Kentucky, George Rogers Clark, thought:

"There is no way to stop these raids except to go into the very heart of the Indian country. The forts there are held by English soldiers who urge the Indians on. I will gather an army and march into that land and capture those forts. I will put American soldiers there, and hold the red men under a heavy hand."

And he did it. The English had to follow the French out of the land of the Illinois, and now the Americans held it. At last the war on the coast was over. The Americans had won there, also. They chose a President for themselves (George Washington, it was) and settled down to peaceful work again.



An English Soldier

Then many remembered stories returning hunters and soldiers had told of the western country.

"We will try our fortunes in that wonderful new land," they said.

Down the rivers of Pennsylvania and Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana, floated hundreds of little boats loaded with families and their goods. Through the forests tramped hundreds of men leading pack horses. In the woods log houses grew; fields were cleared and planted to grain. Along rivers and lakes little villages of Americans sprang up. French trappers still ranged the woods, but American traders bought their furs. These settlers were surrounded by Indians, who hated them.

"We need forts to protect us," men said.

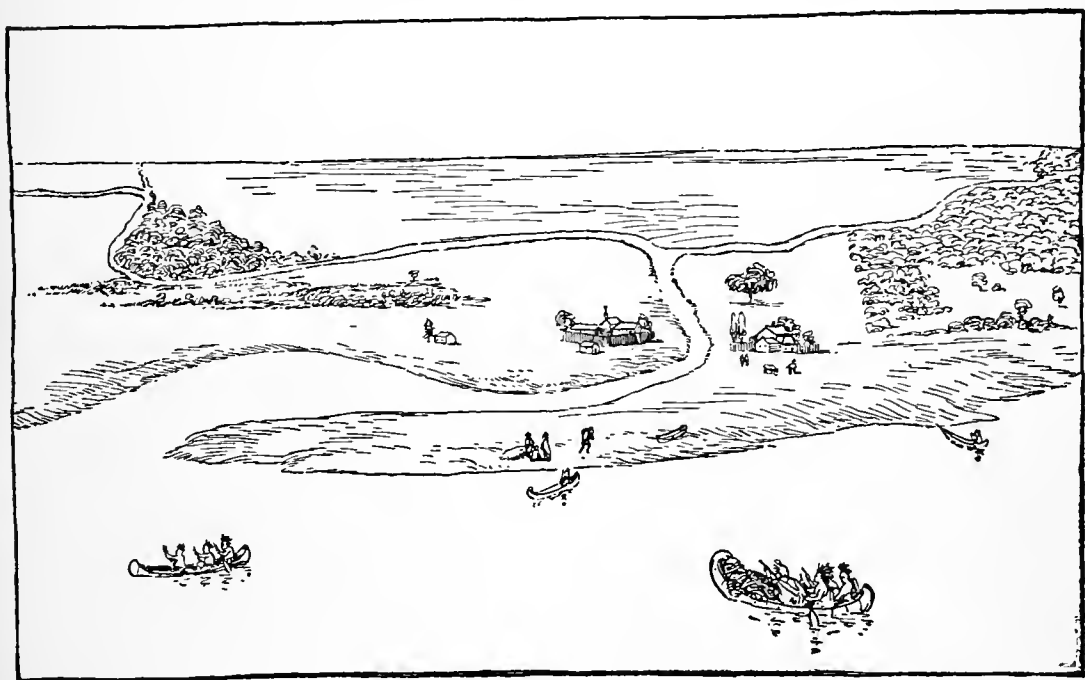
So the government set about making them. And one of them was at the mouth of the Chicago River.

OLD FORT DEARBORN

The old French mission house of "The Guardian Angel" was gone—burned by a prairie fire, perhaps, or rotted and fallen. The Miami had moved away to other hunting grounds. Little villages of Potawatomes now dotted the plains about the Chicago River. Their lodges, like those of the Miami, were cone-shaped and covered with rush mats. Deep-worn foot-paths led from village to village. They trailed

through flat land waving with tall grass and purple asters and yellow primroses and goldenrod. They curved around the ends of swamps crowded with cat-tails and flags and bordered with buttercups. They crossed the shrubby sand hills to the lake. They wound among the woods at the north.

The waves of the lake, always washing upon



Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

An Old Picture of the Chicago Plain

the beach from the north, had dropped sand at the mouth of the lazy river and had pushed the current down the shore. Between lake and river there had grown a long tongue of land pointing to the south. Here stood a little log hut. In it lived a French trader, Le Mai, with his Indian wife. The Indians from the country about brought him furs and traded them for guns and whisky and blankets

and tobacco and iron kettles. Not far away he had three neighbors, also French traders. Beside a little creek on the south bank of the river stood perhaps a hundred Indian lodges.

To this empty place there came, one autumn day in 1803, a rowboat. It was pulled up to the bank of the river, and a little party got out. Two of the men wore the uniforms of officers of the American army—gray coats with red facings, silver epaulets, tight trousers of gray cloth, pointed hats with stiff white cockades, and high boots. The rowers were evidently private soldiers, wearing plain uniforms of the same sort. But the wondering French traders and Indians who were standing on the shore watching, opened their eyes widest at the two ladies who stepped out. They were, probably, the first white women to see the Chicago River. Captain Whistler, smiling, turned to the Frenchmen.

"We are your guests, gentlemen," he said in French.

In a flash the Frenchmen's hands were at their caps.

"Ah! Monsieur, you are welcome!" they cried. "And the ladies."

"Let me offer you my cabin," said Le Mai.

He led them up the bank. He called in the Potawatomi language to his squaw wife. With shuffling feet she went quickly about the bare

log cabin, making ready a meal. Meanwhile the others talked.

"We left our ship, the 'Tracy,' at St. Joseph River," said Captain Whistler. "She will come on soon with our supplies. Our soldiers are marching by land from Detroit. We shall build a fort here and garrison it."

"A fort!" cried the Frenchmen. "And ships! And companions! We are a place of importance," they laughed.

Arrangements were made for the officers and their ladies to live in the Frenchman's hut until the fort should be finished.

After a few days the other soldiers came, and the work began. In the woods on the north men cut down trees and squared logs. Soldiers harnessed themselves in ropes and dragged the logs to the river; for there were no horses or oxen here. They floated the timbers across and pulled them up on the shore opposite Le Mai's cabin. Here was a little knoll, where the fort was to stand. Men were leveling it off and digging trenches and driving stakes. This was a busy place.

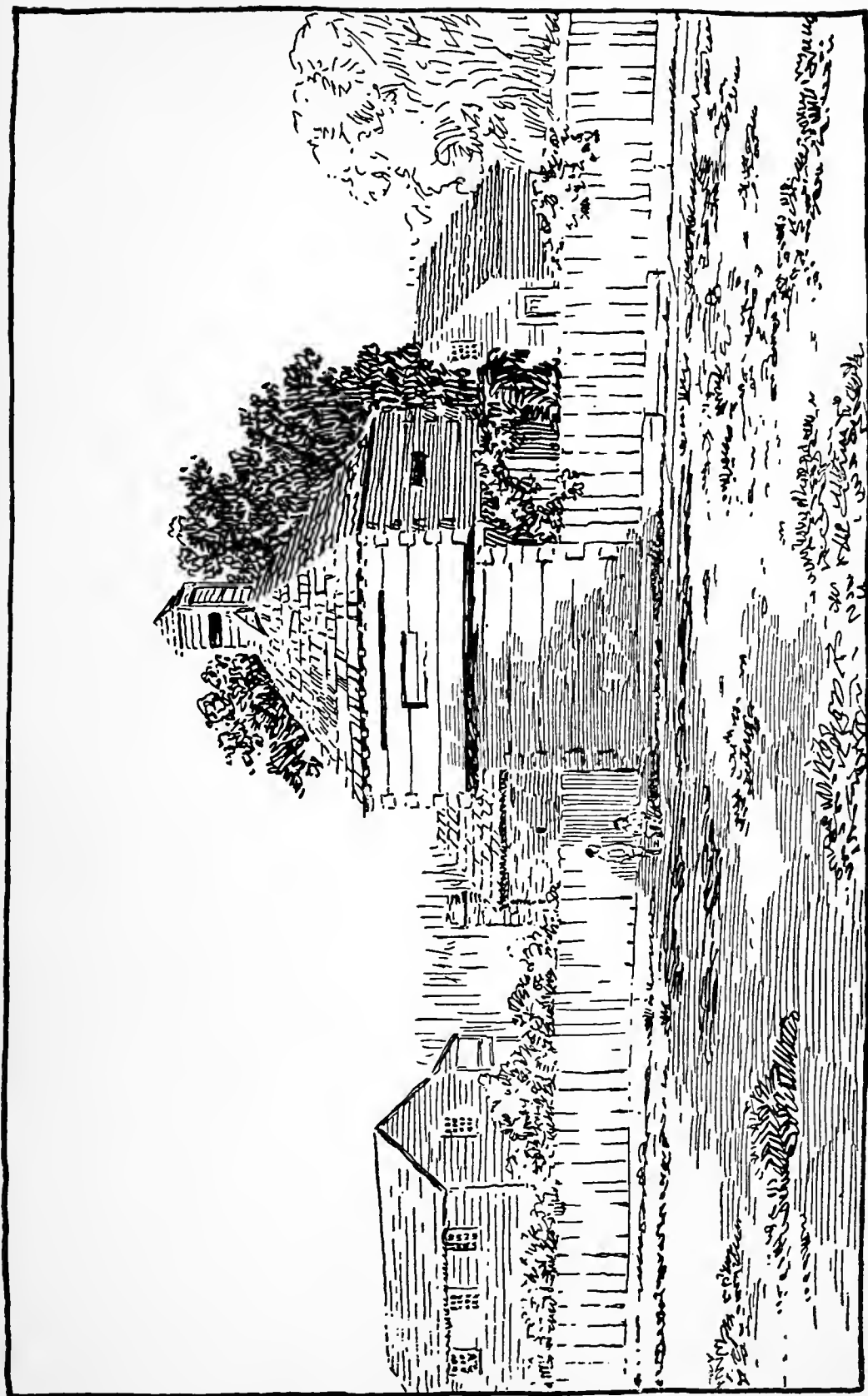
One day an American fur trader, John Kinzie, rode out of the woods, looked the place over, talked with the French trappers, bought Le Mai's cabin, and went back to the St. Joseph River in Michigan to get his family.

During the winter little work could be done on the fort. Probably the palisades were already in the ground. Doubtless the soldiers pitched their tents behind them for safety. In the spring John Kinzie came back. This time his little three-year-old son sat before him, holding to the horse's mane. His wife and young stepdaughter followed on horseback. There were also a few pack horses loaded with tools and furniture and things for Indian trade. The family settled in their house. The logs of it were already brown with age.

"I bought the place," Le Mai told Mr. Kinzie, "from a colored man, Pointe de Saible. He came here twenty-five years ago and built this hut. He was no common negro, Monsieur. He could read and write. He carried himself like a king. I have heard it said that he wished to be chief of the Indians. He traded with them for their furs, and they liked him, too. But, of course, they did not want him for chief. He went away disgusted, I suppose. He had some friends in Peoria, and he went down there."

"No wonder the house needs cleaning," thought Mrs. Kinzie. "Twenty-five years of Indian women for housekeepers!"

So she and her daughter set to scrubbing the rough floor and the bare log walls. The brass pots that they hung over the fireplace shone with



Courtesy of Mrs. Della Benton Legg.

Old Fort Dearborn. After the painting by H. P. Benton

polishing. The two spindle beds were deep with fluffy feathers and snowy coverings.

"You must make us some chairs and a table, John," said Mrs. Kinzie to her husband.

For they had not been able to bring much furniture on pack horses along Indian trails. But the Kinzie family were not backwoodsmen. They had lived for years in the large town of Detroit. Here in the wilderness Mrs. Kinzie meant to remember her town customs and live like a city woman.

So Mr. Kinzie unwrapped his carpenter's tools and cut timber from the woods and made little comforts for his house. He built a veranda along the front. He made a few pieces of furniture. He set up his bench in a corner of the room. Here he worked much, making rings and bracelets and brooches of silver; for he had learned to be a silversmith when he was a boy. Upon becoming an Indian trader he had found that this skill was a good thing to have. The Indians liked his trinkets and gladly gave furs for them.

After the family had been at Fort Dearborn only a few days, the Indians came to see the new white people. They walked about the house and talked together of the new veranda. They looked in at the windows. Mr. Kinzie came out and spoke to them. He had lived most of his life with fur traders and Indians, so he soon made

friends with these Potawatomes. He invited them into his house, and sat down at his bench, and worked with his silver and tools. The Indians stood and watched him with wonder.

During the summer the fort was finished. Mrs. Kinzie liked to sit on her little veranda and look across the river at the neatly whitewashed buildings with their high palisades, and the square blockhouses at the corners with guns pointing through the holes, promising protection to the little settlement. And a little settlement it was. This one-room house was the palace. Back of it was the cabin of Ouilmette, a French trapper. Farther up the river were, perhaps, two or three other Frenchmen's huts. Across at the fort the roofs of the officers' houses showed above the palisades. There lived Mrs. Whistler and her daughter, pleasant companions for spare hours. On a level near the fort waved a field of corn. Soldiers were working there. During the summer a ship had come to the river, bringing cattle and sheep. Now in the autumn they were feeding among the tall grass and flowers. Down the river came a boatload of soldiers with song and laughter. They were rowing from their fishing place on the North Branch. A little way upstream, along a creek, was a group of mat-covered wigwams. It was a quiet scene, and Mrs. Kinzie was sometimes homesick for the neighbors and the gossip and the

busyness of Detroit. But to Ouilmette, who had lived here before the fort, this seemed very busy.

"It is a different place now, Madame," he once said. "Oh, yes, different! Hammers, houses, farms. That is not the French way in the wilderness. We left the country wild. We ourselves were wild. But the Indians liked us, Madame. Now the Americans, they are different. They work, but they do not play. The Indians do not love them. But Monsieur Kinzie—he has the French manner. He listens, he laughs, he answers kindly. We like him, we French and the Indians."

In late November several canoes came paddling down the lake shore and up the river to the Kinzie house. In them were the French trappers, come from Montreal to work for this new post. As they stepped upon the shore, Mr. Kinzie met them with a pleasant greeting. Ouilmette ran about among them joyfully, clasping hands and crying out.

For a few days the quiet place was loud with gay French chatter and songs. The trappers were making everything ready for their long winter's work. They mended snowshoes and sharpened knives and hatchets. They made up their little packs of pemmican and meal. They chose their roll of things for trade with the Indians—bright ribbons, pipes, tobacco. This was the trapper's food. From week to week he would visit little Indian villages and would trade some trinket for



ANGUS MAC DONALD '10

Indians watching John Kinzie at Work

meal, or parched corn, or hominy, or tallow, or jerked buffalo meat.

"Behold!" cried one of the men as he was packing, lifting a little mirror. "A treasure! I expect a feast for such a wonder."

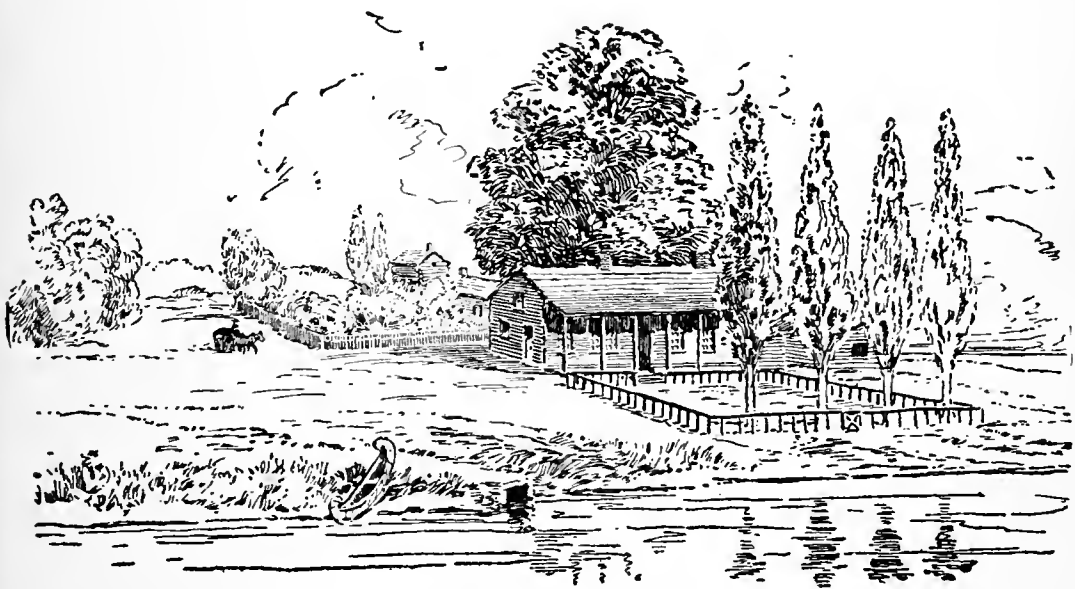
At last came the day of leaving. Snowshoes, blankets, frying pans, little rolls of provisions, were packed into the canoes. The trappers stood on the shore bidding good-bye to Mr. Kinzie and hearing his last orders. These hunters looked much like Louis and his brothers of a hundred years before. They wore jackets of brown leather or of gray homespun, with fringes sewed into every seam. A leather belt puckered the loose coat at the waist. Red trousers met embroidered moccasins or high boot-packs of dark felt. Into the belt were thrust a hatchet and a long knife in a leather sheath. Over the shoulder stretched a broad strap that held a gun at the trapper's back.

"*Au revoir, Monsieur!*" they cried at last. "A pleasant winter!"

They pushed their canoes off, crept in, and were paddling away to the wide, lonely woods, the cold winter nights, the hungry days, the danger from bears and wolves.

After they were gone, a quiet winter began at the settlement. Every morning the bugle at the fort rang over the snow and waked the soldiers in the barracks and the people in their cabins across

the river. Then the slow day's work commenced. For the women there was bread to be baked in the baking pan nestled among the coals on the open hearth. There was wool to be carded and spun and knit into stockings. Butter was to be churned, and soap to be made, and clothes to be washed, and candles to be molded, and the bare floor to be scrubbed. At the Kinzie house



John Kinzie's House

Ouilmette's half-breed wife helped with the work.

Mr. Kinzie, too, was busy all day. He cobbled shoes for his family. He made a foot lathe, where he turned wooden bowls and chair legs and bed spindles. He mended things about the house. He added a porch and built a neat fence and planted trees. Sometimes he worked at his silver-smith's bench. On odd days he went hunting with Ouilmette or with the Indians.

Frequently two or three braves wandered into the house and sat down silently on the floor and looked about. The white man and his wife and daughter kept on at their work, now and then talking to their guests. After much silent listening and perhaps after tasting the white woman's cooking, the Indians opened their lips and asked questions about the white man's things—the spinning wheel against the wall, the bench and its tools in the corner. They walked about and handled the curious things—shining skillets and soft feather beds and the violin lying on the chimney shelf. After a few such visits they lost their shyness and talked freely of the hunt, the furs, a feast, a long journey, the fishing. They played with the little white boy, and gave him feathers and arrows and maple sugar.

"We have won the Indians for our friends," Mr. Kinzie once said to his wife.

"Yet the fort is a comfort," she answered, looking across at the flying flag.

Evenings were short in pioneer days. People were up before sunrise and at night they were tired. By the time supper was over and the dishes washed the day had been long enough. Yet often the Kinzie family sat for a short time before the pleasant fire. The father or mother took down one of the few books from the chimney shelf and read a little. Or perhaps Mr. Kinzie played some jolly

tunes on his fiddle, and the two children danced with their shadows in the firelight.

Sometimes there was a party in the fort. Then the Kinzies walked across the ice, if the river was frozen; and if it was not, they stepped into the boat they had moored to the bank, and rowed across. The windows of the mess room were yellow with candle light. Inside, the tables were pushed back against the log wall. Evergreen boughs hung from the rafters. A roaring fire was in the big fireplace. The room was full of soldiers in their gray clothes touched with red. High on a table sat a piper and a drummer. Mr. Kinzie stepped up and added his violin to the music. Soon the floor shook under heavy, thumping boots, and the caller's shouts rang above laughter and shuffling feet. The few women ruled like queens in this company of rough soldiers.

So with much work and little play the dull winter passed. In the spring the trappers came back with canoes full of furs.

"Well done, my children!" said Mr. Kinzie, as he untied the bundles and looked them over.

He gave the men their money, and then they were off.

"The wilderness is no place for a man with money," they laughed. "To the city! To the Fair!"

"I hope the boat will come soon," Mr. Kinzie

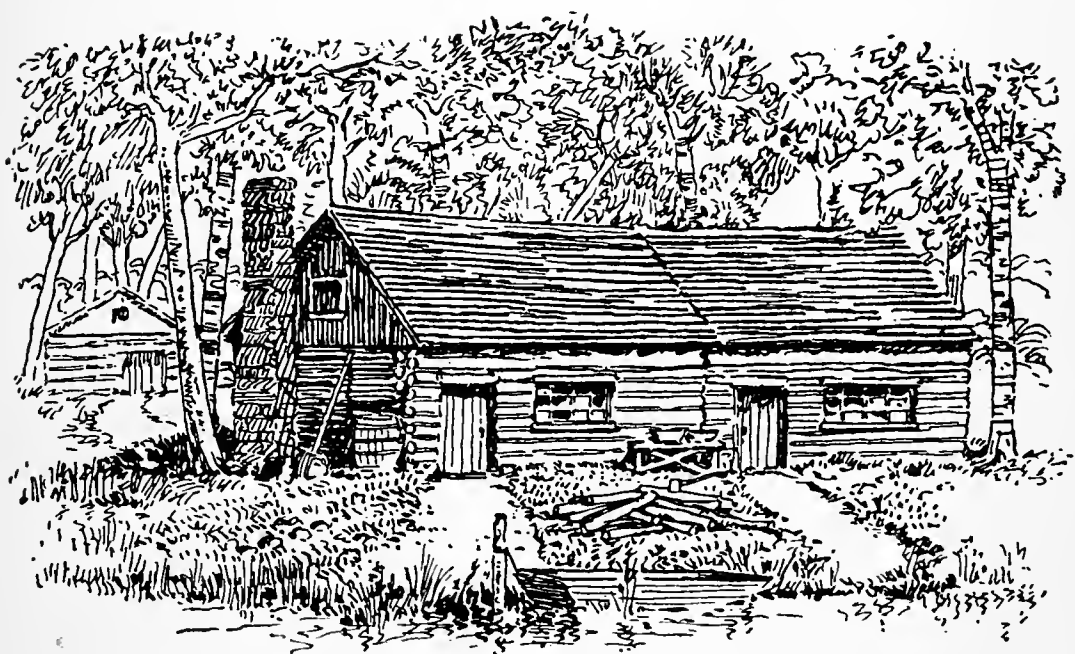
said, when the trappers were gone. "We can't eat furs, and our supplies are low."

For, now that there was a fort on the Chicago River, it was necessary that a vessel should come about once a year to save the people from starving. And soon after the winter was over, the slow sail-boat came creeping down the coast and anchored outside the mouth of the river. There was no harbor in those days. A sand bar blocked the entrance. So the crew unloaded the cargo into a small boat and rowed ashore. Mr. Kinzie furnished the provisions for the fort, and most of the cargo came to his house—bags of flour, rolls of cloth, barrels of powder, boxes of shot, kegs of whisky, sacks of coffee and boxes of tea, barrels of salt meat and bundles of smoked hams, coffee pots and brass dishes, and a few head of cattle and sheep. And on board, in place of these things, went Mr. Kinzie's furs, to be sold in Mackinac.

But best of all the things that the boat brought were letters. For days after the ship was gone, the fort and the few cabins were in a flutter of gossip. Work was neglected for the trading of news. And there were two more families now than there had been at first. Mr. Lee had a farm far up the South Branch among the woods, on the fertile clay soil. He had cleared land and built a house and a barn and had called his place

Hardscrabble. Here lived four men to work the place. Mr. Lee and his family were in a house near the fort. Mr. Burns was living just above the Kinzie place, across the river from the Indian village. And at all these houses were letters now, and excited gossip and visits.

"I have almost forgotten, in these letter-days,"



The Lee Cabin

said Mrs. Kinzie, "that we are in the wilderness, cut off from the world. But when I look at the date of my letters I remember—two months old!"

So the settlement had grown to one of five or six cabins. And another thing happened that made the place more important. The United States government sent a man here to take care of the Indians, an Indian agent he was called. Long before this time the red men had given great tracts of land

to the Americans. Part of it was the country where Chicago is to-day. In return the Americans had given the Indians great quantities of things that they wanted, and had promised to give them some money every year. So once a year the Potawatomies and their neighbors sent men down to Fort Wayne. There officers of the United States gave them their money. It was a very long journey, and after there was a fort at Chicago, men at Washington said:

“We will make an Indian agency at Fort Dearborn.”

So a large house was built just west of the fort on the river bank. It was of squared logs. At the front and the back were long verandas. A hall went through the middle of the house. On each side of it was a large room. In one the agent lived; in the other he kept his stores. Here the Indians came from round about to get their money. Here, too, they could buy goods and pay with furs. They stalked about the house, feeling that they owned it.

To the white settlers the agent was another welcome neighbor. His house made another place where they might go for a friendly visit or for a dance on a winter night.

After a while there had grown up around the fort a little cluster of poor cabins. In some of them lived half-breeds, who earned their living

by hunting and trapping. In others lived discharged soldiers with their families. Behind every cabin was a little cornfield and a wheatfield and a garden.

Mr. Kinzie had prospered. Every spring his trappers came back with rich loads of furs. A ship took the pelts to Mackinac and in the autumn came down again with money and goods in return for them.

"The land will hold more trappers," said Mr. Kinzie. "I will build other posts and send out men from there."

So he built a trading house where Milwaukee is now, and left a man to take care of it. Later he built several posts on the Illinois and Kankakee rivers. His French trappers said:

"Monsieur Kinzie has laid his traps thick in this old land of the Illinois. They are here, there, everywhere. All the animals are his game."

From all of these posts leather-jacketed, red-trouserred trappers set out for the woods in canoes or on horses, with packs of goods.

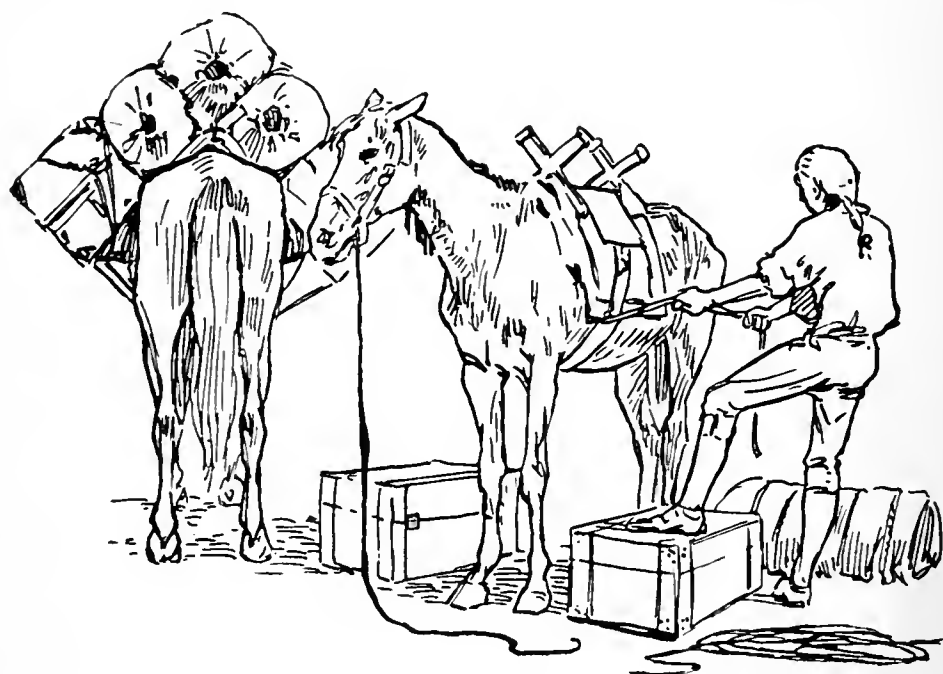
"Many trails lead to Chicago," Ouilmette said one day, "and you have made them all busy, Monsieur Kinzie."

"Do you know, Ouilmette, I have a kind of dream that some day there will be a great city here," answered Mr. Kinzie. "There are rich prairies around. Why shouldn't they be waving

with corn and wheat? Then ships would have to come to take away the crops. The lake is a wonderful roadway. It leads out of our prairies to the great cities on the coast. Why shouldn't it happen?"

Ouilmette laughed.

"A wonderful dream, Monsieur! But it does not look like it now—a little fort, an Indian



Loading the Pack Horses

village, a few log huts. As for me, I can see only a good fur country, and French and Indian canoes paddling on the river. And here is a little post to give the trappers provisions on the way. But perhaps."

In the spring, after the trappers had left and the ship had come and gone, everything was the same from day to day. The bugle in the morning, a day of work, drill at the fort, an Indian visit, the bugle

at night, supper, and bed. Even the Indians did not cause the white men any uncertainty. They were always friendly. They were free to go and come at the post as they liked. They visited the settlers in their houses.

"It would be very lonely without the Indians," men thought.

But for the Indians, themselves, life was not always so quiet. Things began to happen among them. A great chief was going about from tribe to tribe.

"The Americans are pushing us out of our lands," he said. "There is not room for the white men and the red men in the same country. Let all Indians plan together."

The men he spoke to listened; they thought; they talked among themselves. They visited other tribes and talked with them.

"Tecumseh is right," they said at last. "The white man must go. Let us make ready."

Indians came together from here and there, and made a great army. And in that army were Potawatomies from Chicago. Then one day there was a fierce battle down in Indiana between American soldiers and this army of Indians. The white men won, and scattered their foes. The Indians went back to their homes, but they did not forget the anger and the fierce joy of that fight. The Potawatomies at Chicago began to

look at the white settlers from the corners of their eyes. They visited their friends, the Englishmen, in Canada. They learned that the Americans and the English were again angry at each other. The young warriors grew hot for war. But the older braves had known the Americans long. Some of them had good friends at the fort or in the log houses about it. Many of them loved Mr. Kinzie—Shawneeawkee, "The Silver Man." These older men tried to calm the younger ones. So things went on in sullen peace.

But at last the storm broke. In April strange Indians visited the Potawatomes at Chicago and stirred them up to war. But the white men seemed blind. They thought of no danger until one day a man and a boy came running down the river bank to the fort, shouting terrible news as they passed the few houses:

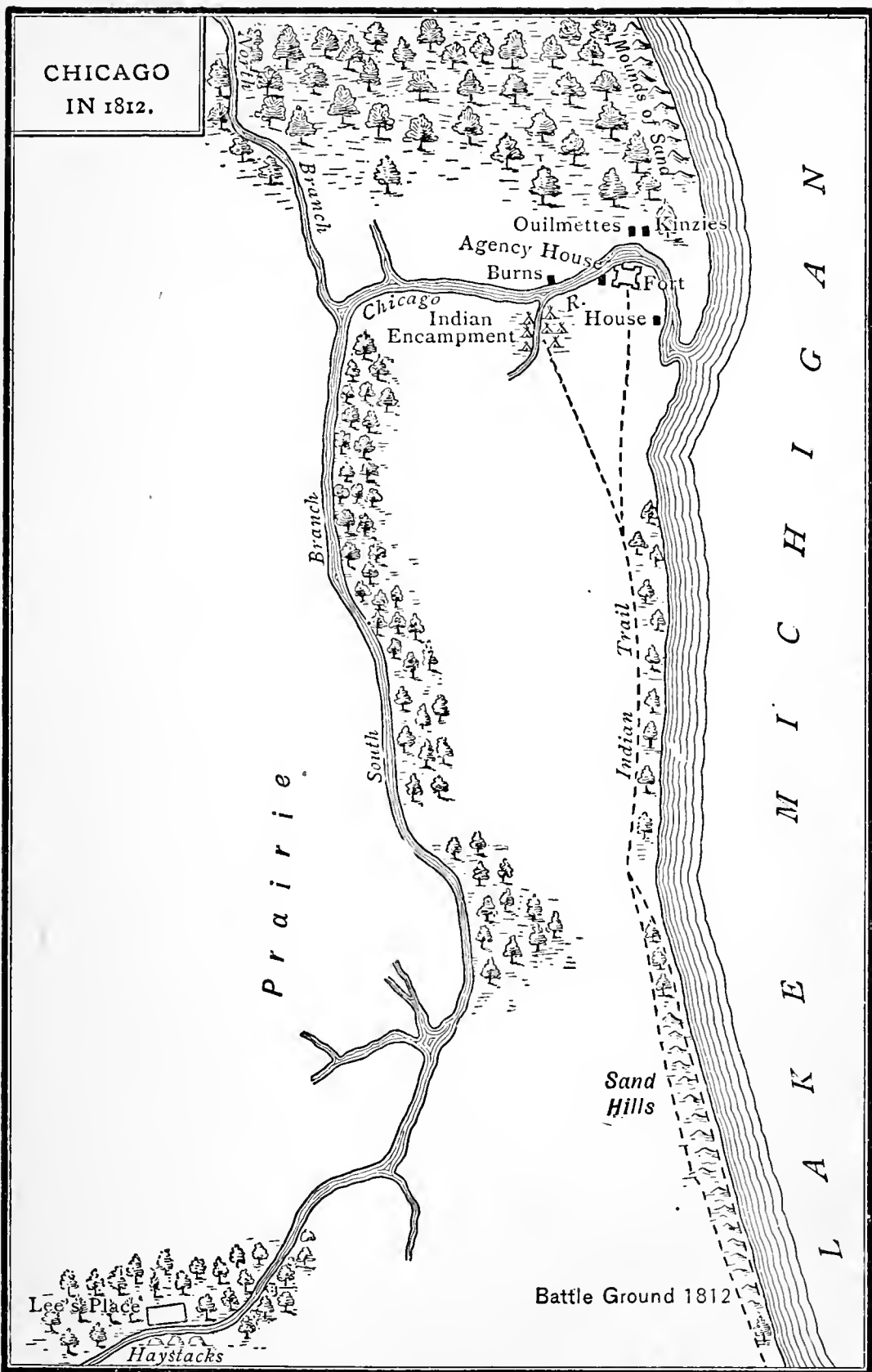
"The Indians have been at Hardscrabble and have killed all but us!"

The settlers' families dropped everything and hurried to the fort. There was not room there, and some of them went to the agency house. They boarded up the porches and cut holes through which to shoot. They made another fort of it.

"When will they come?" thought the white men. "How will they come?"

For four months they lived so in fear. The women hardly went outside the fort. Men never

CHICAGO
IN 1812.



Map of Chicago in 1812

went alone and never went far. The gates were carefully guarded. Occasionally, after dark, a sentry would see a form creeping along the river bank, or would even hear a tomahawk strike the wall near him.

"Almost anything," the people thought, "would be better than this suspense."

In August a friendly Potawatomi chief came running from the woods. He brought a letter from the general at Detroit. That letter had news, indeed! It said something like this:

"In June war began between England and the United States. The English have captured Mackinac. The Indians are friendly to them. We cannot help the fort at Chicago. It will be in danger. Leave it as soon as possible. Take your company to Detroit. Give all the goods belonging to the fort to the Indians."

Mackinac lost! English soldiers on the coasts! English boats on the lakes! The Indians friends of the English! It was terrible news. The settlers and the soldiers were anxious to move at once. But there was a new captain in the fort, Captain Heald. He did not believe that the Indians would really attack the white men. He would obey orders, he said, but there was no hurry.⁶ For six days he delayed. During that time Indians gathered in great numbers and camped around the fort. They began to grow

insolent. They pushed past the sentries at the gates. They stalked into the officers' quarters and shot their guns into the air to show their scorn. They yelled at the soldiers in the block-houses. Still Captain Heald waited and had councils with the Indians. He told them what he was going to do. He asked them to give him some braves to go with his people as a guard. They promised to do so.



Black Partridge's Medal

One day dashing Captain Wells, with fifteen friendly Miami galloping behind him, came swinging into the fort. He had heard a rumor of the trouble and had hurried all the way from Fort Wayne to help his friends. His bravery and his gayety put courage into everybody's heart for a little while.

But the next day Black Partridge, a friendly chief, came to the fort and sought out Captain Heald.

"Father," he said, "I come to deliver up to you

the medal I wear. It was given me by the Americans, and I have long worn it in token of our mutual friendship. But our young men are resolved to stain their hands with the blood of the whites. I cannot restrain them, and I will not wear a token of peace while I am compelled to act as an enemy."

This was terrible news, indeed. Captain Heald decided to leave on the next day. The guns and powder that his men could not carry he had destroyed at night. Some barrels of whisky he had emptied into the lake. All the other stores he gave to the Indians. People packed their goods into a few covered wagons.

Mr. Kinzie planned to send his family by boat to the St. Joseph River, where they had once lived. Some Indians who loved him offered to take them over. He, himself, meant to go with the other people from the fort and share their fortune.

At last, on the morning of the 15th of August, 1812, the procession started, Captain Wells and half his troop of Miami leading, the other half bringing up the rear. A few women went on horseback with the officers, but most of them, with the children, rode in the covered wagons. The soldiers marched on foot to the music of the fife and drum. But the music they chose that morning was a funeral dirge. The white men's

eyes were turned fearfully toward the five hundred Indians skulking among the sand hills to the west.

"They mean mischief," was the thought of everybody. "And here we are, between our bitter foe and the unfriendly lake, an empty country before us and behind us. There is no help."

They looked back sadly at the fort and the houses and the grain fields. There seemed to be little to leave, yet it was home. There were tears of sorrow, but it was a brave little company of pioneers that had learned to bear trouble. So they turned their faces southward and trudged on through the sand.

When they had gone about two miles, suddenly from among the hills came a rolling of shots and the Indian war cry. Immediately the soldiers charged the host of yelling foes. But they were fifty or sixty men against five hundred; it was hopeless. There in the sand hills, with the white-washed fort glistening behind them, men, women, and children were killed or taken prisoners. John Kinzie with about thirty others remained alive. After a few days they were scattered over the country, most of them prisoners in Indian villages. Many of them did not see their friends for months.

On the next day after the massacre the Indians, with the settlers' scalps dangling at their belts, set fire to the fort and the agency house. As

they danced, yelling, about the buildings and saw them sink into ashes, doubtless they thought, "That is the end of the white man on the Chicago."



Monument commemorating the Fort Dearborn Massacre

To-day a large grocery store stands where Fort Dearborn used to be. In front of it great boats from Milwaukee and Michigan tie to the docks and unload their thousands of baskets of fruit.

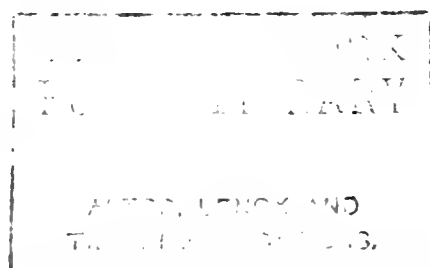
Every few minutes Rush Street bridge opens to let other ships pass up our river. The big buildings and Kirk's soap factory cover the ground where Mr. Kinzie's house used to be. State Street and its great stores are where the little creek that ran through the Indian village was. The old Indian trail that Captain Heald's company followed is now Prairie Avenue, with its rows of fine houses. And on the corner of Prairie and Eighteenth streets stands a monument to mark the place of the massacre and to honor the name of Black Partridge, who tried to help his white friends on that terrible day.

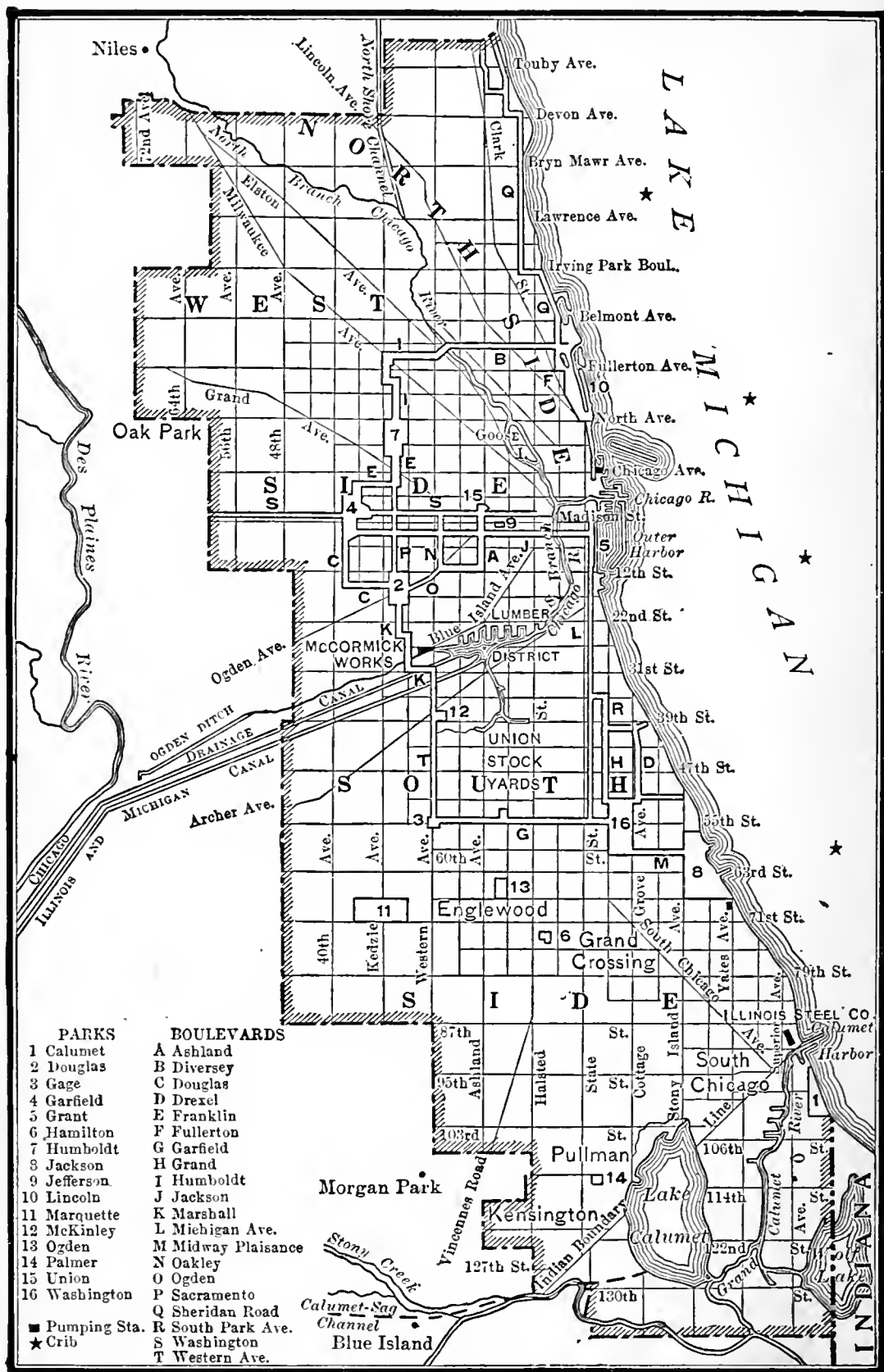
PART II



OUR CITY

*“ Under the cloud she has strengthened,
and under the sun she has blossomed.”*





THE CITY BEGINS

CANAL TALK

FOR several years after the massacre it seemed as though the Indians had spoken truly. The country was busy with the war against England—the “War of 1812,” it is called. Chicago was forgotten. Ouilmette was still here. He had been safe from the Indians because he was French. Now he lived a lazy, half-Indian life. Another Frenchman, Beaubien, came down on a trading journey from his post at Milwaukee. He saw this fine country empty of traders and bought the old Lee cabin from the Widow Lee, and began dealing with the Indians for furs. The Potawatomes still camped along the little creek. The Kinzie house, the Burns house, Hardscrabble, and the Lee cabin were yet standing, but only a few charred logs showed where the fort and the agency house had been. It was like the old time before the Englishmen had come. Together the Indians and their friends, the Frenchmen, hunted, feasted, danced, and traded furs in a wilderness.

But at last the war was over, and America was at peace. People in the East again remembered the western country. They sent an agent to Chicago to keep their promise of paying the

Indians. Next came soldiers who built another fort. It was a little larger and a little better than the old one. A palisade of sharp stakes went around the houses and the parade grounds, just as in the old fort. Wide gates opened in the north and south walls. At one corner a stout block-house stood overtopping the palisade. Again American soldiers drilled on the parade ground, filled the mess-room with loud voices, fished in the river, hunted in the woods, and worked in the garden and orchard and fields behind the fort.

Soon Mr. Kinzie came back to his old house and brought his family with him. His friends, the Indians, met him gladly. Again they traded furs with him and watched him make silver trinkets. Once more his French and American trappers paddled up the Chicago River and carried their canoes across the portage into western Illinois. In the spring fur-laden ponies trailed behind the trappers out of the woods toward the traders' houses.

Now and then men were sent from the East to look over the half-forgotten western country and tell the people about it.

"Chicago is a miserable village in a swamp," these men said, "but there is rich land behind it. Near it is a good river, the Illinois, that runs into the Mississippi. Boats could go up it. If we

should dig a canal from that river to Lake Michigan, we could send boats from the East down the lakes and into the Mississippi. Farmers could raise thousands of bushels of corn and wheat there and send them East."

A great canal in the wilderness! That was interesting. People talked much about the idea and about Chicago, where the canal was to end.



Pioneers moving West

"That canal will make Chicago a great city," men said. "Ships will go to and fro. They will bring merchandise to sell and will take away grain. Chicago will be a good place to live in."

So the boats that sailed down the lakes once or twice a year left a few families of settlers every time. And once in a while tired, bony horses came dragging a covered wagon across the prairie from the south. The people trudged along

behind, or huddled under the cover. When they arrived, every family had to build its cabin. In 1827 fourteen log huts were scattered over the swamp at the edge of the river. The whitewashed fort stood guard in front of them. Most of the men of this settlement earned their living by trading with the Indians for furs; but two were blacksmiths, and two or three others planned to be merchants when the busy times should begin.

But those busy times were slow in coming. Surveyors had marked out the best place for the canal, but nothing else had been done; and few people were willing to come here with only the bare promise.

"We will wait," they thought, "until the work is begun."

Yet Chicago was no longer in a wilderness. North of it, indeed, the world was mostly forests and Indians. In all Wisconsin there were, perhaps, ten thousand white people in a few small villages and on farms. But the fertile lands far away to the south of Chicago held many inhabitants—more than a hundred fifty thousand. Most of them had come on flatboats down the rivers from east and south. River travel was easier than land travel, so most men settled near their landing places. There was a fringe of settlements along the Wabash, the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Illinois. That southern end

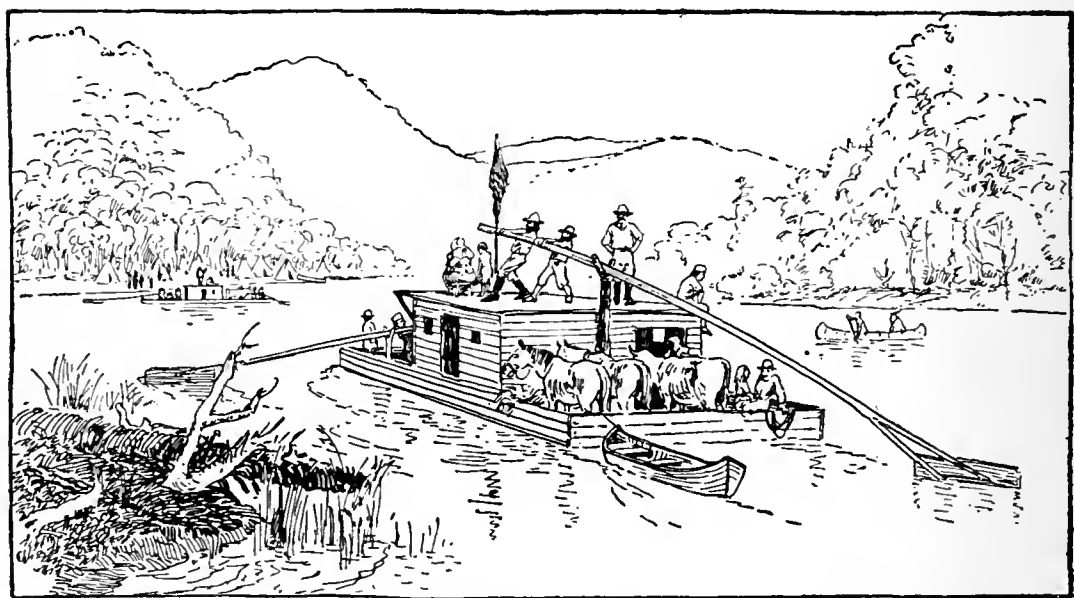
of the state was well filled and prosperous. Hundreds of rich farms and little log houses were scattered over the old Indian hunting ground. There were scores of towns older and larger than Chicago. There were French settlements that had begun more than a hundred years before. Some of these southern towns had almost two thousand people. There were courts and lawyers, roads and bridges and river boats, stage lines and mail routes, banks and mills and factories. Illinois had become a state, and had laws and a legislature and a state house at Vandalia. Old St. Louis on the western edge and Vincennes on the eastern border were large and busy towns. Chicago was on the northern edge of civilization.

But now the news of this rich Illinois land to be had for nothing went East, and people left their homes to get it. For this southern part of the country did not need to wait for a canal. It had large rivers that led to the Mississippi. Down them boats could carry the produce of the land to New Orleans, a great commercial city.

Some of the new settlers came West by the lakes, and all these people had to pass through Chicago. Most of them looked around in disgust.

"Nothing good can come from these swamps," they thought. "Better leave this place to the frogs," and they went on to the higher lands south and west.

But others thought: "People who raise crops in this western country must get them to the great cities on the Atlantic coast. There are the men who will buy them. It is a long voyage from these prairies down the Mississippi and so around. Sometime men will find a way to get their grain to the lake. If they do that, Chicago must be the port. Ships and men will go and



A Flatboat on the Ohio

come and bring money with them. Let us stay and grow rich with the town."

In 1830 there were perhaps one hundred fifty people living here. Three taverns had been built. There were a few little shops. And in that year the men in charge of the canal had the land at Chicago surveyed and marked off into town lots. There were the lots, but where were the people? Chicago was waiting for settlers.

STORY OF AN OLD SETTLER

I am a very old woman. As I think over what has happened in Chicago since I was a little girl, it seems almost like a fairy story.

I came here with my father and mother and two brothers in 1831, when I was seven years old. That was a wonderful time in Chicago. Ours was the third vessel that had come here in that one year, and the people were very proud. Our ship cast anchor late in the afternoon. In those days there was a sand bar across the mouth of the river, and boats had to anchor in the lake.

We children danced about like wild Indians when we learned that our voyage was over. We had come from a little town in York State. A boat had taken us to Detroit. There its trip had ended, and we had had to wait for another vessel to start out for Chicago. "The Marengo" she was called, and now we had been aboard her for more than a month. At first it had been fun to watch the bellying sails, to talk to the man at the wheel, to see the sailors tugging at ropes, to creep down the stairs into the hold and sniff at the boxes of tea and the barrels of salt and of rum, and to punch the bales of cloth and of wool. But a month was too long, and, besides, we had had rough weather for the last few days. So we were very glad to see land again.

"Feather grass!" I cried, pointing to the shore

For it was November, and the swamps were waving with tall, feathery grass, turned a soft brown. A dozen or more little log houses seemed to be hiding among endless hayfields.

"Indians!" shouted my brother George. And surely, there they were, standing on the shore watching us. Their bright blankets spotted the yellow sand hills. Back from the shore stood their tents, beside a little creek that glinted past them into the river.

Our vessel lay tossing there for some time, waiting for the storm to end. At last the water grew calmer, and some Indians came paddling out to us in canoes. Our sailors swung out a rowboat and let it down to the water.

"Come, children," said my father. "Be ready."

And we were ready. We stood like mice, even though we were bursting with impatience. There were several families on board, and we had to wait until the boat had gone with one load and had come back. While we waited we watched the barrels and boxes from the hold pushed over the side of the ship into curious boats of birch bark. We learned afterwards to call these "Mackinaw boats." Indians and half-breeds stood in them and stowed away the goods.

But at last it was our turn. The rowboat had come back for us. We went down the rope ladder

and stepped in. All the people of the town must have been standing on the shore waving to us. As we rowed along, Indian canoes paddled beside us. It all seemed a very charming place to us children.

"That long grass will be fine to play hide and seek in," John whispered to me, as we huddled in the bottom of the boat.

"I'm going to go up into the blockhouse," whispered George. "Maybe sometime I can shoot an Indian!"

"We can make jolly caves in these sand hills," in another whisper from John.

For then the lake shore was rimmed with low dunes. On the yellow sand were dark spots of cedars and bluish junipers. Some taller cottonwoods, too, rustled there.

We wound around the sandy point that jutted toward the south. Then we were in the river. We passed the sand hills and came near the fort. It sat on a little knoll and looked very tall to us down in the river. In front of it was a small boat landing. Our sailors rowed up to it, and we crawled out. Surely a hundred people, all strangers, stood there to welcome us. They had followed us along the river bank from the lake shore. My father and mother were busy shaking hands and answering questions about where we were from and how our voyage had been and whether we meant to stay in Chicago. We children felt

neglected. But after a while a jolly Frenchman came up to us. He put his hand on my head and touched my hair.

"Eh!" he said, laughing. "Ze leetle lady! Zee



Mark Beaubien

vill come to see her frien', Mark Beaubien. I tink so, hey? He vill tell her stories of ze long ago time, of ze Frenchmen and ze Indians. Hey?"

That welcome made Chicago seem even a pleasanter place to a little girl. And how many of Mark

Beaubien's stories I did hear in the years to come!

A man was speaking to my father.

"The taverns are full and overflowing," he said, "and every private house has more boarders than it can make comfortable."

Here the Frenchman who had talked to me spoke to father.

"I keep ze Sauganash Hotel," he said, "big and white wiz blue shuttairs. Fat geese on my table. My cellar full of everting you like. My peds soft like down."

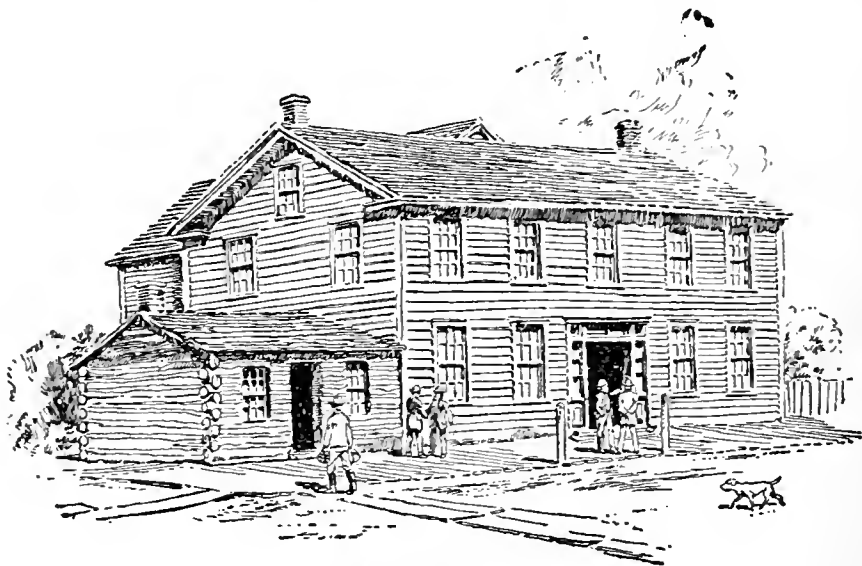
"Yes," the other gentleman laughed, "but Mark's beds are already full of people. You would have to sleep on the floor. I am afraid the best you can do is to go to the fort. The soldiers are not there now. They left in June. Many people are staying there. Travelers are pouring in faster than houses can be built."

"Well," said my father, "that isn't a pleasant prospect. Let us look around the town a little. Perhaps we can beg room somewhere."

So we set off. There were no streets. There was only a crooked road that wound about from house to house. Between the houses it was fringed with grass and flowers. It went around the swampiest and muddiest places, but that still left many bad spots for it to go through. We children waded in joyfully, but mother looked sadly at our muddy boots.

We went to all three of the taverns. They were frame buildings with many little windows and wooden shutters. In front of one hung a sign-board with a bad painting of a wolf on it, and the words "Wolf Tavern." In front of another was a sign with the picture of a tree and "Green Tree Tavern" painted below. But all the taverns were full.

"Oh, we're sleeping four in a bed here," one man



The Sauganash

told us at the Sauganash, "and some of us on the floor."

This was the place owned and praised by my new French friend, Mark Beaubien.

We asked for room at a few private houses that were a little larger than the others. The people were always very kind, but nobody had any room. So, just at twilight, we found ourselves back at the boat landing where our goods were piled.

Father went to the fort and arranged for us to stay there. He hired some half-breeds to carry our things, and we went in, past the heavy gates of the palisade. My heart beat quick, as though I were entering a king's palace, and I guessed from my brothers' faces that theirs did too. There were the piles of cannon balls. There was the brick magazine for powder. There was the pleasant house with long veranda, where the officers used to live. There was the barracks for the soldiers. Everything was clean and shining with whitewash.

"The officers' quarters are already full," father said. "We have two rooms in the barracks."

We children held our breath with joy as we walked through the long, narrow halls. Many mysterious little doors opened off on both sides.

"Soldiers have slept in there!" George whispered.

But we had no time for daydreams. Father and mother kept us busy untying blankets, unwrapping dishes, helping to set up beds.

Next day father bought a lot. If I remember correctly, he paid fifty dollars for it. It was not far from where Dearborn Street now crosses the river. He wasted no time about building our house. The same day that he bought the lot he and the boys set out into the woods on the north side to cut lumber. I had to stay and help mother set things to rights in our rooms. When the work

was done I played about the fort with other children who lived there. So it happened that I climbed the little stairs that led into the blockhouse before George did. I boasted of it to him when he came back at night. But he scoffed.

"Pooh! I shot off an Indian's gun in the woods," he said.

One day, when my work was done, I had an adventure. Three other children of the fort were going to the Indian camp for maple sugar. One of them was a big girl fifteen years old, so mother said I might go. We followed the winding road a little way to a swampy creek that ran into the river. It was where State Street is now. About this the Indian tents were set thick. The canvas of which they were made was brown with dirt. Bright blankets were thrown over them to cover holes. The ground around them was worn hard by much trampling. Braves in gorgeous blankets sat on their heels and smoked much and talked little. In New York I had seen few Indians. These faces, with hideous painted stripes, and the stiff feathers bristling in black hair frightened me. I clung to the hand of Mary, the big girl. But she was used to Indians and walked bravely among them. Indeed, they paid no attention to us, and I soon lost a little of my fear. Women in blankets, with great rattling silver earrings and strings and strings of dangling beads, worked about little fires.

They were throwing all sorts of things, it seemed to me, into pots that hung over the flames. Naked children were chasing one another about between tents, through ashes, over little piles of firewood, among bark dishes. When they came too near the women they got a heavy cuffing and scampered off, howling. In one place a crowd of boys was racing ponies. There was such a yelling and waving of bare arms that I was frightened again.

"Let's go back," I said to Mary.

"Ho! Fraidy!" she laughed. "There's nothing to scare you. They won't hurt us. There's old Olaki now."

She led me up to an old squaw who was standing in a tent door.

"How!" said Mary, bobbing her head. "Maple sugar," holding out a copper bangle to trade for it.

"Ugh!" grunted the squaw.

She took the bangle and turned into the tent.

"Come in," whispered Mary, and she dragged me through the doorway.

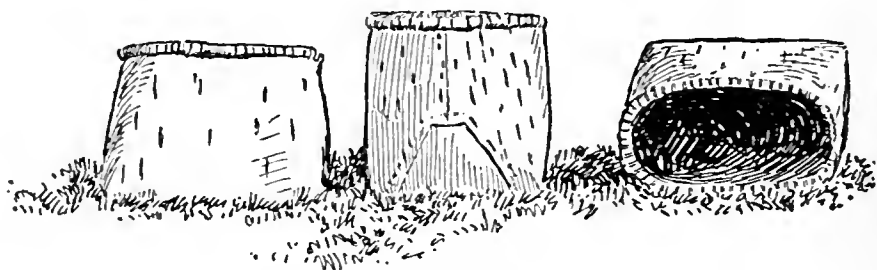
The tent was full of a sweet smell from the dried rushes of the mats that carpeted the floor. Dozens of things dangled from the poles by strings of cedar bark—corn in its turned-back husks, pieces of dried meat, dried squash, snowshoes, little bark boxes—and best of all, a sleeping baby strapped to a board, whirled on a string.

The squaw took down one of the swinging bark

boxes and untied it and took out glistening lumps of maple sugar. She gave each of us a piece, smiling and grunting something as she did so. As soon as we had our sugar we hurried out. I think to this day that Mary herself was a little afraid in that dark tent with that queer old squaw.

"Let's go back through the prairie and play hide and seek," said one of the girls.

So we did, and it was great fun. Here and there we ran, scaring up rabbits and swamp birds,



Indian Birch-bark Boxes

crouching in the tall grass, following one another's trails through it, and squealing with delight. At last, as I was running away to hide, I stumbled over something and fell. One glance, and I leaped up and ran away, screaming loudly. An Indian had been lying in the grass. When I stumbled over him, he cried out and jumped up. I knew that he was reaching for his scalping knife and I did not wait to look behind. The grass about me was taller than my head, and I could not see my friends or our houses or the fort, or anything but grass. I did not know

where I was running, but I ran. In a little while I came out into a place where the grass was low. There was the blessed fort shining white before me. I cried, "Mother! Mother!" and ran on. But my feet began to be heavy with mud. Then they stuck, and I had to drag them out. At last I could not pull them free. I was stuck in a swamp! I screamed for mother and father, who were far away. I am sure there never was a more frightened, miserable little girl. I looked around. The Indian was coming. I cried out again and covered my face. In a minute strong hands were pulling me out, strong arms were carrying me. Then I was set down on hard land. I looked up. My Indian was grinning down at me. He took a feather from his hair and handed it to me and nodded, still grinning. I snatched it and ran off. There were Mary and the other girls ahead, running toward me.

"Well! Where have you been?" they cried. "We thought we had lost you."

I threw myself into Mary's arms and cried and cried.

"Why, did you think he would hurt you?" she said, patting my head comfortingly. "He wouldn't. He pulled you out of the swamp, didn't he? Come on home now. What will your mother think of your dress? It's all muddy."

"She'll be glad I'm alive," I sobbed.

And all that happened on the prairie where State Street and Wabash Avenue and Lake Street are now, with their big buildings and elevated railroads.

After a while father borrowed a horse and dragged his logs out of the woods and floated them across the river. Then our house began to go up. Father was a carpenter, so he worked fast, and in a few days we were able to move in.

We had two rooms downstairs and a store-loft above. One of the rooms was very small. Father and mother slept there. My little bed was pushed under theirs in the daytime and pulled out at night. The other room was large. There we cooked and ate and sat to work and visit. The boys' bed stood in a corner.

Nowadays steam heat keeps us very comfortable, but I am sure that any child would prefer to freeze before an old-fashioned fireplace. What joy it was to lie on the floor with that soft light flickering over us! We played hide and seek with the moving shadows in the dark corners. We sang with the roar of the fire up the wide throat of the chimney. We watched Indians fighting and ships sailing and golden cities melting in the crumbling embers and the shooting flames. Of course, if you were grown up and sat in a stiff chair, your back froze while your face burned, but such things did not trouble us children.

That was a terrible winter. The cold kept us prisoners most of the time. Gales howled about the corners. They swept down the chimney and blew the ashes and smoke into the room. They shook the heavy shutters at the windows as though they were determined to tear their way in to us. Snow drifted about the house so that sometimes it was banked above the windows. When the door was opened, a white wall still shut us in. Father had to tunnel his way through if he went out at all. The rest of us hardly stirred from the house.

We had a barrel of salt pork and piles of potatoes and onions and carrots and beets and squash in a little outhouse. The boards of the roof were covered with earth and straw to keep the things from freezing. There were no cellars in Chicago at that time; for you must remember that we lived in a marsh. If we dug a six-inch hole anywhere, it filled with water. People even had to drive down piles to set their houses on. If they had not done so, the heavy logs would have sunk slowly into the mud. Most of the time that winter we kept a tunnel open to this vegetable house. Besides this food in the outdoor cellar we had a barrel of corn meal and one of wheat flour and another of molasses standing in a corner of our living room. Above in the loft, dried corn and smoked hams and bacon hung from the rafters.

So we had no fear of starving in our two little rooms.

But there was water to be brought, and our stomachs occasionally hungered for fresh meat and our ears for news. Then father would take a pail and his gun and venture out. After several hours he would come back with the pail of water and with a rabbit or two, and perhaps a wild duck or turkey. The pail would often be solid with ice, and father would be sheeted with clinging snow. While mother set about cleaning the game, and we children poked up the fire to a roasting heat, father stamped and shook off the snow and told us the news.

“Half the people in town have gone to live in the fort. They’re afraid of the cold and the wolves and the Indians. I went through the Indian camp. They’re all covered up and seem to be living as snug as a bug in a rug. I don’t believe they’ll ever do us any harm; but people do say that last fall, before we came, there was quite a scare. Four thousand Indians were here for the yearly payment. Black Hawk’s tribe from across the Mississippi tried to stir up trouble. They want to wipe out all the whites in this part of the country and get back their land. But Billy Caldwell kept our Indians straight. He is a good, strong chief; I think we are safe as long as he is here.

"But the wolves are a terror. They're prowling around every house in town. Two or three men have been chased when they were out hunting and have just escaped with their lives.

"Mr. Dole has shoveled a path out from his store door. By the way," and he pulled from his pocket a little cornucopia of brown paper and handed it to me.

I opened it and peeped in. Then I shut it and leaped about, squealing. It was barley sugar. We children listened to no more news, but snuggled down before the fire and ate our candy.

Soon the turkey was on the spit, and George was set to turn it. Oh, what a delicious smell it sent out! As mother bustled about setting the table, father warmed his cold legs before the fire.

"The half-breed couldn't get through with the mail this month," he said. "He started, but the snow was too deep, and the cold was too much for him. He had to turn back. He was almost frozen, as it was."

This half-breed walked the Indian trail to Niles, in Michigan, once a month and carried our letters. The mail bags were light in those days. For postage was high, and few of us could afford to send letters. It cost twenty-five cents for one sheet. That will not hold much news, especially if you have not written for a year. So people used to write a sheet full and then turn the

paper and write again crosswise. Then sometimes they would write over all that in milk. That last writing did not show until the paper was heated before the fire. Then it turned brown and could be read.

For almost two months that winter we were snow-bound in our house. We lived in continuous firelight, for we had to close our shutters over the windows to keep out what cold we could. Often we did not know whether the sun was shining or not. Only the loud old clock with its long chains and heavy weights told us when it was time to eat and to go to bed.

After milder weather came we made little trips out of doors. On those days the river swarmed with people skating. Everybody was glad to stretch himself after the long shutting up. So it was a gay crowd, and people big and little chased one another up and down the stream, stopping to warm themselves at the fires on the ice.

We went sleighing, too. Nobody had cutters here in those days. The men went to the woods and cut saplings and bent them into runners. Then they fastened a big box on top of them. People were lucky if they could get a great sugar hogshead. They cut off the front of the upper half and put boards across the middle for a seat. When this hogshead was fastened to the runners there was a snug sleigh with shelter from the cold.

There were dances in the fort. Everybody went, grown people and children. My friend, Mark Beaubien, played the fiddle and called off the sets. We children used to join in the Virginia reel, but most of the time we played tag up and down the long halls, or crouched in corners and told ghost stories and tales of Indians killing white people.

Spring had many joys then. We were glad when we found the first hepaticas in the north woods, and when we could push our canoes among the wild rice in the edge of the river, but the best thing was the coming of the Hoosiers. They were farmers from the southern part of the state. They drove their slow ox teams for hundreds of miles across the prairies. Their long, white-covered wagons were filled with butter and eggs, and early in the summer with apples and peaches and new potatoes.

When we children heard far off the first call of "Haw there!" "G'up, Bill!" we gave a shout and ran as fast as our legs could carry us. There it was! There it was! That blessed prairie schooner! The bells on the ox yokes tinkled. The man, in butternut-colored clothes, walked beside his swaying oxen and waved his goad. He frowned when he saw us. He knew how hungry we were for those good apples. There were some of them, round and rosy, dangling on a

string from the front of the wagon top. With mouths watering, we did not stop at a frown. The bravest of us tried to scramble up the wheels and snatch at the string of apples. Others of us tried to climb over the high tail-gate at the back. But we seldom got anything until the wagon stopped before our own doors, and our mothers came out and handled over the luscious pears and apples and peaches and finally bought bushels of them. Then we, with squeals of joy, helped to carry the basket and dump the fruit in piles upon the floor. Everything good, it seemed to us then, came up out of "Egypt" in prairie schooners. We called that southern part of Illinois "Egypt" because it was so rich in good crops.

In the autumn herds of cattle were driven across the southern and western prairies for our butchers to make into meat. Very rarely a ship brought flour and molasses and sugar and cloth from the East. And we children never missed a boat or a herd or a Hoosier wagon. It would look very funny now to see children scramble, shouting, up the sides of refrigerator cars as they roll into Chicago, or run, yelling, beside stock cars, or go down to the dock to watch with big eyes every ship unload.

Our first winter here was a hard one, but our first spring was worse. In May frightened people came flying to Chicago with terrible news.

“We are running from death and Black Hawk!” they cried. “He has come across the Mississippi with his whole tribe. He is attacking the settlements on the western rivers. He is killing the whites!”



Black Hawk Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

At first men came by ones and twos, runners bearing news. Then whole families followed in wagons, women and children sitting white-faced and wide-eyed under the covers. The men, with guns ready, rode as guards beside the wagons.

I saw one man, hat gone and hair damp on his neck and forehead, run toward the fort and drop

breathless at the gate. He had run before a chasing Indian, he said.

So the people poured in until the fort was full of frightened men, women, and children. Then the later comers built shanties beside the palisades. Those of us in Chicago who lived within reach of the guns of the fort stayed in our houses. Others left their homes and clustered about the fort.

It was a terrible time. Two or three companies of men shouldered their guns and rode away west to help. Every day we waited, breathless, dreading to hear news of some horrible massacre. Every night we dreamed of fighting Indians. The news of the trouble flew all through the country. Fighting men came from Michigan to help us. But what could a few men do against a land full of Indians? There was a camp of more than a hundred wigwams a few steps from our very doors. These Indians had not yet joined the fighting tribes, but who knew how soon they might do so? Messengers were continually coming to them from Black Hawk. Many of the younger braves were anxious for war. Billy Caldwell, their chief, went with gloomy face between his people's camp and our houses. He was half white, and he loved the white men, but he was afraid, he said, that he could not keep his warriors quiet.

At last a great council was called to talk the

matter over. Indians came from the village on the Calumet River and from dozens of others round about. Big Foot, a fighting chief from Geneva Lake, was there. Of course, he would speak for war. What would come of it? We women and children sat shuddering behind closed doors while that council took place at the Indian camp. And it was a long one. At last, however, as we peered through the windows, we saw the crowd break up. What would be the news? After a long time of waiting father pushed open the door and stepped in. One glance at his face told us that things had gone well.

"We are safe," he said. "Billy Caldwell and Robinson did it. But it was a hard fight!"

He rubbed his hands over his face.

"Big Foot was all fire, and the young braves flamed up and stood with him. I thought we were lost. But that old Billy Caldwell wouldn't give up. He was perfectly calm and slow, but he knew how to talk and he did talk. So did Robinson. I tell you, they are orators! And they are men, if they are Indians. Big Foot and the young fire-eaters will go away and join Black Hawk, I suppose. But the rest will stay here and be quiet. We can never be too thankful to Billy Caldwell and Robinson."

So we were a little easier. And yet, there was the Black Hawk cloud in the west.

The men who were in the fort now began to steal across the prairies to their old homes to see whether their houses were yet standing and to plant their crops. Life was a little happier and less fearful with all of us.

Then one morning we heard, "Boom! Boom!" from the lake. We rushed to the doors and looked. More shots, puffs of smoke in the sky, a ship steaming toward us. We ran bareheaded to the shore. We saw, on board and dropping over the sides into rowboats, men in the blue uniforms and stiff hats of American soldiers. Oh, then we went wild!

"Now we are safe!" we shouted to one another.

And when the soldiers landed they had still better news. In a week or two General Scott would come on with four shiploads more of troops. The fort was cleared for the soldiers. Many people went away to their homes, feeling safe. Many others put up shanties beside the fort and stayed. But we were no longer afraid of Black Hawk. We had protectors.

In a few weeks we again heard shots from the lake. "General Scott!" we all cried, and again rushed to the shore to see.

But the first boatload brought news that scattered us to the four winds, white and faint with horror. The soldiers were sick with cholera. Had we escaped the Indians to die like rats in a

trap? We stopped for nothing. We left our house doors open and our hearth fires burning. Bareheaded, we ran west, north, south—anywhere to get away.

Our family stopped after we had gone two or three miles. We were in the timber along the North Branch. Father and the boys cut down trees and bushes and made a sort of brush tent. Here we lived, eating almost nothing, because we had nothing. Mother and I gathered wild berries, and the boys killed frogs, and once or twice father caught a rabbit in a trap and speared a fish with a sharpened pole.

After a few days our worst fears wore off, and father went back to town. When he returned he said:

“We can go back. The officers say that if we are careful we need not catch the disease. The soldiers are not allowed to go outside the fort. Several people have already gone back.”

So we went, and glad we were to have a hearth and a bed and a real roof and real food. But those poor soldiers! Several of them died every day and were buried at night in the sand hills. That shut, quiet fort was a horror. We forgot the Indians in looking at it.

At last the epidemic was over. The soldiers moved out and camped in the pure, open air, on the Des Plaines River. We all breathed again.

Only one of our citizens and a few Indians had died. And after several days news came that Black Hawk was captured and that the war was over. It was like waking from a horrible dream.

Good came out of that misfortune. The whole country buzzed with talk of Chicago. General Scott and his soldiers carried back stories of the size, the fertility, the beauty, of Illinois. They spoke of the fine harbor that we might have at Chicago with a little effort.

The next year men came and set to work making that harbor. The sand hills were spotted with their little shanties. Rafts came and went on lake and river, carrying stone and timber. The shore was busy with teams and wagons and scrapers and workmen with spades and shovels. It was hard for mothers to keep the children away from the ditch the men were digging. It was to be cut through the sand bar, so that the river should flow straight into the lake instead of curving south. Walls of posts and stone were built in the sand to hold the new banks. There was much rain that spring, and a freshet helped the work along. A flood of water poured down the river, rushed into the ditch, and made it wide and deep.

How proud we were in 1834 when the first schooner sailed up our river through the new channel! Everybody in town, great and small, dropped everything and hurried down to the

river bank to see the wonder. It was a fine, new schooner from New York, and she was named the "Illinois."

"If they call boats after us," said brother George, "we must be somebody."

All the sails of the schooner were spread, and streamers waved from her masts. Crowds followed up the banks, cheering and waving flags and hats and handkerchiefs as she sailed along. I am sure that my two brothers made their share of the noise.

Oh, it was a wonderful thing to see her sailors throw out a rope upon the dock. I suppose a hundred men scrambled to get it and pull it in, and drop the loop over the snubbing post. At last she was made fast, a gangplank was pushed out, and we swarmed aboard. Everybody shook hands with the jolly captain, and complimented him and Chicago and everything in general. Then the sailors began carrying barrels and boxes over the plank and piling them upon the wharf. We children put our noses into everything, sniffing tea and salt and molasses and whisky. It was comical to see George strut, when the sailors had emptied the boat and had begun to carry other things aboard. George was fourteen then, and very wise.

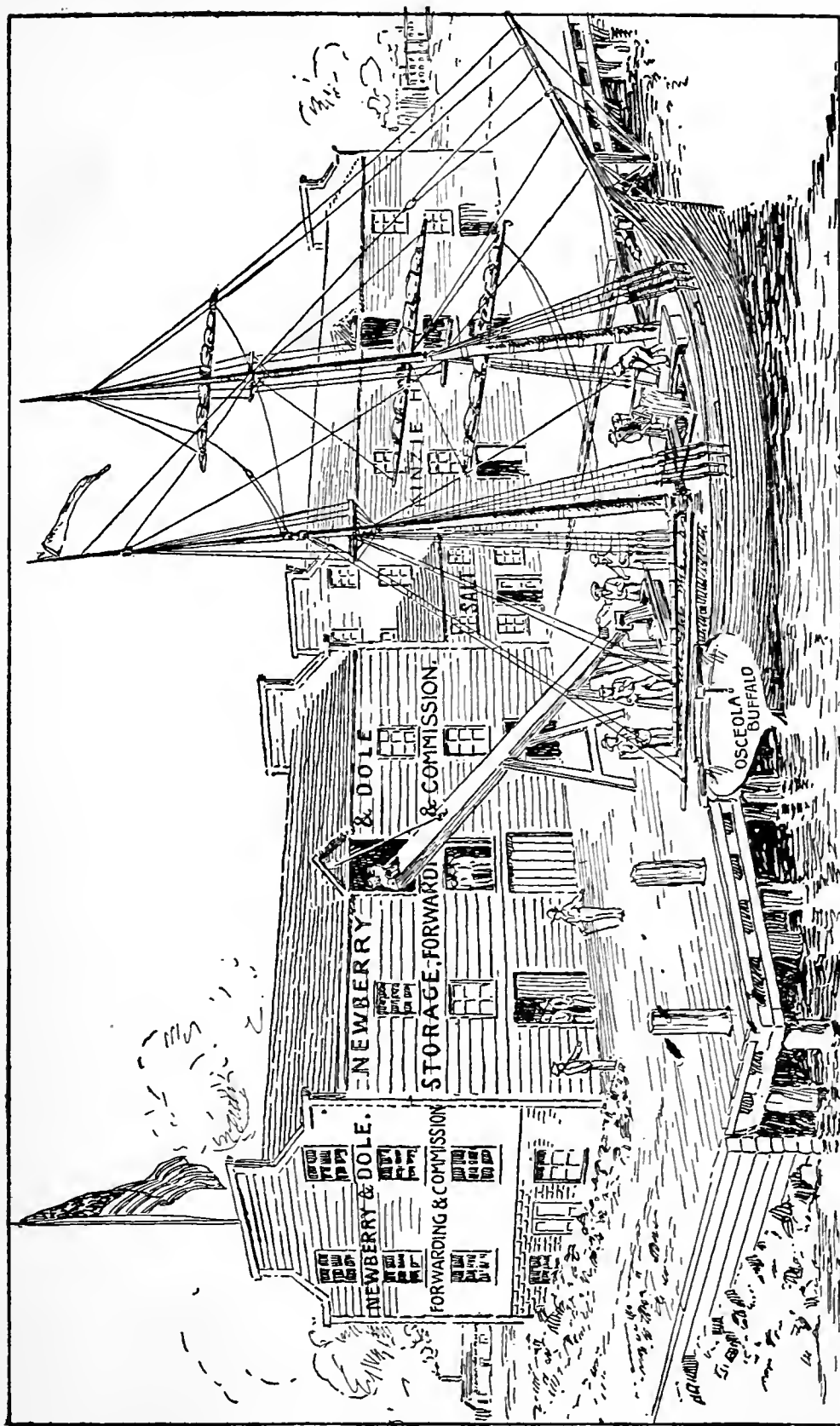
"We are no beggars," he said. "People send us things, and we send things back!"

For into the hull went hams, and flicks of bacon, and barrels of salt meat, and great bundles of hides, and sacks of wheat. We had seen the Hoosier wagons drive up and unload those bags of grain. We had seen the cattle and hogs that made that meat driven out of the prairie to Newberry & Dole's new packing house.

The harbor and that first ship came seventy years ago. It was only the beginning. We have never stopped work on our river since that time.

Next came piers reaching out into the lake to stop the drifting sand. For a time the river was busy with flatboats bringing stone for these piers from the quarry on the South Branch. Rafts of logs for piles were floated along the lake from the Calumet River. The noise of driving hammers and tumbling stone rang gayly in our ears; for with our harbor was to come wealth and business.

I used to like to climb the tall stone lighthouse near the fort and look out upon the lake for incoming ships, and back upon the land for crawling prairie schooners, and about our little town at the new houses and busy carpenters; for the new harbor, the visiting ships, and the hope of the canal brought us many settlers. From that lighthouse I have counted a hundred buildings going up at once. Most of them were residences, many were stores, two or three were taverns, one or two were churches. We soon had a millinery store, a



An Early Visitor

harness shop, two blacksmith's shops, three dry goods stores, two drug stores, a book store, a hardware store, several grocery stores, and a few real estate offices.

But you must remember that most of these wonderful shops of ours were one story high, built of logs or of rough clapboards. Their windows were tiny squares with greenish glass that made funny wrinkles in the things behind it. Inside were rough board counters and a queer jumble of goods. The stores were not on a street, because there were no streets in those days. All the buildings huddled close to the river banks and did their best to keep out of the mud holes. A boggy road wound from one building to another, with neither crossings nor sidewalks. In the spring you might as well have tried to cross a swamp as to cross that road. Women and men alike wore rubber boots; but even then they went home draggled and splashed from head to heel.

Sticking in the road was a common thing for years. In one block I have seen two or three wagons up to the hubs in mud and left there by their disgusted drivers. People used to scrawl notices on boards and set them up in the worst holes:

"No bottom." "Man lost here last week."
"Wagon dropped through." "Road to China."

Sometimes jokers would put an old coat and

hat on a stick, set the thing up in a muddy place, and hang a sign from it saying:

“On his way to the lower regions.”

Often it was quite impossible to walk about. One man used to make money by carrying prettily dressed ladies in his old dump cart. That dump cart was our street car and our cab in those days.

In 1835 we saw the last of the Indians. My brothers sulked about it a little.

“What’ll be the fun, if the Indians are gone?” John said.

But the grown-up people were very glad. The Indians were lazy and drunken, and our city was better off without them.

There had been a great council with much talking and more feasting and drinking. At last the Indians had consented to sell their land and to move farther west. The government furnished wagons and teams and carried them over the plains, across the Mississippi into Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory. The last night before they went was full of horrid shouting and dancing. It seems strange to remember that not eighty years ago naked, painted Indians went yelling up and down the present North and South Water streets, swinging tomahawks and jumping and writhing in their horrible war dance, and then marched away down State Street.

As I think of the time when I was fourteen and

fifteen years old it seems like remembering a fever. That was the time when we all expected to become millionaires. In one year so many people came to Chicago that our population was multiplied by eight. During one year four vessels came into our port, the next year one hundred seventy-six. Every ship brought settlers, and every settler wanted to buy lots. More than half the people in town dropped their work and rushed into the real-estate business. Everybody was excited all the time.

One night my father would come home and cry out, "I have bought the corner of Lake and State streets for five hundred dollars!"

The next night he would tell us with more excitement, "I sold that lot for a thousand dollars and bought three others out on Randolph Street for five hundred dollars apiece."

He could hardly sit still and eat his supper.

"I must be off," he would say, snatching his hat. "A ship is due to-night. I must be at the dock to sell my lots."

Most of the men were in his condition. When we children met we used to boast about our fathers' sales.

"My father sold a lot for a thousand dollars," one would say.

"My father's made a map and put down fifty railroads running all through the country," some

one else would boast. "He's going to build 'em, too."

There were auction rooms in different places in town. We girls, as we passed to school or to the store, used to stare open-mouthed at the wild scenes inside. Men, with their coats off, hurried about, fanning themselves with their hats, throwing up their hands, and crying out amounts of money. An auctioneer stood on a little platform, bending toward the crowd and talking loud and fast. Before the auction began, runners used to go about the streets to advertise the sale. One of them was a negro dressed in scarlet. He rode a white horse with scarlet trappings. The negro waved a scarlet flag and shouted funny things to make people listen.

"Come to the auction. Bring your money. Bring your lots. Get rich."

"Get rich." That was the dream of all of us.

"We're going to have a twenty-room house when my father gets his lots sold."

"I'm going to have a silk dress for every day in the week, and we're going to New York, when my father sells his lots."

Such were the things we used to say to one another.

We were very gay in those days of dreams. There were church suppers, and church fairs, and church sociables, and everybody went to them all.

And there were donation parties for the ministers. I have seen beside a preacher's door a pile of fruit and vegetables and quilts and bags of flour that almost reached the low eaves; for we were all rich and open-handed then.

The gentlemen often went hunting in large companies. As the hunters rode out of town the gay coats and the barking dogs and the nervous horses made an exciting picture for us children to watch. Once, after a party had been scouring the woods for several hours and driving the game before it, we who were left at home saw a wonderful sight. Dozens of wolves and deer, fleeing frightened before the chasing hounds, swam the river, ran among our houses, down the village road, and out to the groves on the South Branch.

In winter there were skating parties on the river and dances in the big dining rooms of the taverns. All night long the fiddles squeaked, and the young people laughed. Sometimes they went for supper and stayed for breakfast.

I shall never forget my first dance. I was fourteen, but we were old for our years in those days. I went with my brother George. I had a new lavender poplin with sprays of white flowers scattered over it. I had made it myself, and had sewed narrow lace at the wrists and throat. My bonnet was new, bought at Mrs. Gale's millinery store, and I was sure that the soft ruching around

my face was becoming. I looked down with pride at my full skirt lying wide over my first hoops. I was a young lady now, I felt.

It was a winter night, when it grows dark early. So, as I tripped into the dining room of the Saugeanash Tavern at six o'clock, whale-oil lamps were smoking from the boarded walls. Mark Beaubien was already fiddling and calling out,

"The grape-vine swing!"

It seemed to me a mass of buff waistcoats and swinging blue coat tails and prancing white pantaloons and calm-sailing balloons of skirts. Surely I should have a good time!

For the next dance my brother led me out. There were three beautiful young ladies in my set, but I was sure that I looked almost as well. On my corner was a very good-looking young man.

"He has just come in from New York City," my brother whispered to me. "He knows what parties are."

And when the music began, and the young gentleman from New York made me a low bow with his hand on his heart, I knew that it was true. As the dance went on, I did very well, I thought. I had not forgotten anything that George had taught me on the evening before.

"Salute ze cornaires," shouted Mark Beaubien.

I turned to the fine New Yorker and spread my broad skirt and began my sweeping bow. But I

had not made many such bows in my short life and yet fewer in those elegant, high-heeled shoes

My ankle turned, and down I sat on the floor, under a hundred eyes. My proud little smile turned to a sickly scream. I covered my face with my hands and felt myself pulled to my feet. I heard some kind voice speaking to me, but I was sure I heard some one sniggering, too. I buried my head on George's shoulder and wailed, "Take me home, take me home!"

He half carried me from the room. Outside he stormed and scolded and called me a little dunce, but I would not stay.

"You can come back again," I sobbed.

So ended my first dance. I thought I should never be able to show my face out of doors again. But I was.

Perhaps a week later I stood on the river bank, waiting for the ferry to take me across to the west side. The broad flatboat lay at the other bank. The rope hung slack in the water. A steamboat was coming slowly down the river. The ferry must wait for her to pass. The old ferryman stood on the end of his boat and watched her come.

"Hello, cap'n!" he called. "Whar goin'?"

"Buffalo," the captain shouted back.

"Quite some uv a storm yistiddy," the ferryman cried. "Reckon you'll roll some."



The Dance at the Sauganash

But I did not hear the answer; for behind me I heard:

"Miss Martha! I am rejoiced to see you recovered. I regretted your illness of the other night."

There was the fine New Yorker looking down at me, tall bell hat lifted. I glanced at him sharply to see whether he was laughing at me, but he appeared perfectly serious.

"Yes," I answered faintly. "I am quite well now."

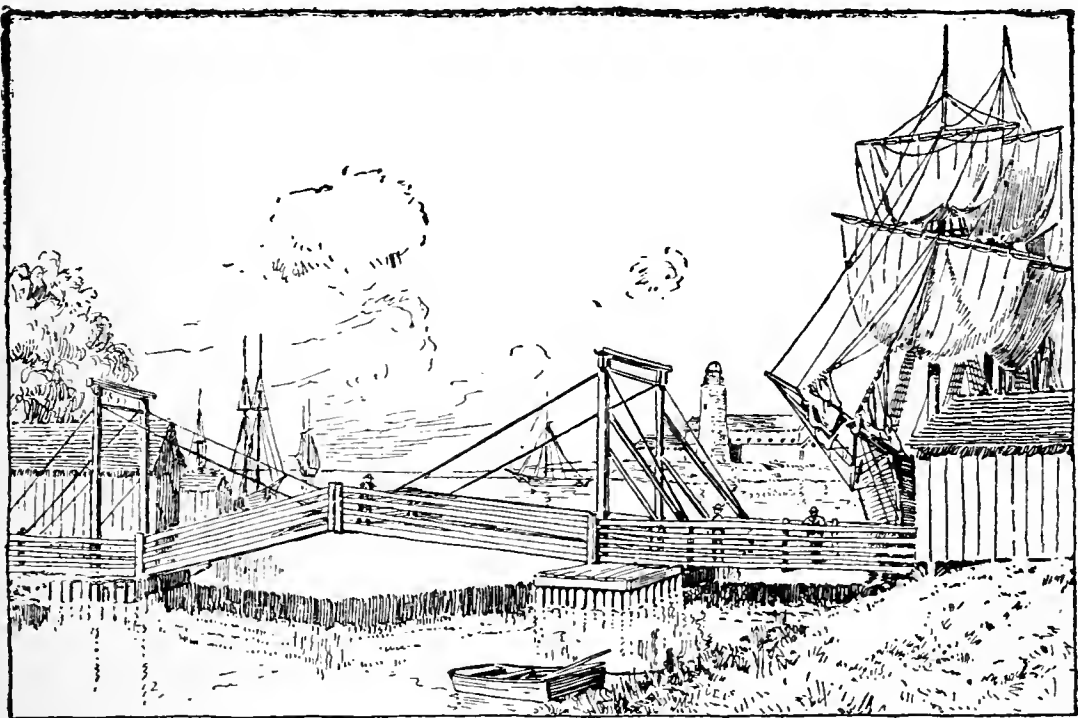
That was not the last time I saw him. In fact, my friend Mary Long lived on the west side, and I often crossed on the ferry to visit her. The young gentleman worked on the west side, and we used to meet on the ferry, occasionally. And sometimes, as I crossed in the afternoon, the old ferryman would smile at me and say, as he walked along the boat pulling on the stretched rope:

"Young gentleman looked right peart this mornin'. Seems 'sif he dropped summat, an' I picked it up. Oh, yis, here 'tis," pulling a folded piece of paper from his pocket and giving it to me.

The old ferryman knew all the people in town and knew their secrets, too. For almost every one was at the ferry sometime during the day. So it was a good place to leave messages and to receive them—a note—a nosegay—a sample of cooking. And the slow old boat was a good place to

visit. I was sorry, after a few years, to see it go, and to have ugly bridges come instead.

Those old bridges, by the way, would look comical to us now. I remember when the first "draw-bridge," as we called it, was built. It was at Dearborn Street, in 1834. Before that there had been a floating log raft across the South Branch



The Old Dearborn Street Drawbridge

near Randolph. But this Dearborn Street bridge was a wonderful affair. We were very proud when it first lifted to let a schooner pass through. The children shrieked with laughter and cried:

"They're hanging Mr. Bridge; they're hanging Mr. Bridge, 'cause he gets in the way of big Mr. Ship."

For there was a gallows on each bank, with

chains stretching down to the middle of the floor. When a ship came, the tender turned a windlass, the bridge opened in the middle, and each half slowly rose and hung from the gallows. This left the middle of the river open for the passing of the stately ship.

But this poor old bridge had many ill adventures. Sometimes an awkward boat would run into it and break the timbers. Sometimes the chains would catch, and the stubborn thing wouldn't open and wouldn't close. Once it hung up in the air for two days and nights, while business men fumed and had to use the slow ferries. After five years of such trouble, the city council voted to have it torn down.

"It's a good thing they did," my father said at supper that night. "Now, maybe we can do some business on the south side. Prairie schooners come up here from the south by the hundred, go right through our streets, and cross the bridge to the north side. We ought to have their trade over here. I'm afraid the council will change their minds about tearing down the bridge. Some of us are going to see to it that they don't, though. Want to come along, boys?"

Of course they did, and so did I, in spite of the fact that I was a young lady of sixteen; but mother said no; and, besides, I was asleep when father and the boys left, about the middle of the night. But

at breakfast I heard all about it. A big crowd had collected at the bridge in the dark and had chopped the old thing down and had hooted with glee to have it out of the way.

Soon after that, floating bridges were built. These were pulled back against the bank when ships wished to pass. But we still had ferries alongside the bridges, and I always liked them better. Some of them were free and some of them were toll. When we first came my friend Mark Beaubien was ferry tender. I sometimes heard the grown folks complain that he didn't attend to business.

"He has too many irons in the fire," my father said—"tavern keeper, storekeeper, ferryman. Besides, Mark would rather race horses than do business, anyhow."

But who could not forgive jolly Mark any sin?

In Mark's time the residents of Cook County crossed free, but outsiders paid according to the following rate. It sounds amusing to modern ears. But to my eyes that old, slow ferry, laden with its ox cart and sulky chair and herds of cattle, makes a pleasant picture.

Foot passenger.....	\$0.06 $\frac{1}{4}$
Man and horse.....	.12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Dearborn sulky chair, with springs.....	.50
One-horse wagon.....	.25
Four-wheeled carriage drawn by two oxen or horses	.37 $\frac{1}{2}$
Cart with two oxen.....	.37 $\frac{1}{2}$

Head of neat cattle or mules.....	\$0.10
Hog, sheep, or goat03
Hundredweight of goods, wares or merchandise, each bushel of grain or other article sold by the bushel	.06½

Crossing the river was expensive in those days, you see. It was best for a big prairie schooner, loaded with several hundred bushels of wheat and hauled by six or eight oxen, to stay on the other side.

About the New Yorker; I married him after a while. He built a nice little house out on Dearborn Street near Madison. My mother cried when I told her where it was to be.

"Why on earth do you have to go clear out to the end of creation?" she said. "You might as well live across the lake. Do you suppose I'm going to wade through a mile of swamp just to see you?"

On the day of our wedding we made a pleasure trip out to Laughton's Tavern. It was in the woods on the Des Plaines River where Riverside now is. It was a big, clean house with a new-fashioned stove in the sitting room, and a carpet on the floor, and a steaming meal waiting for us on the table, and a cleared floor and a dance after supper. A little party of us went out on the stage. It was autumn, so we did not stick in the mud, but trotted along at a gay pace.

That road led away to St. Louis. We had been very proud ten years before, when the stage

had started over the newly-made turnpike on its first trip. But that had been in winter, and a terrible storm had come up, and the driver had died from the cold. It had seemed to us then a road marked with blood. But it was one of the things that made Chicago great.

We had soon learned to love the loud blast of the horn, and the four flying horses, and the wild swaying about corners, as the brightly painted



Frink & Walker's Stage Office

Frink & Walker stage dashed into town, twice a week, and stopped before the office. Half the village left its work and rushed to watch. And every man must go to get his mail. Of course, few people got any; but whoever received a paper mounted a box and read it loudly from front page to back, while everybody crowded about, open-mouthed, to hear the news.

We had two papers printed in Chicago, the *Democrat* and the *American*, but we were a village

in the backwoods compared with the great city of St. Louis. Soon, however, stages were running over the new State Road to Vincennes in Indiana, and north to Milwaukee, and east to Detroit, and west to Galena. The news flew in thick and fast, and we felt ourselves a rival of almost any western town.

But I began to tell about the boom of the city in 1835 and 1836. We all expected to become millionaires, but very few of us had our hopes come true. Things happened that I could not understand, but I know that banks all over the state failed. There was no money in Chicago. Indeed, it was not Chicago alone that had hard times. The whole country was in trouble. People paid for work and for goods with notes of their own that they wrote out. For several years I did not see a piece of gold or silver money, or a bank note. When we went to the store we used to take a bag full of different people's note scrip, as we called it. We would empty this out on the counter and the storekeeper would look it over and take what he thought was good.

"This store has failed. This fellow never pays his debts," he would say, as he handled over pieces of paper and read the names.

It was a little like carrying milk tickets or ice tickets and using them for money.

All this was bad for our boom. People stopped

coming to Chicago. We could not sell our lots. So our dreams faded, and most of us found ourselves poor. Many people had neglected work for the last two or three years and had spent their time at real estate business. Now the boom was over, and lots were hardly worth having, and there was little other business. Then we turned to the nearest thing to earn our livings.

That was the time when Chicago got its name of the "Garden City" and earned its motto, *Urbs in Horto*, a city in a garden. For there was plenty of vacant land. It was rich soil, but was good for nothing as lots now. So we set to gardening. Potato hills, cabbage fields, corn rows, and beet beds covered the land where our department stores and office buildings now stand.

Still the city lived. Heavy wagons came in along our new roads bringing flour, wheat, wool, and lead, all to be shipped East. Four or five men had buildings along the river where they were killing cattle and hogs and packing meat to ship away. So our river grew busier and busier, although our streets lay quiet. The stagecoaches still visited us. Slow work at last began on the canal. The city built a few board sidewalks to rescue us from the mud. After a long rest we began slowly to grow again.

Chicago is my city, and I have loved it always. I have seen it great and rich. I have seen it

smoking after a great fire and bravely building itself up again. I have seen it in the wild excitement of a boom. I have seen it a little log-house settlement in the tall grass. I think I love it best as it was in those hard times when I was a bride and looked out over neat gardens.

RICHES AND HEALTH

SANITATION AND TRANSPORTATION

ONE day last summer I went aboard a little river boat at the foot of Wabash Avenue. I was off for an all-day trip on the drainage canal. As we steamed up the river the sides were not like banks. Gray wooden piles stood in the water; straight board walks stretched along their tops; the back doors of brick buildings opened upon them. I remembered how, long ago, wild rice had fringed the crooked edges, and how green swamps had reached back from the lazy stream.

We turned into the North Branch. The water there was foul and black. We saw a sewer pour its filth into it. I thought of the little walking boards that in the old days had thrust themselves out from the banks. In fancy I saw little maidens in pretty, old-fashioned frocks trip out upon them with swinging wooden pails and dip up the sparkling water.

Then we put about and for an hour or more steamed up the South Branch. At almost every block a great steel bridge swung open for us, while impatient wagons and street cars made a blockade on the two banks. It was all very

different from the time of the slow old ferry. Now great grain elevators stood up tall and grim.

Once cattle paths had wound here among tall grass. And the river itself! In old days it had meandered crookedly, often overflowing its banks. Now it cut straight through the land. Its planked sides stood up high and dry above it. Long, straight slips led back among storehouses and factories to make room for crowding ships. Once the river had flowed into the lake; now it ran away from it.

How had all these changes come about? They had not happened in one great leap. Through many years men had thought and worked. They did one thing, then thought of another; they are still thinking and working. So they have changed a swamp river to a huge sewer, and a marsh to a busy city; for these men were working for the riches and the health of Chicago.

There are two things that have much to do with the health of a city—sewers and drinking water. There has been a long fight in Chicago to make these things right. In the days when there were only a dozen houses here it was an easy problem. The water of the river was clean and sparkling, good to drink from a wooden dipper and good to look at as it flowed lazily between flowery banks. In winter, to save the trouble of digging

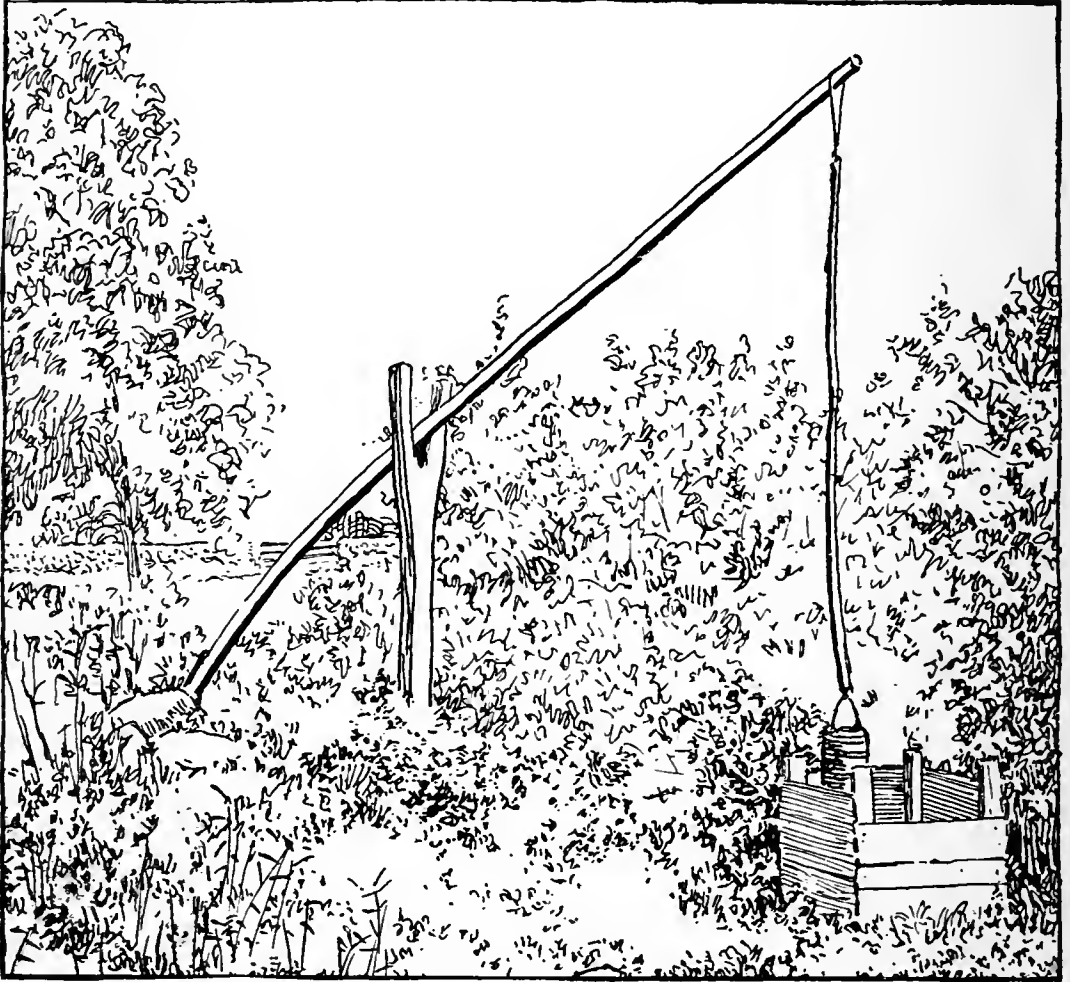
a hole in the ice, women used melted snow for washing dishes and scrubbing floors, for in those days the snow lay clean and beautiful over the fields of Chicago. Only sweet wood smoke curled above it from a few chimneys. The snow and the river satisfied our early settlers.

But people were not careful. Many of them threw garbage into the river. If a horse or a dog died, it was pushed into the water, and slowly floated down to the lake. This seemed an easy way to be rid of such things. But more and more people came, and more and more garbage went into the river. Such carelessness spoiled the water for drinking.

Then many people dug wells. They did not need to go very deep for water, and the shallow holes were always full. It seemed an easy way out of the trouble. The great sweeps stood up twice as high as the houses. The people were proud of the clean water that they pulled up in the dripping, mossy buckets. But in spring the marsh water soaked into the wells, and the rain water poured in over the top. Then the people made wry faces at the milky stuff in their wooden drinking dippers. Soon something worse happened.

Near many back doors sat swill barrels. Into these went the garbage, and after a while it was poured out into troughs for the pigs. Some

people, who did not care about neatness, did not trouble to make troughs, but threw the garbage out upon the ground. On a farm, where the nearest neighbor is half a mile away, with clean fields stretching between, this might not do any



An Old Well Sweep

harm, but it was bad in a village. Rain fell upon this filthy land, and the water seeped through into the wells, and the people drank it. The same thing happened from the outdoor water closets. Cholera came upon the people again. This time

soldiers did not bring it. Filth brought it, and the people knew it. They were frightened and horrified.

"We must clean our town," they cried to one another. "People are dying on account of our carelessness."

The first thing to do was to organize the village. When only a few people had been here, each family had been able to take care of itself. Now, with thirty or forty families living close together, it was harder to know what was best to do.

"We must set to work in a businesslike way," people said. "We will have a president of the village and a committee to look after things."

So, in 1833, they voted and chose officers. These officers made a few laws in order to protect the health of the people. One of these laws said that no one might throw into the Chicago River any carcass of a dead animal. Soon another law forbade people to throw any garbage into the river or the streets or the vacant lots. It had to be taken a half mile outside the town and dumped. Men were appointed as a board of health to look after conditions in the village. A hospital was built for people who were sick with contagious diseases. The health officers warned the citizens against their poisoned wells.

Then one man had a clever idea. It was that he would sell clean water. He laid a hogshead

in a two-wheeled cart and hitched a horse to it. He drove out into the lake off the south shore, where the water was good. He dipped it up with a long-handled dipper and poured it into this hogshead. Then he drove about the streets calling:

“Water! Water!”

Women ran out of house doors to hail him.

“Fill my barrel!” they cried.

The water man pulled at his horse and drove around to the back door. There sat a big brown barrel with a wooden cover.

“Lake’s mighty roily to-day,” said the water man. “Dreadful storm last night. But it’s good, clean dirt. It’ll settle.”

He had untied the leather hose and dropped the end into the barrel. The water spouted in and came glistening to the top.

“Have to charge ten cents to-day,” the water man said. “Dreadful hard pullin’ through these muddy, spring streets.”

So for a while after this second cholera visit the people were careful. But after a time they forgot their fear and then were careless again. For years it wavered back and forth in this way—a clean, well city; a dirty, sick city. Cholera, smallpox, fevers, hung over the foul river, the poisoned wells, the garbage piles, the pigpens, the swampy streets, ready to fall upon the town as

soon as it forgot to be clean. The city grew, houses crowded one another, garbage increased, slaughter houses were built on the river. The water carts could not supply the hundreds of people. At last a few men began to think about the water question.

"We can give the people clean water from Lake Michigan," they said to themselves.

They put engineers to work building a pier into the lake just south of the river mouth. It reached out seven hundred feet from the shore. A large pipe was laid on top of it. The outer end was bent down into the lake and reached three or four feet below the water surface. An engine on shore pumped the water through the pipe and into a large tank. From here other pipes were laid below the streets to people's houses. These were logs with holes bored through them from end to end. They were made at the pump factory.

It was a gala day for Chicago when that little engine began to pump, and water ran through the pipes and out of faucets in people's kitchens. The citizens were very happy.

"We have water, clean water, and plenty of it," they said.

Children gleefully dabbled their hands in the stream dropping from the faucets.

"We shan't have to lug heavy buckets from the water barrel, now," boys said, happily.

People proudly took their visitors to the wonderful new waterworks to see the engine wheels flying and to hear the pump throbbing. In winter boys liked to run out on the icy pier. Sometimes they found a leak in the pipe, where the frost had heaved the posts and had loosened the joints. Then they went, shouting, back to the pumping house to call the engineer and to help him throw on water to freeze over the leak.

But this water, too, was sold. The price was high, and only a few hundred families could afford to pay for it. Others still used their poisoned wells or bought from the water carts. The poorest people still dipped from the river. Soon, too, men were disappointed in the new water. It was muddy. Little fish often were pumped up and came flashing through the faucets into a cup of water. Bits of wood and other such stuff came through the pipes.

"We pump from too close to the shore," people began to say. "Of course it will be muddy there. Besides, there is a southward current in the lake that sweeps the dirty river water into our pipes. Moreover, we pump off the surface water, and whatever is floating there goes into our pipes. We must get below that. And we need a strainer of some sort to keep out the fish. Why should not the city do the work? This water company has made money out of the business. If the city

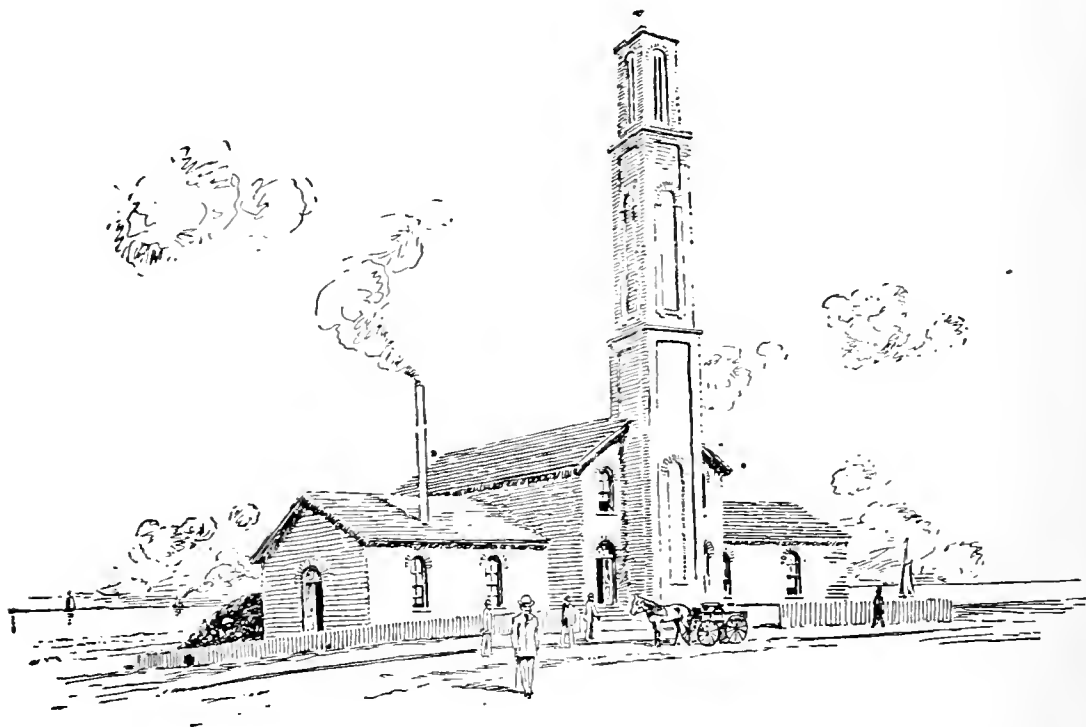
should build the new works she would not need to charge us so much, because she does not care to make money."

"City water! City water!" was the cry.

So at last the city hired engineers to make a new plant. For three years they worked. They had planned to lay a wooden pipe, thirty inches across, in a trench at the bottom of the lake. It was to reach out six hundred feet from shore, on the north side, opposite Chicago Avenue. Over the bent-up end they planned to drive piles and dump in stones to protect it. But the lake was very stormy when they began their work. They had to change their plans and end the inlet pipe near shore. Later, they found that sand drifted into the mouth and that waves damaged it. So they built breakwaters around it, making a quiet basin from which the water was drawn. On shore were a tall brick tower and an engine house with large, new pumps. South of the river, on Adams Street, a reservoir was built to supply the south side of the city. On the west and north sides were two other reservoirs. Instead of the old logs, iron pipes led through the streets. Finally the work was done, the engine started, and cheap city water flowed into houses and shops.

Another question people had found as important as the water supply. That was drainage. Chicago was built in a swamp. In spring her streets

were swimming. In the hot summer they festered with slimy pools. For a while it was a joke to put up signs: "Horses and wagon lost here." "No bottom." But the joke grew old and tiresome. People learned that it was not only a bother to have miry streets; it was also dangerous to health. The drying pools bred cholera and fevers.



The Waterworks

"It is time that we drained our streets," men said to one another.

One engineer had a plan.

"The river is our great sewer," said he. "Let us turn the water from our streets into it. To do that we must slope the streets toward it."

The city thought this plan a good one, and set hundreds of men at the work. They dug out

wagonload after wagonload of dirt. At that time there were only a few streets—Randolph, Lake, South Water, State, Dearborn, Clark, La Salle, Wells, Franklin. Making them slope was not a very long task. After the digging, planks were laid on the sand, and Chicago people looked proudly at their slanting, clean streets. But when the rains came, it was all a different story. Mud formed below the planks. When a heavy horse planted his foot upon a board, up spurted dirty water or thin mud and splashed the passer-by. The sun came out, and the soaked boards and the damp ground below steamed and stank in the heat. Then one spring a terrible flood came—a flood that tore out docks, swept away bridges, crushed boats. And it did not forget the sloping streets. The overflowing river tore at the planks of the lower end, torrents poured down from the higher part and carried the boards with them. This was the great flood of 1849. After it was over, men looked sadly upon shattered docks, empty of their good ships, upon torn piles where the bridges had stood, upon ragged gullies of streets. Then they set to work to repair the damage.

“No more digging down!” they cried. “We are deep enough in the water now.”

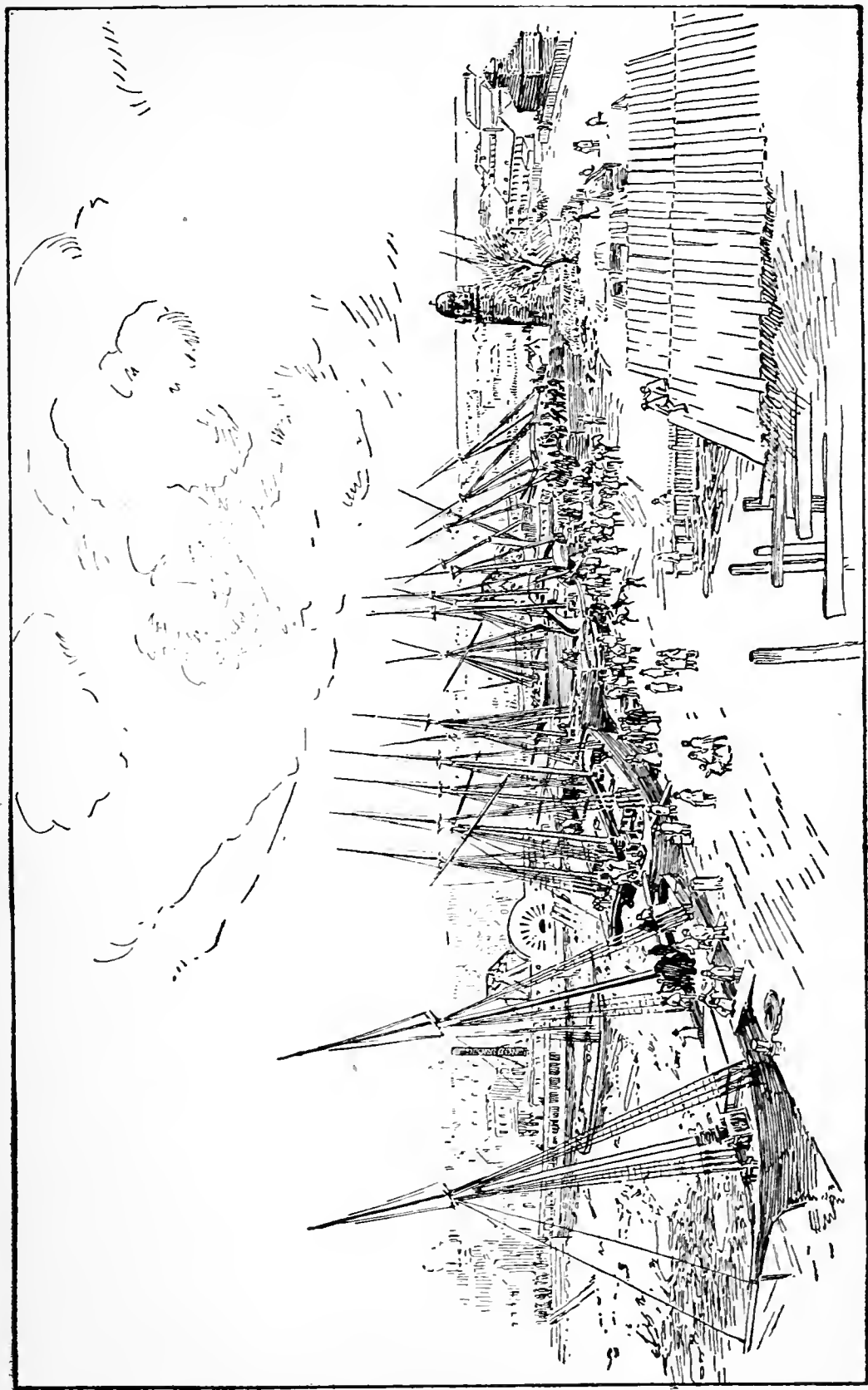
So they hauled sand from the lake shore and filled the streets and planked them, and sloped

them in toward the center, where a long wooden trough carried the water to the river. On most streets board sidewalks were built for foot passengers. They were made of two or three planks nailed together and laid down lengthwise.

"This is very different from the old stepping blocks," men congratulated themselves. "We are becoming a great city."

A town cannot live alone. She must have neighbors and must have dealings with them. She cannot feed herself; farmers must do that. Chicago could not clothe herself. Other towns, which make cloth, must send her goods. If she was to make leather, the farmers must send her hides. If she ground flour, she must get wheat from the country. She must have iron from the East and lumber from Michigan, so that she might build her houses. Illinois farmers had more wheat and hides than they wanted, but they needed sugar and cloth. The East had iron and sugar and cloth to sell, but she wanted meat and leather and grain. How could people exchange these things?—that was the question.

"Here are two ends of a broken chain," wise men said—"the land end and the water end; the producing end and the sending end. Chicago will connect these two ends and will become great by the work. But she must keep her harbor open for ships and her roads open for wagons."



After the Great Flood in 1849

In the early days three or four ships came to Chicago every year, bringing sugar and whisky and cloth and iron from New England. In the summer and fall farmers from far and near drove across the prairies into town. Their covered wagons were filled with butter, eggs, hides, wheat, fruit, vegetables. Sometimes they had driven for a month to come to a place where they could trade these things. They stopped before the merchants' stores.

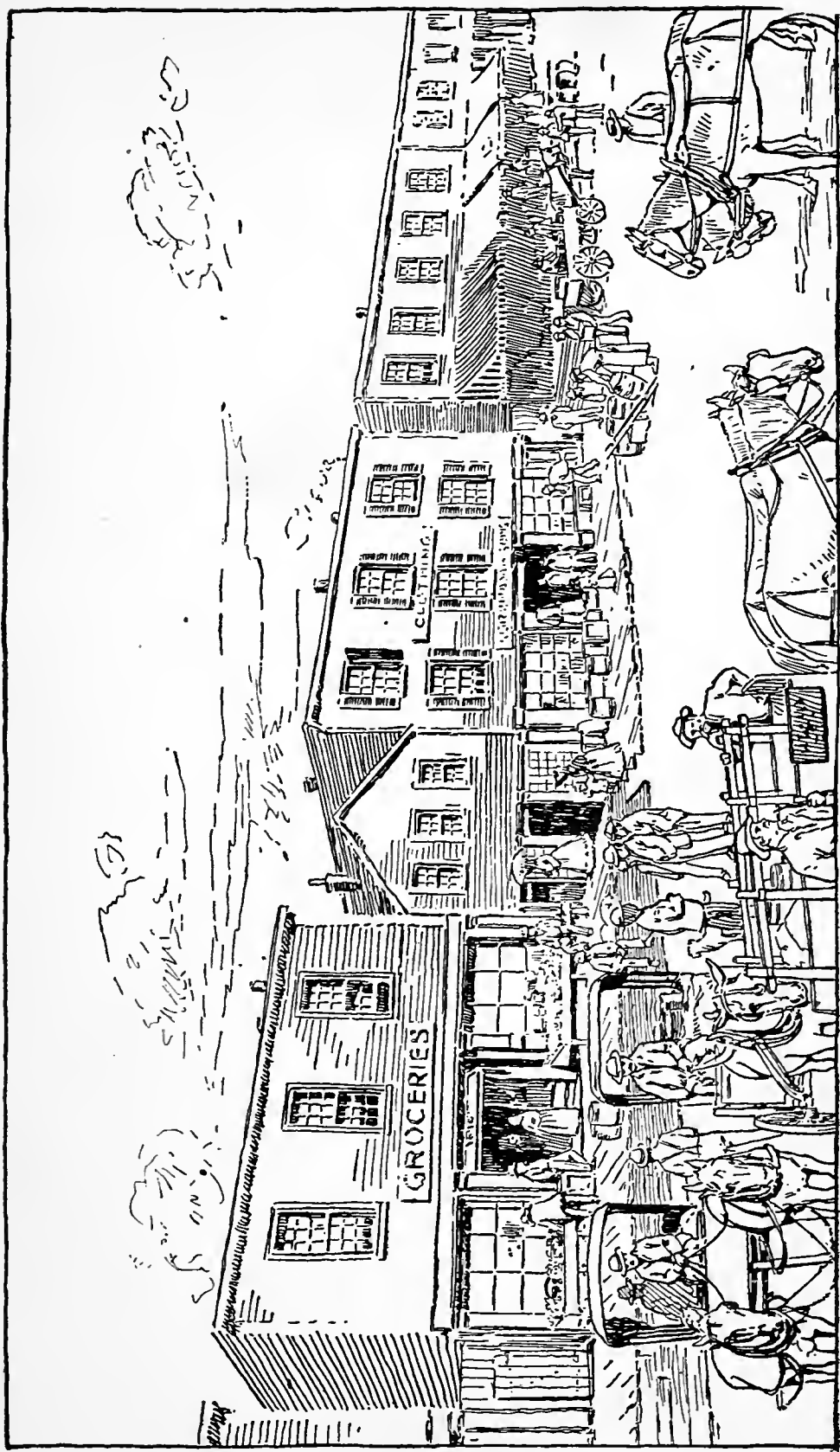
"I'll give ye butter an' eggs fer a bolt o' muslin," they would say, or, "Trade ye hides fer 'lasses."

So they emptied their wagons and filled them again with "store goods," and drove off. The merchant put farm products upon his counters instead of shipped goods, and his town customers were as pleased as the farmers had been.

But what could a merchant do with a few hides or a few bushels of wheat?

At first each man sent his little lot of grain to the mill and had it made into flour and sold that. The hides he put upon a visiting ship and sent East to the tanneries. But after a while certain Chicago men decided that what could be done in the East could be done also in the West. They went to all the merchants and to all the visiting farmers.

"Sell us your hides," they said. "We have started a tannery here."



Clark Street in 1857

There had been butchers in town since very early days. Now they met the farmers when they came.

"We need some cattle," they told them. "Drive us in a herd next time you come."

Other men bought all the wheat they could get. Some of it they made into flour and sold in town, but most of it they loaded upon boats and sent East, where people gave higher prices for it. There was so much money in this grain business that many men went into it. Each one was so anxious to get a great deal of wheat that he would send men on horseback a long way into the country to meet the farmers as they were driving to town and buy their loads before other merchants could get them.

So business prospered. Dozens of herds of cattle from far across the prairie came trailing into Chicago. Hundreds of wagons loaded with farm produce crept along the country from every direction. Little packing houses, tanneries, grain storehouses grew up along the river. Ships left our docks laden with cargoes of meat, grain, leather.

But there were troubles for these ships' crews. Our harbor was poor. The ditch had been dug through the sand bar at the mouth of the river, but the sand kept washing in from the north and filling the channel again. People next said:

‘We will thrust out a pier north of the river and stop this sand.’

So they did, but it was of little use. The sand drifted around the end. The pier was lengthened. Still the sand came in. Long bars formed at the end of the pier. Boats had to sail south past the river for a half mile or more, turn, and slowly tack back to the mouth. Dredges had to be kept at work most of the time to clear the channel. Men hardly knew what to do.

‘As fast as we build a pier into the lake the sand follows us,’ they said. ‘The sand bar of one year is solid land of the next, and new sand washes into our harbor.’

All this work cost much money. The President of the United States finally said:

‘We cannot afford it. The Chicago harbor must take care of itself.’

The people of the West were furious. They wrote to Congress, begging for help. Their senators made speeches telling how important it was that Chicago should have a good harbor. A convention of ten thousand men met in Chicago. Every state on the lakes sent delegates. And a few men came even from New England and the South. They saw that the West could not prosper unless it could get its products to a port where many and large vessels could come and go; and they saw that Chicago was that port. They

petitioned the President and Congress. But all this work was of no use. Congress would not give the money. For years our harbor lay neglected. Now and then the city raised money to dredge the channel or to repair the piers. But wind and current and sand always were working against them. Sometimes large ships could not enter at all.

But on land, things were a little better cared for. In early days farmers coming to Chicago had had no roads to follow. They had wandered about wherever the ground was smoothest and driest. The Indians in their journeys had found most of the best places, so many of their old trails became well-traveled roads of the white men. But near the town all the land was low and wet. In the spring, wagons could not be pulled through the mire at all. At other times they would often stick in the mud. They had to stay there until help came. Many farmers thought it not worth the risk to try to drive to Chicago, so they hauled their produce to other towns in directions where the land was drier and the roads better—to Vincennes on the Wabash or to Peoria on the Illinois, or to St. Louis or Cairo or Alton or Galena on the Mississippi. From those places the produce went down to New Orleans.

“We must not allow this,” the business men of Chicago said. “If good roads led to our city, we could double our trade. There is a fine turnpike all the way across the state, from Vincennes to

St. Louis, and another from Springfield to St. Louis. We shall lose our chance for business if we don't do something. St. Louis will get it all. Aren't the lakes as good for shipping as the Mississippi? If we build good roads, the farmers will haul their produce to us."

Off to the southwest was rich farming country—Egypt. There were the people who must be invited to Chicago by good roads. Past Widow Brown's, down on Hickory Creek, the land became drier and the driving easier. So a road was laid out from Chicago to Widow Brown's house, down near Joliet. It was plowed and leveled. The middle was made a little higher, so that the water might run off into the ditches at the sides. Hollows were filled. Steep hills were cut. Fords were made through the creeks. It was a great improvement over untouched prairie or swamp. Many a driver from the south, in his heavy Hoosier wagon, must have clucked hopefully to his tired horses as Widow Brown's house came into view.

The route of this old highway is to-day State Street and Archer Avenue.

The next year the Chicago council ordered another road made toward the west to Laughton's Tavern, on the Des Plaines River, and on to the Du Page River along what is now Madison Street and Ogden Avenue. In the southern part of the state the farmers were anxious to travel easily to



Map of Illinois in 1837

Chicago to trade, so they paid for having a road built from Vincennes, a large town in Indiana. This was called the State Road and is now State Street and Vincennes Road. The Whisky Point Road went through the woods to a famous tavern six or seven miles northwest of town. Grand Avenue is now a part of that old road. Other roads were made and have since become city streets. The Green Bay Road began at North Avenue and Clark Street and continued far through the country to Green Bay, Wisconsin. It is still in existence. In the city it is North Clark Street. In the country it is still "The Green Bay Road." Lincoln Avenue used to be "Little Fort Road," leading to Little Fort, which is now called Waukegan. The Barry Point Road led out to the Des Plaines River. At Riverside to-day a part of this road still has its old name. In Chicago it is Colorado Avenue. Ellison Road stretched far off to Milwaukee. The people of the little village of Blue Island drove to town along what is now called for part of the way Western Avenue and, farther on, Blue Island Avenue.

On a map of the modern city these old roads show as diagonal lines slashing across the streets out toward the country. They have a history older than the city, for before they were roads they were Indian trails. They were deep-cut paths winding through forest and prairie from Indian

village to Indian village. They forded rivers and followed dry ridges for many miles, crossing and joining until this whole country was embroidered with them. And many of these old, old trails still live in our country roads and city streets. For the Indians had chosen the best places for travel.

The people of Chicago and the farmers round about were very proud of their work; but really these new roads were poor things. A drive on one of them was a dull adventure. The man plodded along in the mud behind his four oxen. The team, caked with dirt half way up their sides, tugged sorely at the sucking wheels. Then suddenly there was a lurch, the wheel dropped into a hole, the oxen pulled and jerked and pulled again. The man shouted, plied the goad, pushed on the wheel with his shoulder. It was of no use. He took a look all around. He had not passed a house for an hour. He knew there was not one ahead for another hour. There was nothing but woods or swamp at either side.

He unyoked his team and led them back to a higher place beside the road. Here he let them wander and crop the grass while he went slowly back to the wagon and got for them some corn and for himself a loaf of bread and a piece of bacon and a frying pan. He threw the corn to the oxen, then took out his tinder box and made a little bonfire and fried his bacon. He had done the same

thing three times a day for a month, since he left his farm for this long drive. He felt in no hurry now. It might be hours before another team would come by to help him. The only thing to do was to wait calmly.

After a while he heard a tinkling bell and a "Heigh ho!" He rose stiffly and walked down to the road. Another Hoosier wagon was creeping along. When it came near, the man spoke to its driver, plodding in the deep mud.

"Howdy! Help me outen a hole?"

"Yes," was the answer.

Then the second team was unhitched and the eight oxen fastened to the stalled wagon. With a mighty pull it was out, and the two travelers went on together, glad of company.

In the winter or late autumn it was a different story, but one quite as disagreeable. The frozen road was like corduroy. Often the wheel of the heavily loaded wagon would jolt into a deep rut. It was good fortune then if the axle were not broken.

It was not long before the people of Chicago demanded better means of travel. Then these country roads were planked. Horses could trot gayly over such a track in any weather. It made travel easy and quick and pleasant. In a few years the city council had laid many miles of such road. The Southwestern Plank went across the country to Brush Hill and there met another that

led to Naperville and Oswego, forty miles away. That old road is now called Ogden Avenue. Milwaukee Avenue used to be the "Northwestern Plank." The "Western Plank" branched off and stretched twenty-eight miles to Elgin. Lake Street was planked west for seventeen miles.

On all these roads there were tollgates every few miles. The gatekeeper lived in a little house at the roadside. When a driver came up, he found a pole let down across the road, blocking the way. At the noise of wheels the gatekeeper stepped out, asked how far the man was going, and told him how much he must pay. The driver gave the money, the gate was lifted, and the wagon drove on. This money went to the owner of the road. If the city had paid for the planks and the work, she got it. If some men had built the road, privately, they received the toll money.

There were taverns also, a day's journey or so apart. Here the drivers could lodge at night and get a hot meal and a glass of whisky and a few hours' gossip before the warm fire. It was all much better than the earlier days of mud and wilderness. These plank roads were busy with heavy Hoosier wagons and plodding oxen and flying coaches behind their jangling teams. Wheat and hides and vegetables poured into Chicago as they had never done before. Chicago merchants grew rich. They built more stores,

more docks. More ships came to carry away the goods. More people gathered here to do the work. The plank roads were like long fingers reaching out into the rich country, dragging in good things.

But even before plank roads and street improvements and water works, people had begun to work out a yet greater dream. For many years men all over the country had kept saying:

“Build a canal from Lake Michigan to the Illinois River. Then boats can carry farm crops from the heart of the state to the lakes and ship them East. We must have the canal.”

The talk grew more and more earnest. Even before Chicago was made a village a route was mapped out for the canal. It lay for most of the way through wild land that belonged to the United States. Along both sides of this line Congress gave land to the state. At both ends of the route this was made into town lots and sold. So Chicago and Ottawa were first laid out. A little of the other land was sold for farms. In this way some money was got to begin the work. Surveyors went over the route and made plans. But it was a great undertaking. It needed money, money, money. Illinois was poor. Congress in Washington was not willing to give as much as was needed. So for years people talked, but nothing was done. Slowly, however, money was gathered together, and Congress gave more land.

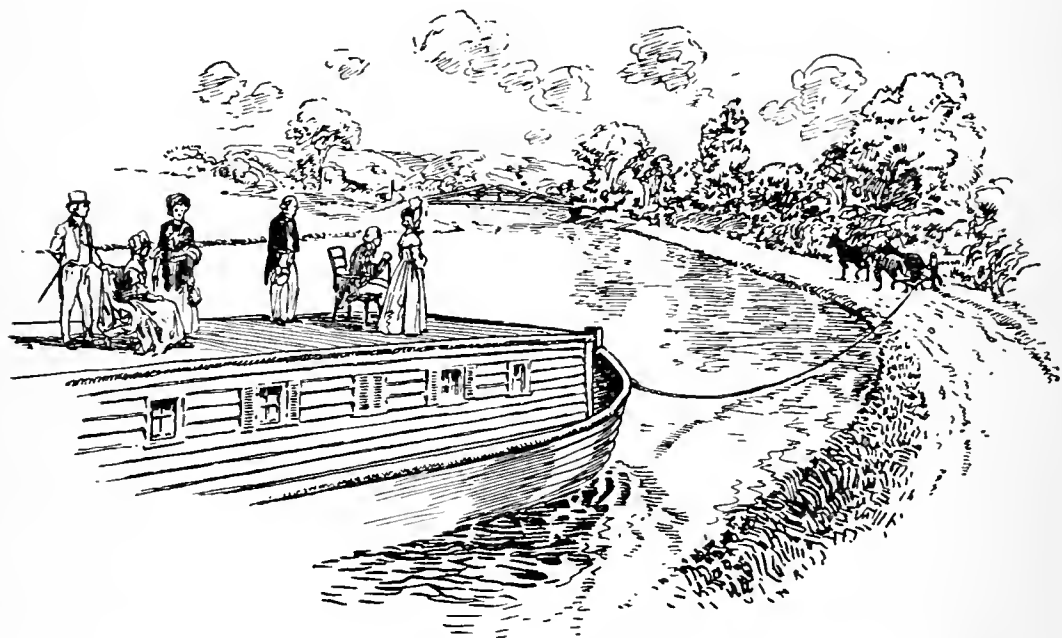
At last, in 1836, people thought everything was ready. The papers announced a grand celebration. Visitors came from far and near to see the beginning of the canal that was to make the West rich. All was excitement on that Fourth of July morning. The cannon in the public square boomed three times. People in their holiday clothes hurried to the South Branch bridge. There in the river lay the steamer "Chicago" with two canal boats in tow. Banners fluttered from her and a band played patriotic music. Several schooners, with sails furled and tall masts and ropes standing bare, lay farther down the river, with horses on the bank to tow them. People went aboard until all the boats were crowded. The engines puffed, the wheels splashed, the tow horses tugged at the schooners, the crowd on the bank cheered the crowd on the water, and the celebration had begun. Then the people who were left got into carriages of all sorts, elegant ones from the city, clumsy drays, Hoosier wagons from the country. Marshals rode up and down the line, getting things into order. The word was given, and off started the land procession with songs and shouts. Archer Road had just been built from Chicago to Lockport. Down this went the gay procession. At Canalport, now Bridgeport, the crowded boats and the long line of wagons met. Here the canal was to begin.

There were speeches and cheering. Then Colonel Archer took a spade and dug the first dirt. People shouted as though they saw their dream come true.

For six years the slow work went on. Then came the hard times when banks failed, and Illinois was without money, and Chicago became the "Garden City." All public work stopped for lack of funds. Weeds grew in the unfinished ditch. But the people were in earnest even if they were poor, and they still believed that the finishing of the canal would lift Chicago out of her hard times. Certain men who had much energy and who believed in the canal talked with the governor, with engineers, and with moneyed men, made trips to New York and England, and finally succeeded in borrowing money to complete the work.

In another six years, in 1848, the canal was finished. Again there was a joyful celebration with a procession of canal boats, with speeches and firing of cannon. A boat started from La Salle, the western end of the canal. In eight days she tied up to the wharf in Chicago with cheering crowds to watch her. She had on board sugar that Mississippi boats had brought up from the south. Her cargo was unloaded, shipped upon a lake vessel, and started on to Buffalo. At last there was a waterway for boats from the Gulf to Niagara Falls.

There were some troubles and some disappointments after the canal was opened. Often the water in the Illinois was low, and sand bars formed. At such times few vessels passed, and the tolls were little. But in spite of these discouragements, the canal was a success. For most of the time it was crowded with boats heavy with meat,



Travel on the Canal

coal, stone, corn, wheat, lumber. The country roads leading to little towns along its banks were busy with wagons bringing loads to ship to Chicago, and taking back much-needed things from the East. The broad flatboats with horses plodding in the deep towpath at each side, the riders, and the boat's crew, lazily lounging between docks, made a prosperous picture in the eyes of the happy Illinois farmers and villagers. It was many a

country boy's ambition in those days to be one of that crew and to be towed through the green country for the long ninety-six miles, past the many little towns, through the fifteen slowly filling locks, up to the great Chicago. For by that time Chicago had more than twenty thousand people. She was three miles wide and five miles long. There were four schoolhouses, eighteen churches, a theater, three floating bridges, three newspapers. Two or three hundred ships came into port here every year. The planked streets were busy with teams. Anything that heart could wish might be bought in the Chicago stores. And the canal was the great cause of all this prosperity.

The problem has always been to get the products of the state to Chicago, where they can be shipped to the people who want to buy them. The more quickly, the more easily, the more cheaply this can be done, the better. Turnpikes, plank roads, canal—each one did it better than the one before. But even before the canal was finished the country began to buzz with railroad talk. This wonderful new invention had been tried in England. Maryland, South Carolina, New York, had built roads and were using them to carry people and freight. A little later Ohio and Indiana and Michigan had begun work. Soon Detroit and Toledo and Cincinnati had

lines reaching out into their states. Illinois looked on excitedly at her neighbors' deeds and wished for the new improvements. Farmers talked of it as they met on the road.

"I'm for railroads," one would say. "You see, if we can get our wheat to the East, we can get big money for it."

"Yes," the other might answer, "but look at the expense. I don't propose to pay an iron horse for hauling my goods when I've got horses of my own that'll do it for nothing."

Loungers in the village stores talked the matter over.

"It'll be fine when we have a train running from here to Chicago," one man would say. "Then we'll go and see my daughter Susan. We ain't seen her for five years. And I might buy a suit of store clothes while I'm there."

"I'm against railroads, myself," the storekeeper might reply. "What's the use of all this gallivantin' over the country? Ain't your own town good enough for you?"

Other country storekeepers over the state said:

"Yes, of course, it will save the farmers' hauling their crops so far, but it will ruin our business. If people can ride to town in these new-fangled cars in a few hours, they'll go there to do their buying, and we country storekeepers will go to rack and ruin. No railroads for us!"

But most men saw that quick transportation would tie the country together, would spread comforts among the people, would make the state richer. So they talked railroads as they had talked canal. They drew maps and put in lines from here to there and everywhere.

"We will make a railroad through the middle of the state, from Cairo to the end of the canal," Chicago men said. "That will bring us trade from all along the line. St. Louis won't like it, but Chicago will grow fat."

People laughingly called this imaginary road the "St. Louis Cut-off."

The railroad idea was discussed in the Legislature at Springfield. At last the members decided that railroads must be made. They voted almost ten million dollars for the work. They planned not one line but many—across the state from edge to edge, joining our towns with Missouri and Indiana, several short branches leading off from these, and one great central road down the middle of the state from end to end, from Cairo, the river town, to Galena, the lead town. All these lines were to be started at once from both ends and be hurried through.

There was great excitement in Chicago. Not one of the roads planned was to touch this city. All the cross-state lines were in southern Illinois. The northern part was to get only the long

“Central.” Of course the “Central” would be a good feeder to the canal, but Chicago wanted more. She had a plan of her own.

Off to the northwest, on the Mississippi River, lay Galena, an important town of four or five thousand people. The country about here was full of lead. More than a hundred years before Frenchmen had discovered it. They had worked the mines with Indians. They had melted the ore in open log fires and had sent the metal down the river to New Orleans in slow flatboats. Ever since that time mining had been carried on there, sometimes by Frenchmen or Indians, sometimes by a few rough American miners. But later the government had sold the land, better mines had been dug, a town had grown up. Every year millions of pounds of lead were sent down the river.

“If we build a railroad to Galena,” Chicago thought, “we shall get the hauling of that lead. Besides, the farmers through the country will send their grain to us by that road.”

The people of Galena, also, liked the idea.

“It would save us time and money,” they said.

Meetings were held to talk of plans. Men went out into the country and the villages and tried to persuade people that the “Galena & Chicago Union” was a good thing. Many people bought shares. So money was got together and the work started without the help of the Legislature.

Meanwhile some of the other roads that the Legislature had planned were begun. Part of the "Northern Cross" was soon finished, from Jacksonville to the Illinois River, and trains were running over it. Then suddenly the hard times fell upon the country, money failed, the state was in debt, railroad work ceased.

For eight years Chicago struggled through the hard times. Then things grew brighter, money became freer, and people picked up their railroad dream again. Men were set to work upon the "Galena & Chicago Union." Slowly it stretched itself across the wet prairies to the Des Plaines River, sometimes on piles driven into the swamps. At last, about six months after the canal was opened, Chicago's first railroad train left the city for a flying trip of ten miles. A hundred gay people sat in the two little baggage cars behind the tiny engine. At the Des Plaines River was a wagonload of wheat waiting for the train. Every man was anxious to help carry it into the car. And so, in 1848, the first trainload of wheat entered Chicago with a cheering crowd.

In two years more the cars were running as far as Elgin. The villagers and farmers along the way felt that they lived in the suburbs of a great city. Twice a day a train of one or two little passenger cars went over the road. It jogged along at a pleasant rate, much faster than a farm team could

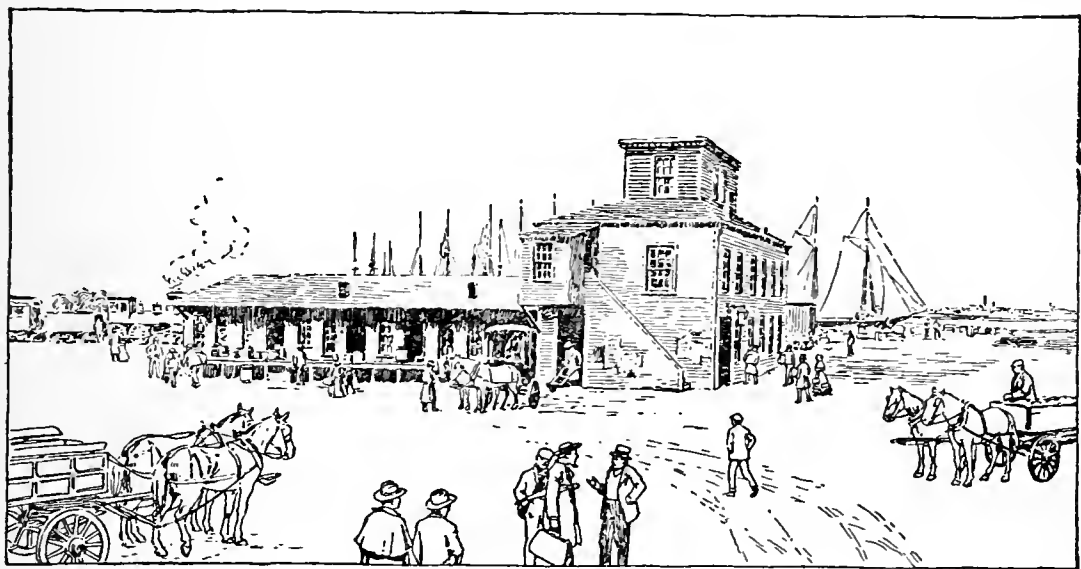
go. Sometimes it stopped in the middle of the prairie to let passengers off to walk across the fields to their homes. Often it stopped for other reasons—a hot box, a stubborn cow on the track, a bent rail. For the track was of heavy wooden pieces nailed to cross-ties. To prevent these from wearing out, long strips of iron were spiked on top. The iron strip sometimes pulled the spike loose. Then the end curled up, and if the engineer did not keep his eyes open for these loose ends they would catch in front of the wheels and stop the train. Occasionally they would push themselves up through the floor of the car and make unpleasant things called “snake-heads” or “goose-necks.” Often they punched holes in bags of wheat or barrels of grain, and sometimes injured a passenger.

But with all its faults this was a railroad, though a dwarf one, and a railroad is a fairy godmother to a country. The little wooden station at Canal and Kinzie streets began to be almost as important and as crowded with goods as the river docks.

Soon another company was formed for the purpose of building the great “Central” road, planned so long before. They intended to lay a line from Cairo to Galena and a branch to Chicago. The “Illinois Central” it was to be called. The main line passed through the very core of the state and touched half the important

towns—Cairo, Centralia Vandalia, Decatur, Bloomington, La Salle, Dixon, Freeport, Galena.

The state was willing to pay for such a help to her prosperity. She gave to the railroad every other section of land on both sides of the track for its whole length. Besides, she excused the company from ever paying taxes. The company, in return, promised that every year forever it would



The Old Galena Depot

give to the state seven per cent of its earnings. But the first track that the company finished was a short branch from Chicago to the Indiana state line. Here it met the Michigan Central, an older line from far-away Detroit. In May, 1852, the first through train entered Chicago. A cheering crowd and thundering cannon welcomed it.

In choosing their route for the other Chicago branch toward the south the company did not try

to touch towns. The line was built as straight as possible between Chicago and Centralia. There was even an advantage in keeping away from settlements. The state did not own the land in the villages and so could not give it to the railroad. But the open prairie was all hers. So the track went straight and lonely through the wilderness. Every eleven miles the company built a little red station and a freight depot. Often there was no other sign of man for miles over the flat prairie. The little freight house was always empty. Nobody ever came to take the train. No visitors ever got off. But there was some use for the station. The agent and his family lived there to look after the trains. It made a safe and comfortable place for surveyors or other railroad men who might have occasional work in the wilderness. But above all this, the officers of the Illinois Central had a dream. They saw immigrants coming to buy their land. They saw houses being built and farms being tilled. They saw their freight depots crowded with grain. They saw their tracks busy with heavy trains.

"These stations of ours," they said to themselves, "shall be the hearts of little villages that must grow up."

And that is just what happened. As you pass through any of the towns on the Illinois Central road to-day you may be sure that they are there

because in 1852 or thereabout the railroad company made stations in the wilderness.

After the Illinois Central was built a railroad fever seemed to seize the state. Every month more track was laid. Many short lines were built, slanting out from Chicago to Aurora, to the Wisconsin border, to Rock Island, to Alton. Gradually, during sixty years, these roads have stretched themselves out until they touch both oceans and Canada and Mexico. Twenty-five main lines carry our goods to every corner of the country and bring to us the produce of the world. Processions of wagons go to and from our long freight depots, hauling almost every kind of thing that is in the world. Great stores have grown up here to handle these things. Streams of people are constantly leaving and entering our passenger stations to buy or sell, to visit, to learn, to teach.

So Chicago had her canal and her railroads. She was growing big and rich. Her river was crowded with ships, her streets were busy with teams. But those streets were still a disgraceful mire—bad for business and dangerous to health. Twice, since the Black Hawk War, cholera had scourged the city, and scarlet fever and small-pox had swept people off.

“We must drain our streets. We must care for our filth,” people said.

They had already tried two ways of draining the streets. First they had dug them out and made them lower than the lots and sloped them to the river. The flood had shown the folly of that way. Then they had filled them with sand and had made gutters at the side. In a few important streets wooden sewers had been laid down the middle. The street sloped toward these long, open boxes, and the water poured into them and down them to the river. But the sand was cut by heavy teams and was worn down and became miry again.

At last there was a man in Chicago who knew how to rescue her from her filth. This man was E. S. Chesbrough, a civil engineer. His plan was to build large brick sewers below the streets, with many smaller side sewers leading into them. Every street was to be rounded in the middle and have side gutters with holes at street corners. Down these the water would fall into the sewers. Small pipes would lead also from sinks and closets in people's houses. The large brick sewers were to empty into the river. In order for them to do that they must slope in that direction so that the water might run down hill. Here was the difficulty. Many places in Chicago were not more than three or four feet higher than the river itself. If the sewers were built from the higher suburbs and sloped down to the river, in many places they

would stand high above the ground. More than that, all the south side was so low that the drains from there could not have a steep enough slope. What was to be done? Mr. Chesbrough's answer was, "Fill in the low places."

People laughed in scorn. It meant piling up dirt four, five, six feet deep over most of the city. It would take years of work. It was impossible.

"But it will make a dry, clean city," answered Mr. Chesbrough and his friends. "And people can have cellars and basements then. So far, we never have had them in Chicago."

Newspapers in the East laughed at Chicago's plan to lift herself out of the swamp by her bootstraps. But nobody found any other way, and after a while the people of Chicago gathered together their courage and undertook the task. Masons were put to work building the sewers. Behind them wagons hauled in dirt to fill the streets and vacant lots.

At this time the river was being straightened. The city wished to make it a fit mate for the canal. Its many little turns had troubled boats. Now there were great dredging machines in the water, paring off the banks. This straightening would make the passage of boats easier and quicker, and it would make good places for building docks. The dirt from the river banks was used in filling the streets and lots.

In vacant places this building up was possible; but when a man had a house on one of these rising streets, it was a different matter. If he filled his lot, it would bury his house. So there the building sat in a hole, and the side lots and the street were even with its window sills. The owner had to make steps leading down from the roadway to his yard. In the business streets the same thing happened. Stores seemed to be in basements. Some people, however, raised their buildings and filled their lots. That was possible with a frame house, but no one had ever heard of raising a brick one.

"It would crack and fall to pieces," people said.

But George Pullman had done work before in raising and moving buildings. He heard of what was happening in Chicago, and came here to help. He raised some brick buildings and they were not hurt. That was encouraging. Other people asked him to raise their houses. Even a whole brick block was brought up seven feet without harm. Soon all Chicago was on jackscrews. It was like a city on stilts. But dirt was filled in, the stilts were taken out, and the city was high and dry.

Not all people raised their buildings at the same time. Some were energetic and quick, others were slow. So this was a city of ups and downs. Here was a sidewalk even with the

street before a raised house. Next door, before an unraised building, was the old walk, seven feet below the street. Steps led from the high place to the low one. So it was, all over the city. Walking about town was somewhat like going up and down stairs. New York papers jokingly said that a walk on their streets was a very hard and unpleasant thing for a Chicago visitor. After going for a block or two, so they said, he had to turn into a store and run up and down a flight or two of stairs to rest his legs.

It was years before all of Chicago was properly filled in and leveled. Even now there are houses here and there in many parts of the city that are below the streets, with steps leading down to them. But we are out of the mud. Our sewers run freely. Smallpox and cholera are banished. And it was the people of fifty years ago that did the work.

But when these new streets were left unpaved they were soon full of mudholes. The people were determined not to stop halfway. At first they tried cobblestones for pavement. Streets so paved were dry and clean; but they were rough, hard for horses to walk on, hard to haul heavy loads over, and they soon grew very uneven. Then macadam was put down in a few places. When the first cedar blocks were laid, people were very proud. Since then we have tried many new

kinds of pavement—granite block, brick, asphalt, creosoted block, oiled macadam, bitulithic, concrete, for we are always hoping to make our streets cleaner, less noisy, easier for hauling.

The new sewers did their work well. They drained the city clean and emptied themselves into the river. It is easy to see what they must have done to that stream. The canal pumps at Bridgeport drew water from it and feebly tried to turn it from the lake toward the west. But the canal was shallow, the pumps were weak, and they took off only the surface water. Filth settled to the bottom of the stagnant river and remained there. After a heavy rain or a spring thaw the stream again flowed into the lake. So here was a worse thing than miry streets—a black, foul-smelling river that poisoned the air around it and that poisoned the city's drinking water.

"Then we must go out still farther from the shore for our water," people said.

Moreover, new waterworks were needed. The small pipes and the old-fashioned pumps could not carry enough for the large city that had grown up since they had been put in.

Mr. Chesbrough, the same man who had made the sewers, planned a new water system. He suggested that a large tunnel be dug out under Lake Michigan for two miles. At the outer end of the

tunnel a big pipe was to reach up into the lake. At a place where the water was clean—not too near the slimy bottom or too close to the dirty surface, holes with gates were to be made in the pipe. Through these holes the clean water would run down into the tunnel. Great pumps on shore would draw it out of the tunnel into a tall tower. From this it would push itself through pipes to houses and shops. The tube out in the lake would need to be protected from ships, from fish and drifting pieces of wrecks, and from floating ice in winter. So a strong house, or crib, of heavy, squared logs was to be built on shore and towed out and sunk over the end of the pipe. It would be held down by having its foundation filled with stone. Its lighthouse would warn off ships. Its screens would keep out fish. Its crews of men, living there all the year round, would fight the ice and watch the gates and clean the screens.

This was as great a piece of work and as wonderful as the lifting of Chicago out of the mud. With lamps and pickaxes and shovels, miners dug their way through the sand and clay below the lake. Sometimes they met quicksand. Once in a while a great boulder blocked the way and had to be blown up. Sometimes a pocket of sand caved in above them. And all the time they could not forget the great lake over them, pushing down. But no accident happened. After the diggers

followed masons, laying five-foot circles of brick. A black tunnel grew long behind them. All the dirt dug out had to be carried back to the land end and lifted by buckets and dumped on shore. All brick must come down in the same way. After the tunnel had grown a half mile long, this going back and forth took much time. Then a little track was laid on the floor, and small cars, dragged by mules, went to and fro.

It was a piece of work that could not be done in a little while. Three years from the time the mayor had dug the first shovelful of earth he went down into the tunnel to lay the last stone. As he did so, he said to his party, stooping there in the smoky light of the lamps:

“Now, gentlemen, in behalf of the city of Chicago I place the last stone in this great tunnel—the wonder of America and of the world.”

At last Chicago had found the right way to get water. Since that time we have only dug more tunnels and larger ones, built more cribs and more pumping stations, put in heavier pumps and better engines. Now we have more than two thousand miles of iron water pipe below our streets. Eight land tunnels carry great rivers of water to pumping stations in various parts of the city. There are five cribs, two, three, and four miles out from shore. Men live on these little islands in

comfortable rooms to watch the city's water supply. They have telephones connecting them with the land. A tug, called the crib and lighthouse tender, visits them often and carries them supplies.

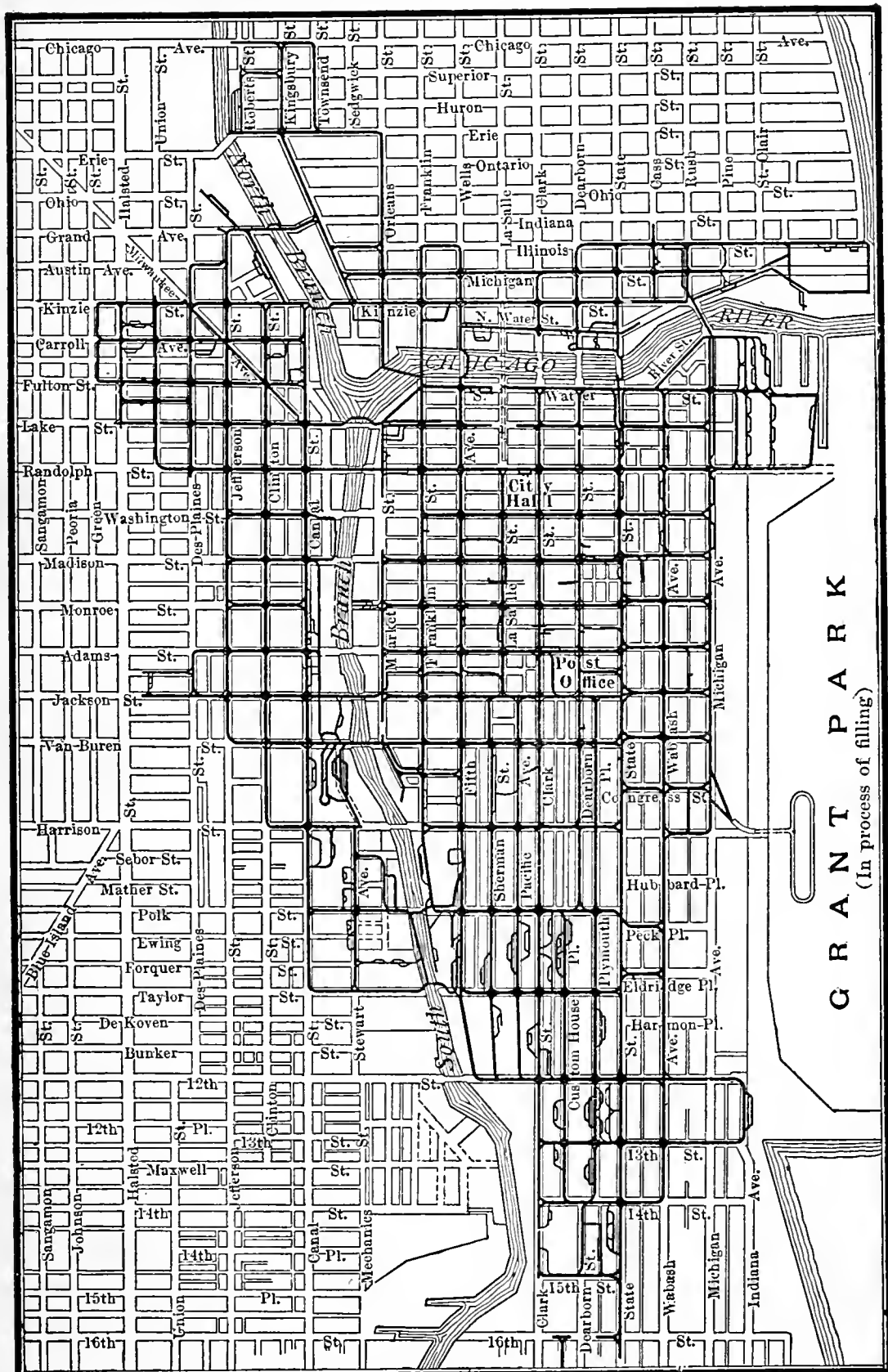
And yet there was something left to be done. Soon after the new tunnel was finished, people began again to complain of the water. Physicians said it was not clean and that it carried disease. The foul river water reached even as far as the new crib. After much discussion people decided that the only way to get pure water was, not to put the cribs still farther out, but surely to turn the river backward. The Illinois & Michigan Canal had not done that, as people had hoped. For a long time men talked about having it deepened, thinking that things would be right then. At last it was done, but the river still remained filthy and flowed sometimes east and sometimes west. Finally men talked of having another canal to do this work. It must be large enough and deep enough to make a strong current flowing westward, in order that the clean water of the lake might wash out the river channel. But this might mean something besides pure water. People again dreamed of a waterway to the Mississippi. The old canal, built for towed flatboats, was too small for the large steamers that now plowed the lake.

"Let us make our canal for two kinds of work,"

men said—"for disposing of the sewage and for carrying ships."

Work on this "Chicago Drainage and Ship Canal" began in 1892 and went on for eight years. Little villages of shanties followed the great machines along the banks. Here lived hundreds of workmen. But men and hand spades did little of the work. Great automatic shovels scooped up dirt by the wagonload and dropped it in hill-like piles. Huge derricks swung their arms about, lifting stone, carrying dirt cars. Wonderful machines were invented on purpose to dig this canal. Visitors came to Chicago only to see the strange work going on. The noise of the blasting carried for miles through the country.

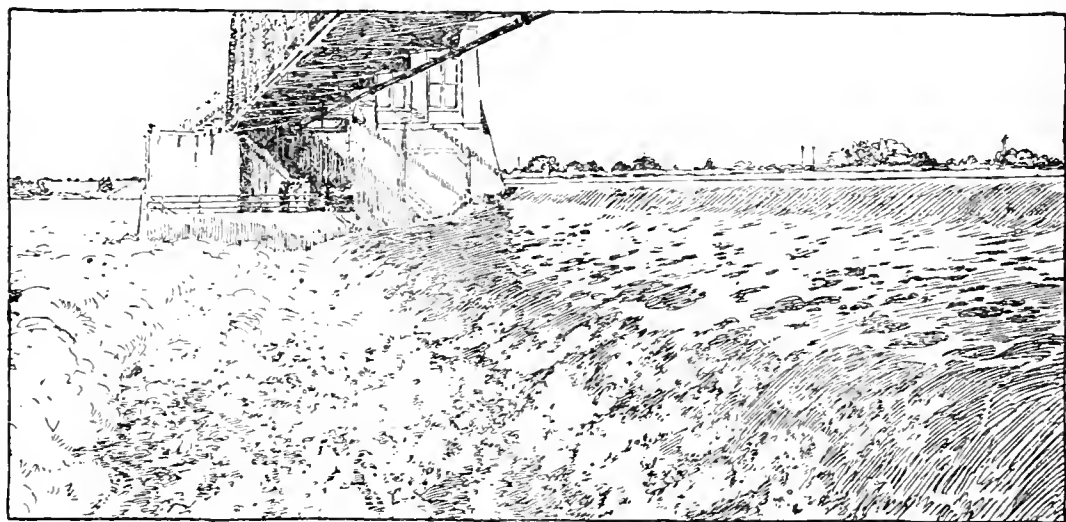
In some places the cut was thirty-five feet deep and two hundred and ninety feet wide. Some parts had a smooth rock floor and a neat rock wall standing straight from bottom to top. In other places the sides sloped gently through hard clay. For twenty-eight miles, from Robey Street and the Chicago River, it cut almost straight through the level land to the Des Plaines River at Lockport. The bottom sloped gradually all the way, so that it was six feet lower at the end than at the beginning; and the whole floor was more than twenty feet below the lake level. So this canal needs no pumps to drag the water out of our river. Instead, there are at Lockport gates



Map Showing Route of Chicago's Freight Subway

and dams to shut it off from pouring out too fast.

This canal does the thing that men made it to do. A few hours after it was opened the water in the Chicago River had changed from black to a lake-green, and people were hanging over the bridge railings to see the miracle. And ever since, our river has been a pleasant thing to look at. The canal itself is a broad, clean stream to be proud of. The current is swift enough to carry



The Canal at Lockport

all sewage below the surface, and there is so much clean water that the filth is like a cupful in a barrel. A few little boats make trips on it to carry sight-seers. Once in a while a tug passes, towing stone-boats loaded at crushers standing on the man-made hills. But it is not yet a ship canal. Before it can be that, the Illinois River must be dredged deeper, and a few locks must be built. Perhaps in some future year we shall see that work

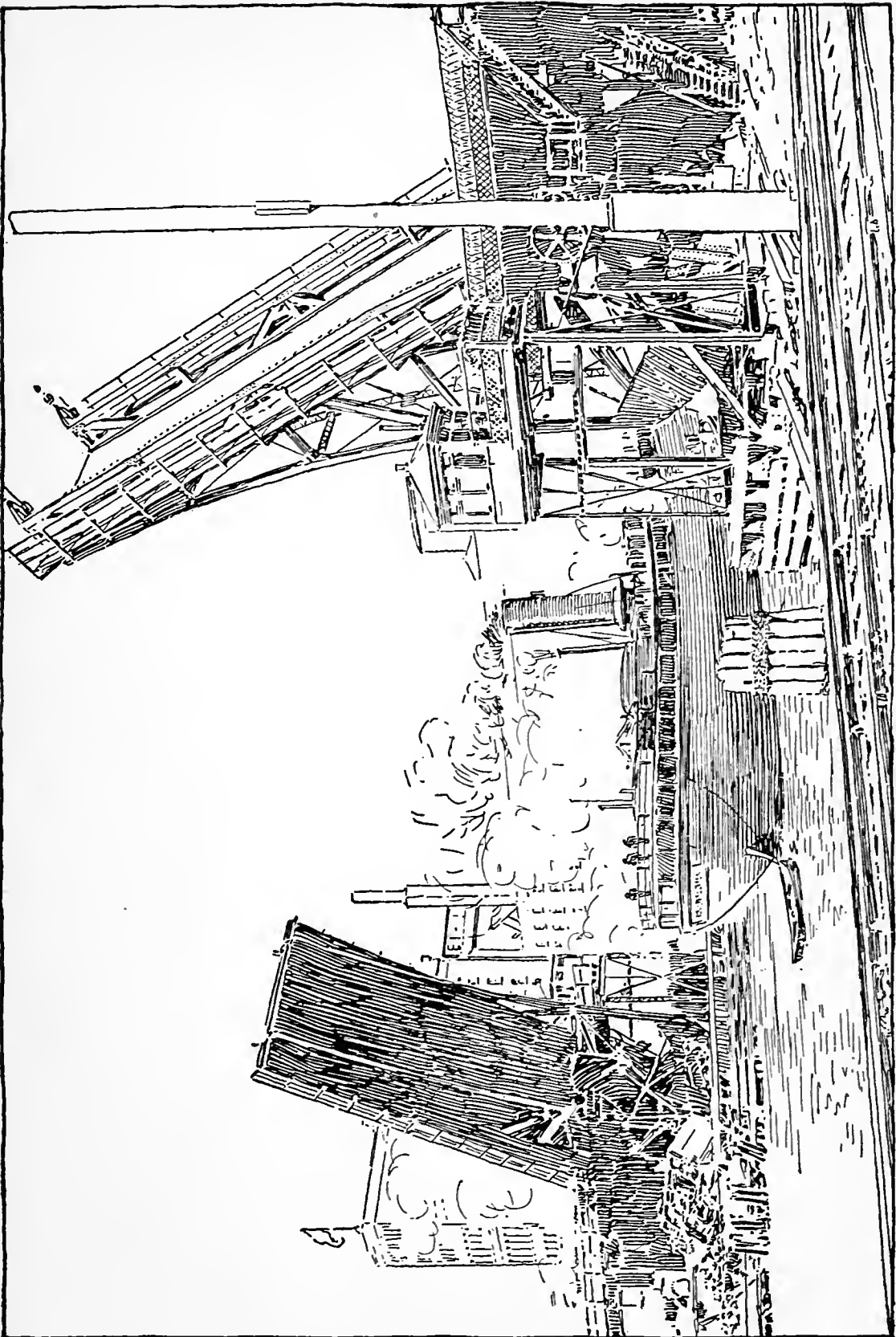
finished and a new kind of lake vessel passing down our river and canal, bound for New Orleans. But possibly more railroads and faster locomotives and new airships will make such a canal unnecessary.

The canal builders had work to do on the river, also. It was too shallow for large ships and for the great volume of water that was needed to carry the sewage. It was too narrow for our wide passing vessels. So the men set dredges to work and deepened it to twenty-six feet, and cut off the banks and made it two hundred feet wide. A new kind of bridge had taken the place of the old floating ones. These were swing bridges, turning on piers built in the middle of the river. They took up a great deal of room that ships needed. Moreover, the current swept sewage against their piers, and there it clung. A Chicago engineer had been studying to find the best kind of bridge for our city. He had finally invented the present jack-knife bridge. It was a good kind. It took up no room in the river, it did not obstruct the current, it cleaned itself when it turned up on end, it shut the roadway when it opened and so prevented accidents. The men in charge of the canal and river began to tear out the old swing bridges and put in this new kind. These huge blades that quickly lift themselves before an on-coming ship and tower into the sky like the side of a great

building, and then quickly sink and hold a score of hurrying teams at once, seem very unlike their great-great-grandfather, Mark Beaubien's ferry.

One other thing had still to be done for the sewers. In those parts of the city that are far from the river the drains emptied, not into the river, but by a shorter cut into the lake. The city put to work great machines and hundreds of men to build huge "intercepting sewers." These sewers receive the water from the small drains and carry it far across the city to the river or the canal. But the small towns north of us still emptied their waste material into the lake. The current which flowed from the north brought the foul water south to our cribs. Moreover, the North Branch of the Chicago River was still black and oily, and it bubbled with bad gases, for many sewers emptied into it, and it was not swift enough to clean itself. A canal was dug north of Evanston. It reached from the lake across the land and down to the North Branch. The towns will dig long sewers that shall empty into it. Strong pumps will force water through it from the lake. This heavy current will carry along the waste matter and wash the North Branch clean.

Yet probably Chicago will sometime outgrow its great sewers. The men in charge are already making plans for taking care of the sewage from a larger city. Shall they be allowed to pump



One of Our New Jack-knife or Bascule Bridges

more water from the lake into the canal to carry the waste? If so, they must make great tunnels, or feeders, down some of our south-side streets. Shall they dig another canal at South Chicago into which the sewers of that region shall empty? Shall they use some way of purifying the water that carries sewage and return the clean water to the lake? For some such wonderful way has been invented. Hundreds of people are working upon this question of how to keep a large city clean and safe. Such a great problem is it to get pure drinking water for Chicago. -

People complain that Chicago air is full of smoke, that her streets are dirty, that her paving is poor, that she is not careful enough about the health of her citizens. But here are three great things that she has done for the sake of health—the laying of a network of sewers below our streets, the making of the drainage canal, the building of the big water tunnels. And in the city hall are offices with these words above the doors, “Department of Health,” “Board of Public Works.” Here are men whose business it is to look after the health and safety of the city. The duty of some of them is to see that streets and alleys are well paved and cleaned, and to be sure that there is a garbage box for every house and that it is regularly emptied. Other men look after the plumbing in every building in the city. Still

others keep watch of all cases of contagious disease and take care that no well people shall be put in danger. There is a laboratory, too, in the city hall. Here every morning inspectors bring samples of milk from different milk wagons. Chemists test them to see whether they are pure. If they find them not good, the milkman is arrested and his milk is thrown out. Every morning, also, the chemists test samples of water from the different pumping stations. Then they send reports to the newspapers, telling whether the water ought to be boiled. Smoke, hospitals, meat markets, cemeteries, ice, sewers—the men of the Department of Health and of the Board of Public Works have their eyes upon all these things.

So have the citizens of Chicago tried to protect themselves from disease. But it is a terrible task that every one must work upon. Some people will not take the trouble to think about their neighbors and to do their part by keeping their yards and alleys clean. Some milkmen are willing to risk other people's lives if they themselves can make a few cents by selling bad milk. Some officers will not do their duty in stopping the selling of spoiled meat, or in compelling the owner of a house to repair his plumbing, or in hiring enough men to sweep the streets properly or to empty the garbage. Such people make it hard to keep Chicago clean and healthy. We all need

to remember that every one of us has a share of the work to do. We cannot act now just as we like, as people might do when Chicago was a town of thirty houses. We are so crowded together that one can do hardly anything that does not affect his neighbor. The best thing about it all is that there are many earnest people who never forget the city's good, who are always trying to find what will make her better, and who are not too lazy or too selfish to work for it. So the good fight goes on forever.

FIRES AND FIRE FIGHTING

GROWTH OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

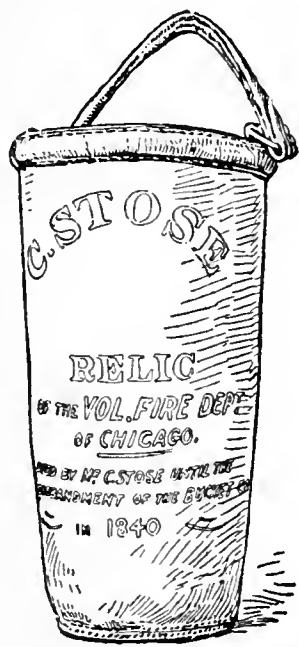
“**N**O stovepipe shall be run through a wooden roof or wall, unless the wood is covered with tin for the space of six inches out, around the pipe.

“No person shall carry fire in or through any street or lot or private place, except the same be placed in a covered earthen pot.

“Every house owner shall provide himself with one fire bucket for each stove or fireplace in his house. These buckets, when not in use at a fire, shall be kept in a convenient place. The owner's name shall be painted in white paint on each bucket. In case of a fire every owner of a bucket shall appear with his bucket or buckets and shall help to put out the fire. Any one found disobeying this law shall be fined two dollars.”

These are not just the words of the first fire laws of Chicago, but they tell what those first laws meant. They show us a town very different from the Chicago of to-day. Houses were so small then that men with buckets could put out fires in them. They were so close to the river or to open wells or cisterns that it was only a little run from the burning house to water. Most of these houses

were heated by wide, stone fireplaces; but some people had bought new-fashioned iron stoves. Matches had just been invented over in Europe, but a little frontier town like Chicago had not yet received them. People here still used the slow old tinder box. Women, when they were in a



Courtesy of the Chicago
Historical Society

A Fire Bucket

hurry to start a fire, often ran over to their neighbors and borrowed a shovelful of burning coals. Tall, feathery grass stretched to every doorstep and waved against every log wall. In the autumn fire ran through this dry grass like the wind. A coal dropped from a shovel, or the blazing shingles about a red-hot stovepipe, might start a fire that would wipe out the whole town.

People did not fight fire in those days as we do now. There were no engines, no hydrants, no alarm boxes. The only alarm was men's lungs. If a man saw a fire at any time of day or night, he would run toward it, shouting:

"Fire! Fire!"

And every one who heard dropped whatever he was doing, snatched his fire buckets, and ran, also shouting.

There was nothing to guide the fire fighters

except the sight of smoke or the shouts of women who stood in their doors, pointing. At night they set lamps in their windows to help the men find their way; but even then it was a slow, stumbling run through dark streets that were full of mud holes. The men arrived splashed and panting, but there was no time for rest. The firewarden was already there, shouting orders.

"John Smith, first in the bucket line. Form it from Stone's well, there. Will Howard and George Green, push down that burning fence. Charlie Good and Sam Hough and Fred Jones, pull out the furniture."

Immediately everybody was busy. John Smith dipped water from the open well with bucket and rope. Always the next man stood ready with an empty pail. With one hand the men in the line passed full buckets to the fire and with the other passed empty ones to the well. Or sometimes there were enough small boys to make a line for the "empties."

The work at the house was harder. Here men chopped at blazing boards in a blistering heat. Other men ran into the house through flame and smoke and came out choked and half blinded, carrying heavy chests. The men who were throwing water often caught the steam or the flying ashes in their faces. Yet there was never any grumbling. The dark night and the leaping

fire and the shouts of people set men's blood to tingling. Neighbor rubbed shoulder with neighbor and felt the joy of helping his friends. Often, too, the women brought great pails of steaming coffee or of cool cider, and passed it about with words of admiration for courage and of pity for weariness. After it was all over, and the house stood saved, the owner went about shaking hands and saying:

"Well, you boys did a good piece of work. Come down to the Green Tree and have an oyster supper."

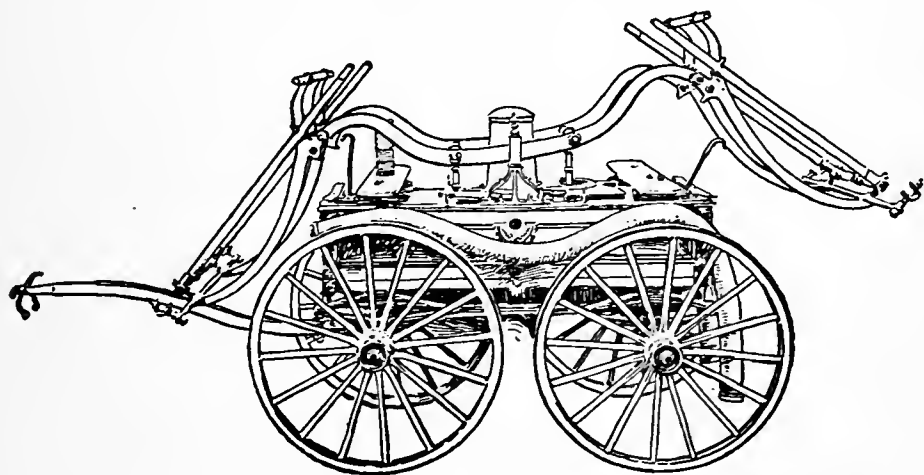
Indeed, there was so much fun with the hard work that after a while some men were willing to form a bucket brigade.

"The town is growing larger," they said. "There is no need now for everybody to go to every fire. We will make it our business to go always."

They called themselves the "Neptune Bucket Company." They made rules and put themselves under a chief. They often practiced the quickest and best ways of working. They received no money, but they were satisfied. They liked to know that they were useful to their town. They liked to march up and down the streets while people admired their red jackets and white belts and caps. They liked an occasional oyster supper after a fire. Later, more bucket brigades were

organized, and a hook and ladder company was formed.

But the city was all the time growing. Houses were closer together. There were more stoves and more lamps, and consequently more fires. Buildings were larger and were harder for firemen to cover. Men with buckets could not do the work.



Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

Fire King No. 2

By this time fire engines had been invented. Other cities were using them. At last Chicago bought one. That new engine was a wonderful thing. Men were proud to belong to the company that used it. When there was no fire, it stood in the little engine house. The firemen worked in their stores or shops near by. But when the fire alarm sounded from the church tower they dropped their work and ran to the engine house. They threw on their rubber capes and hats. Every man clutched the long rope and pulled. Out rolled the shining engine, and down the street ran

the firemen, dragging it behind them. When they reached the fire, they unwound a hose and dropped one end into the river or into a well or cistern. Then some of them stepped upon the engine and lent a hand at the pump. For this was really only a strong pump on wheels. The water came from the river or the well through the hose into the engine tank and went spouting out of another hose. A pipeman held the nozzle and turned the stream where it was needed.

Now began the time of gay frolics, indeed. For as soon as Chicago had one fire engine, it was not enough. Soon she had a half dozen. Every company had its own name—Niagara, Fire King, Protector, Hope, La Fayette, Red Jackets—and each one was proud of its engine, its uniforms, its speed, its courage. On every holiday the companies polished their engines, cleaned their caps and capes, and paraded up and down the streets. They went to the courthouse square, and all the people followed to see the fun.

There stood a tall flagpole. Each company tried to make the stream from its hose go over that pole. To do that there were needed a good engine, strong arms, steady pumping, faithful members. And when the stream did rise high enough and fall over the top of the staff, the crowd cheered, and the men of the successful company felt like heroes.

Often there were firemen's carnivals. The city was decked with flags and bunting. Engine companies were invited here from other cities to hold a contest. Each one tried to outdo the others in speed, in appearance, in fancy tricks. Once our best company put its engine on the cars and went all the way to New York to enter a great contest. And the men won glory for Chicago and were cheered through the streets and were talked of in the newspapers; for they forced a stream of water higher than any eastern company had ever done.

Every fire, too, was a game to see which company could reach the place first, could throw the most water or the highest stream. After a while these frolics became a nuisance. At the time of one great fire, when every engine was needed, two of them were out of order and could not be used. There had been a firemen's contest a few days before, and one company had worked its pump too hard and had broken it. Another had burst its hose. Besides, there were so many fires now that the good business men could not spare enough time for them. Tramps and disorderly fellows joined the fire companies.

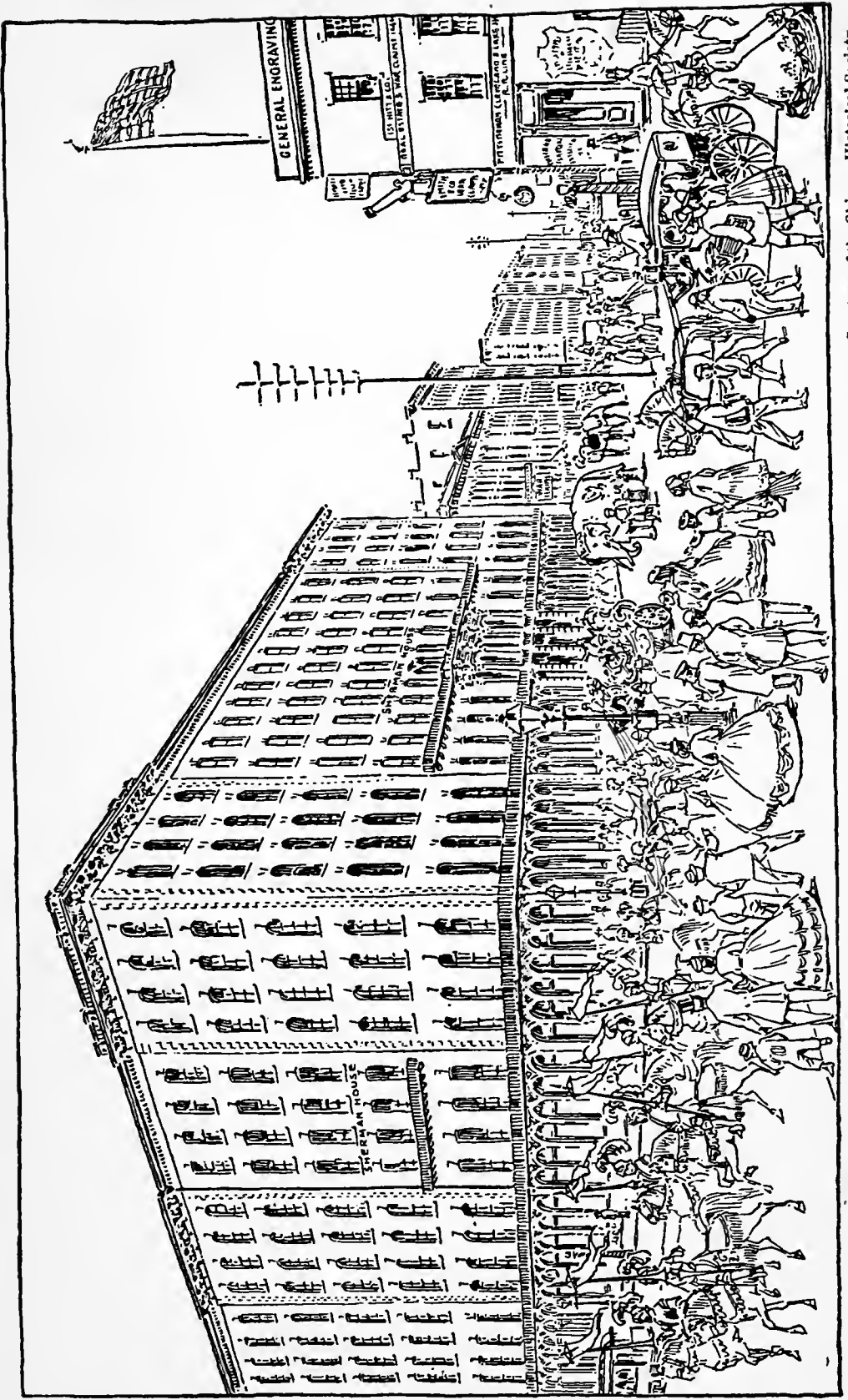
"We must hire regular firemen," people began to say. "They must make it their business to stay in the engine house all the time and keep things in order. They must always be at hand

and ready to go to a fire. They must practice working quickly."

The men were hired, and our present fire department began. The city built larger engine houses for her men to live in. Soon afterward, too, she bought steam fire engines and horses to haul them. She put a bell into the dome of the courthouse to ring the alarms. She hired a watchman to stay there night and day to give the signals.

But the best kind of fire fighting she had neglected. That is the kind that is done before the fire starts. The best way by which a city can protect itself from fire is to make its people careful. Chicago had made a few laws about having only buildings of stone and brick down town, about coal yards and lumber yards not being allowed in the crowded district; but these laws did not seem important to anybody. People forgot about them, and the officers of the city did not remind them.

In 1871 Chicago was a large city. There were more than three hundred thousand people here. There were almost sixty thousand buildings. Many of these were four or five stories high and were made of brick or of stone, or even of marble, and were very beautiful. The Sherman House had six stories, and the Palmer House eight. Six or seven buildings were fireproof. Most of the important



A Circus Parade on Chicago Streets before the Fire

Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

streets were paved—"fifty-seven miles of cedar block," the citizens of Chicago used to say proudly. There were horse-car lines on nine or ten streets, with fifty-five miles of track. There were fifty schools, and a university with a wonderful telescope. Factories were sending out trainloads of farm tools, of boots and shoes, of carriages and wagons, of flour, of leather. The first lake tunnel had been in use for four years. Ten main lines of railroad carried goods to and fro. During the year more than twelve thousand ships came into our port. Our river had become crowded, and the government at Washington had helped us. They had built piers out from shore and fenced in a large lake harbor with breakwaters. We now call it the outer harbor. Tall grain elevators and wide lumber yards lined both branches of the river. Grain from the west came pouring in by train and canal boat, and lumber from the north by lake ships. People were digging slips to make room for the crowding boats. There was a swinging bridge over the river at every second block, but the streets were so crowded with teams and the river so busy with boats that the city had dug two tunnels under the river. Carriages and wagons and foot passengers used them in crossing. Chicago was a great city, and her people had still greater dreams for her future.

They had filled the town with parks; for it was

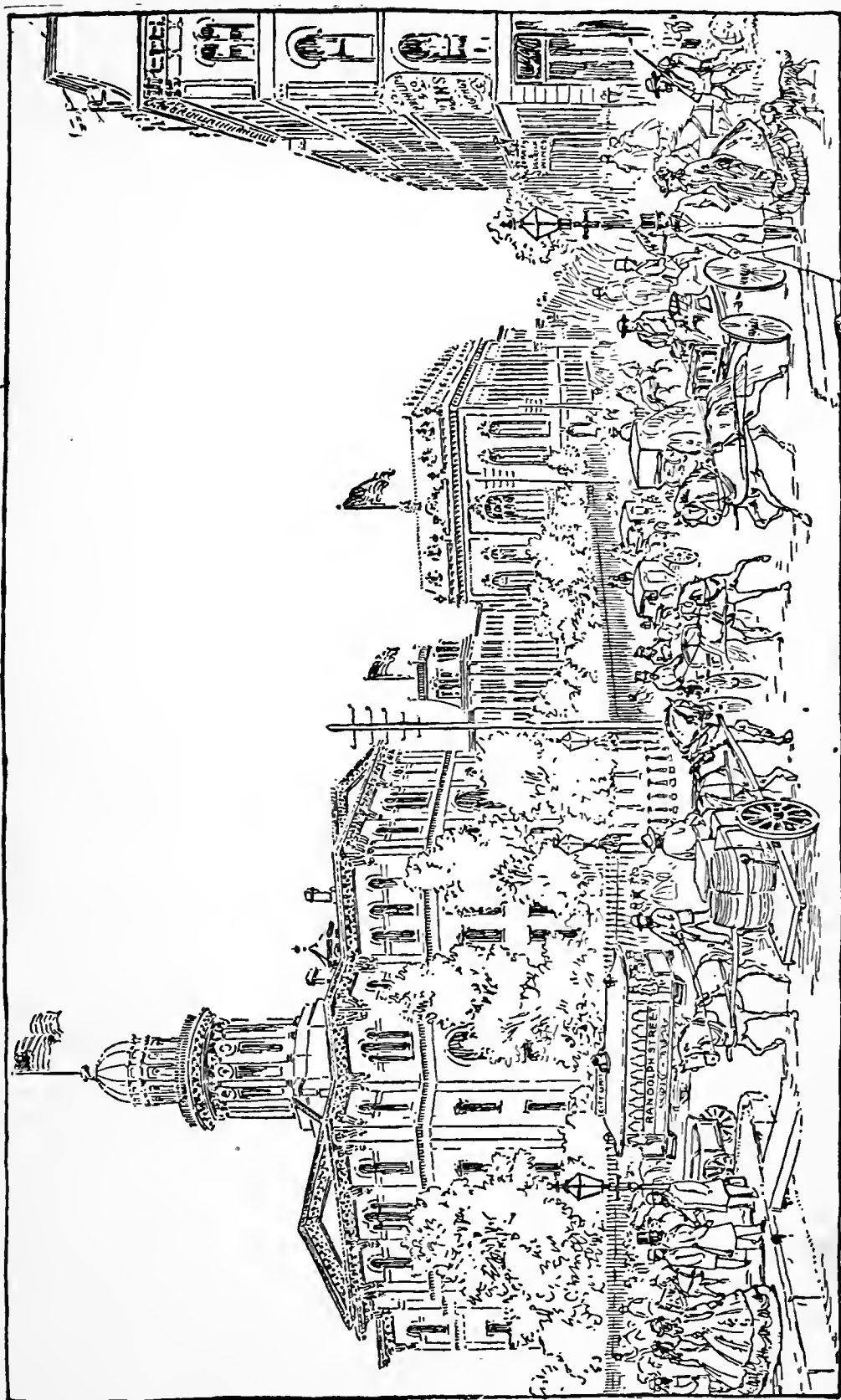
so big and so crowded that people needed breathing places. There was Lincoln Park on the north side. It was smaller than now, but it had ponds and pleasant drives and dens of wild animals. On the west side were Union Park, Humboldt, Douglas, Central (now Garfield), with boulevards connecting them. The city was planning to make a park in the business part of town also. The swamp between Michigan Avenue and the tracks of the Illinois Central had been partly filled in. This strip of land was to be called Lake Front Park. Work on it was hardly begun, however. But the south side had the greatest plans of all. Washington Park and Jackson Park, with the Midway between, were already laid out, though they had different names. They were new and unfinished, but work was going on rapidly. Men were busy building roads, dredging lagoons, planting trees. These places were outside the city, on the edge of the little town of Hyde Park. No street cars reached them. Many people thought it foolish to "build parks in the country." But the men who planned these things for Chicago were working for the greater city that they were sure would come.

"Oh, Chicago will grow out to meet these parks in a few years," they said. "She is already one of the greatest cities of the United States, and she is not forty years old."

That was true. And in her hurry to grow big and rich she had made some mistakes. The worst mistake was the disobedience of the fire laws. There were coal yards and lumber yards in the very heart of town. Gas works and tar-roof factories were near neighbors to fine stone buildings filled with costly goods. Beautiful stores were set between frame shops that would burn at the touch of a match. But the people were not much troubled.

"We have a good fire department," they said—"seventeen steam engines of the best kinds, fifty-four hose carts with almost a mile of hose, four hook and ladder trucks, and all the newest tools. If there is a fire, we have only to run to a street corner and pull the alarm box. In a few minutes the engines clatter up and put out the blaze. Our water supply is endless. There is little danger."

But in 1871 there came a long, dry summer. For three months only the scantiest showers fell. The streets lay dusty. Paving blocks and the boards of sidewalks were hot under people's feet. Wooden buildings stood fairly crackling. Day after day news came of forest fires in parched Michigan and Wisconsin, of prairie fires in Illinois, of town after town burned up. Then, on the night of Sunday, October 8th, a lamp was upset in a barn, or a man dropped a lighted match in the



Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

The Courthouse before the Fire

hay, or some such little accident happened, and the long-dry Chicago was ablaze.

The fire began at night, a little after nine o'clock. It was on the west side of the river, about De Koven and Jefferson streets. A shiftless class of people lived here. Their little wooden houses and crowded barns and dry sheds and littered yards burned like kindling wood. The strong breeze lifted burning shingles and lighted papers and dropped them upon roofs and lumber piles. The frightened people of the neighborhood did not think to ring the fire box. The watchman, far away in the courthouse tower, was the first to turn in the alarm; but he could not tell exactly where the fire was, and rang the wrong box. One hose cart arrived after a run of a mile, but it could do nothing against the gale and the dry-fed flame. Another building caught. The fences and sidewalks burned. The watchman called other engines. But all about stood lumber piles and frail planing mills with their sawdust heaps and scrap piles. Into these the wind whipped flame and burning pieces. The lumber district was on fire.

After an hour the watchman at the courthouse, seeing the fire spread fast and the wind grow into a gale, sent in a general alarm. Then all the engines and hose carts of the city went clanging to the west side. Some of those firemen who were

called out now had been on duty for twenty-four, thirty-six, seventy-two hours. They were worn out with hard work, their heads ached from loss of sleep, their eyes burned from smoke, for there had been fires every day of the week before, and on Saturday night four blocks of lumber yards had burned. It was the worst fire the city had ever had. The firemen had conquered that one. Now they set to work like mad upon this. But the wind and fire were yet madder. Whole rows of shanties, whole blocks of lumber piles, factory after factory were blazing. The fire swept with the wind northeast to the river. There were no fire boats in those days, and the engines could not reach the blazing bank. So the buildings there and even the wooden piles themselves were left to burn. Tugs screamed to and fro, pulling ships to safety.

By ten o'clock the great bell in the courthouse tower was ringing the general alarm. That sound brought people from their beds to their windows and their roofs to see what was happening. The flames shot a hundred feet high. They showed the streets of the west side filled with people half dressed and stooping under heavy bundles of their precious things. Children were dragging at their fathers' hands and their mothers' skirts. All were fleeing westward out of the burning streets. The river front for a mile was a great

bonfire. Red-hot cinders were blown across the water and lay in south-side streets. Burning scraps fell upon south-side roofs and kindled little flames. Men rushed to trample them out. Yet people on the north and south who were watching said to one another:

"Now that it has reached the river it surely will die out. We may be thankful for that river."

But in another hour they saw the fire fling itself across a bare, black stretch of three or four blocks, where the fire on Saturday night had cleared away a large lumber yard. That showed what it could do. Then they saw the sheet-iron walls of a grain elevator melt and fall, and the wheat burst up into a tower of flame. They saw the blaze run along the Van Buren Street bridge and fall upon a tar factory on the south side.

"The fire has crossed the river!" people cried to one another all over the city.

Next to the tar factory stood the tanks of the gas works. Behind them stretched "Conley's Patch," with its old frame houses and cheap new buildings. The fire had leaped from a kindling pile on the west side to another on the south side.

All this time the men of the fire department had been at work, but what did this fire care for them? It had driven men and engines before it. The men planned to work in front of it, for they

had found that they could not save the buildings which were already burning. They tore down fences and cleared away rubbish heaps. They soaked walls and roofs and ground. But the fierce heat turned the water into steam and drove the men before it, gasping. So, step by step, they were pushed back to the river.

When the bridge caught, and the fire ran to the south side, there was no longer any use of working in the west. The engines drove across the other bridges and began the fight on the south side.

Now the richest part of the city lay in the path of the fire. There were stores and offices and theaters and shops and banks, with millions of dollars' worth of dry goods, jewelry, hardware, furniture, books, tools, money. There was the courthouse with the city's valuable papers. There was the post-office with mail and money. There were great hotels full of people. Now men and women poured out of these hotels and out of the houses and living apartments scattered among the business buildings. They ran for their lives to the lake and the vacant strip that was to be Lake Front Park. Other men had come from their houses north or south or west. From their windows they had seen the fire marching on toward their offices or stores. They thought of money and papers in their safes.

"I can't stay here and do nothing," a man

would say. "I must get down there and see what can be done."

So the streets were crowded with people. Some knew what they were about and went straight ahead to do it; but many were running wildly back and forth, frightened and beside themselves. Drivers of wagons were lashing their horses through the streets. Bridges were almost blockaded. And all the time the fire came steadily on. The flimsy buildings it picked up in a flash. Around the stone and brick ones it worked longer.

"The Tribune Building will stand," people thought. "It is fireproof."

But the city was turned into a smelting furnace. Glass melted, iron burned up. Nothing could last. For a while the Tribune Building stood. But fire crept under the sidewalk into the basement. Neighboring walls fell upon it. The melting heat twisted its iron shutters off their hinges. Flames sprang in through the cracked windows, and Chicago's prize building was on fire.

The air was full of a thousand noises—cries of people, the crash of falling walls, the roar of wind and flames. Men had to shout into each other's ears to make themselves heard. And above it all sounded the clang! clang! of the courthouse bell.

Suddenly there was a flare near the river and a boom. The gas tanks had exploded! The lights all over the city went out. The La Salle Street

tunnel was crowded with people. All at once they were lost in the dark. There was a great cry of fear. Then some one cried:

“Go on, and keep to the right!”

People obeyed and took up the call:

“Keep to the right!”

So they came safely out. The loss of gas lights made no difference anywhere else. It was the lightest night Chicago had ever seen. The fire shone so bright and so far that men on top of six-story buildings could be seen more plainly than in the daytime.

At last there was a new, wild ringing of the courthouse bell. Then it was silent. People caught their breath.

“It has fallen,” they said. “The courthouse is gone.”

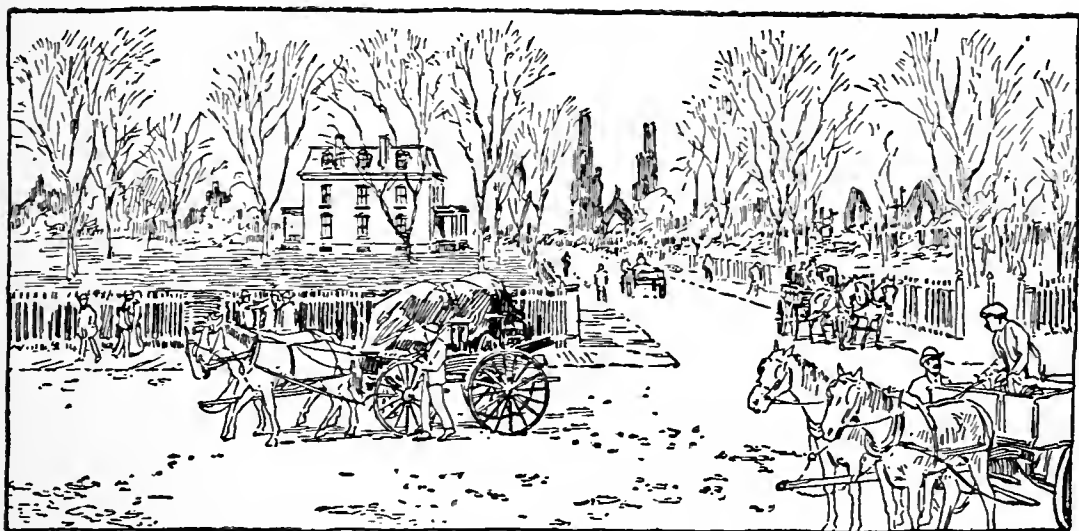
By that time almost everything down town was gone. Smoke and sparks were blowing out over the lake. The man at the crib was busy throwing water on his wooden piers to save them from the falling sparks. The wind was carrying burning pieces of wood across the river to the north side.

This was the most beautiful part of town. The streets were shaded with great trees, and large houses sat in the middle of big yards. Inside these houses were beautiful pictures and rugs and fine libraries. People who lived here were proud of their homes and loved them. They had been

watching from their windows or roofs. At last they began to notice that the air was growing hot and thick with smoke. Sparks dropped upon porch roofs or among the dry leaves in the lawns. Families hurried down and beat out the flames with sticks or stamped them out with their feet. Many people wet down their lawns and houses with the garden hose. So, for hours, whole families watched every spot in yard or house. But the air grew hotter, the sparks thicker, the work harder. The water hissed as it fell upon shingles or boards. Then, suddenly, it failed to flow from the pipes. What had happened? People looked about in wonder. The Chicago Avenue pumping station was on fire. The roof had burned and fallen and clogged the pumps. How was it possible? The station was more than half a mile north of the river, yet there it was blazing. The fire had crossed the main river. The water had stopped. What could save the north side now?

Yet some people said, "We will keep up the fight." They dipped water from their cisterns and pumped it from their wells. They wet blankets and hung them against the walls and laid them on the roofs. One man, after his cistern was dry, pulled a barrel of cider from his cellar and saved his house with that. One other building was not burned—the Ogden house. It stood where the Newberry Library is now. Its yard was the whole block.

Between the house and the fire lay Washington Square, empty of buildings. All of these things helped to save it. Besides, all of the Ogden family and servants worked without stopping. In a length of four miles these two houses were the only buildings saved. The fire swept around them and on through Lincoln Park almost to Fullerton Avenue. This was the edge of town, and



The Ogden House after the Fire

there were few houses here. The fire died out for lack of anything to burn.

When the waterworks buildings went, many people guessed what must happen to the north side.

"We must let our houses go," they said. "We will try to save our lives."

They took their silver, jewels, books, and buried them in the yard or cellar.

"Perhaps we can find them after the fire," they said.

Other people decided to take their most precious things with them. They threw them into bags or trunks or chests. They dragged these into the streets, thinking to hire expressmen. But men with wagons knew what they were worth that night. They charged whatever they thought of first—ten, fifty, one hundred dollars. One man even got a thousand dollars for hauling some boxes of money for a banker. Many as were the wagons, they seemed few in number to the thousands of people who wanted them. So the streets were filled with crowds of men, women, and children, carrying great loads or pulling at heavy chests.

Some of the people went farther north, to the homes of friends. Here they hoped that the fire would not come. Others walked around the fire and stopped on the west side, behind the wind and the danger. But most of them went to the nearest place where they thought they would be safe. This was "The Sands," a strip of beach and sand hills along the lake. This place was almost bare of trees and of buildings. There was nothing here to burn, and the water washed the edge of it. People thought that here, surely, they would be safe. So crowds ran toward it. People dropped down upon the ground, worn out from running, from fright, from carrying heavy burdens. They looked back and saw the fire creeping on toward

them, with the smoke blowing far ahead, and more crowds flying before it.

Those who spent Sunday night on "The Sands" have never been able to forget the horror of that time. They were hedged in on the north and west and south by the fire and on the east by the lake. They could not get away. The strip of land was narrow, so that the fire swept close by them. Its smoke choked and blinded them. Its heat scorched their bodies. Many waded out into the lake and stood to the neck in water. They covered their heads with wet coats or shawls. Fathers buried their children in sand, leaving only a breathing hole. Then they constantly threw water upon the sand to keep it cool.

Down town the same things were happening at Lake Front Park. In Lincoln Park it was a different story, but just as sad a one. The south end of this was an old cemetery. The city had bought the land and begun to move the bodies, but the work was not yet finished. So it was a litter of holes and heaps of sand and fallen stones. Here people gathered. Families sat huddled on a pile of earth, too tired and too frightened to move farther. Other people rushed wildly through the crowd, looking for lost friends. A red glare made everything hideous. Black shadows blew about like living things. Smoke blackened people's faces and reddened their eyes. Fire crept through

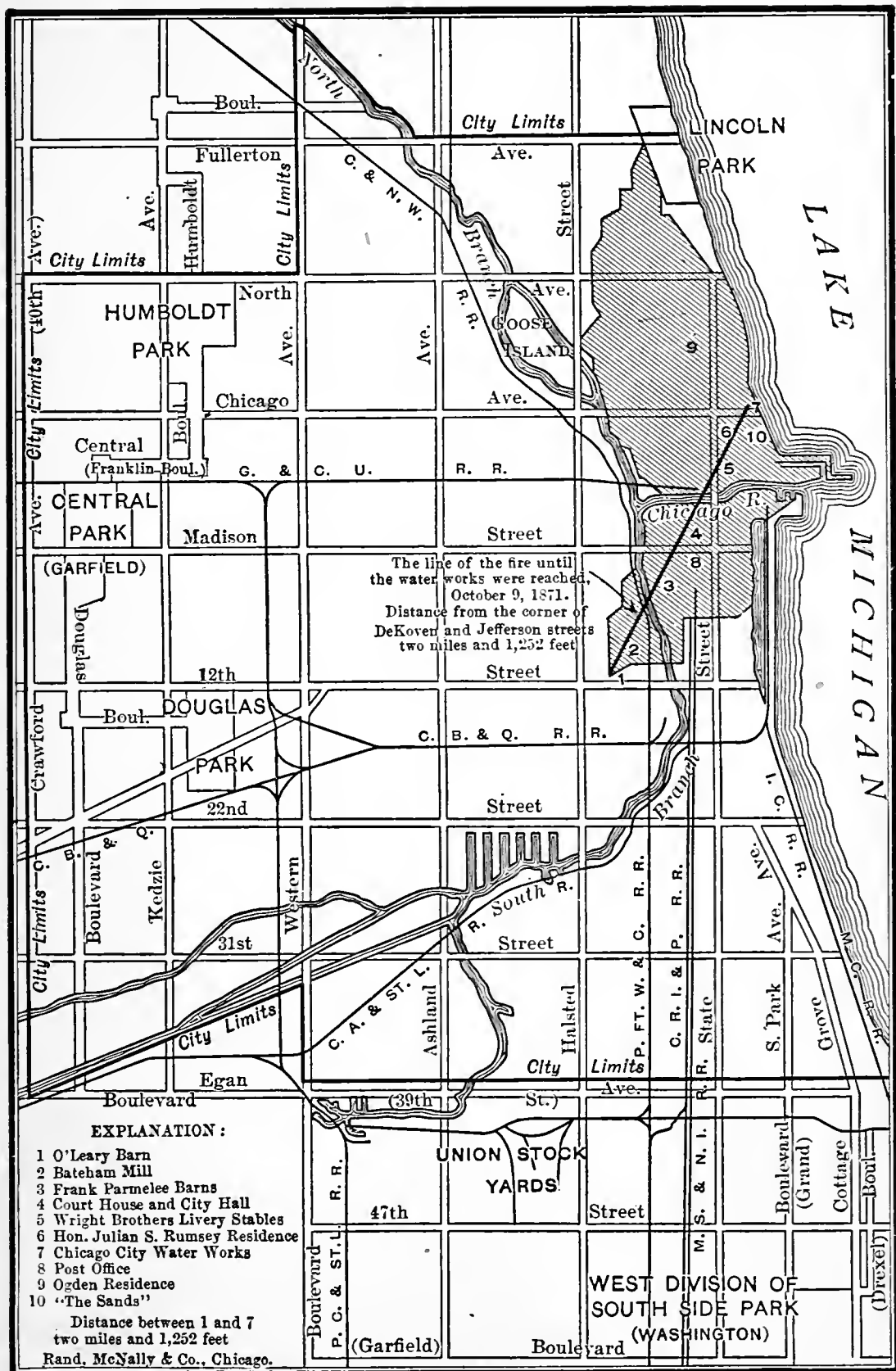
the dry grass and climbed the trees and left them charred poles. All day Monday and all Monday night the fire burned, and people were imprisoned here. Late that night there was a light rain. It left the people wet and chilled, but did not stop the fire.

On Tuesday morning the north side was still burning, but lazily. All the best part of Chicago lay flat and smoking. It was a strip almost four miles long and a mile wide. More than seventeen thousand buildings had been burned down, and they were the best in the city. It was an ugly sight. Instead of tall stone buildings and beautiful homes and pleasant lawns there were only heaps of ashes and jagged piles on a perfectly flat, black stretch. People could stand at Lincoln Park and look across the river, because there was nothing to stop their seeing. Down town a few broken walls stood ready to fall. Stones, bricks, ashes, the ground itself, were so hot that people could not go near these ruins until Tuesday.

It is easy to guess what the newspapers of the country must have said on Monday and Tuesday mornings.

“Chicago wiped out!” “Chicago can never be rebuilt.” “Such a fire has not been for a thousand years.” “Chicago cannot rise again.”

But they said something else, too. They said: “People in Chicago are starving. The old and



Map of Burned District in 1871

sick are dying for lack of clothes. They are without beds to lie upon. Let us help them."

And how people did help! General Sheridan was here, for he had made Chicago the headquarters of his division of the army. He sent for rations and tents from the fort in St. Louis. Governors of many states printed proclamations to their people, asking them to aid. The men of New York, of Boston, of many cities, came together in great meetings to make plans to help Chicago. London, Paris, and hundreds of cities across the ocean did the same thing. On Monday night, while the north side was still burning, St. Louis started off a train that her people had filled for us. On Monday morning Cincinnati sent three fire engines. Before night her people had gathered one hundred sixty thousand dollars, had loaded a train with provisions, and had sent it off for Chicago. A committee of Cincinnati men went with it to help. In one hour Philadelphia brought together a hundred thousand dollars. And there was not a city in America which was not just as anxious to do something for us. When the news first reached them, business and pleasure stopped. For a little while people talked over the terrible news. But before an hour had passed men were hurrying about the streets collecting money for Chicago. Telegraphs and messengers were busy with plans for helping her. On Tuesday

morning, when Chicago's people were creeping stiffly away, after their last night on "The Sands," fifty carloads of food had come into our city from her friends.

And Chicago was partly able to help herself. More than half of her homes had not been hurt by the fire. The west side was almost untouched. Nothing south of Twelfth Street had been burned. The people of these parts of town set themselves to help their unhappy neighbors.

"I have lost my store and my stock," said one man, "but, thank God, I still have my family and my house. We have an extra bed or two, and a great deal of floor. My cellar is full of provisions. My door is open to any one who will come in."

Many men gave the same invitation. They even went about to find people, and took them home.

The Chicago people and the committees from other cities worked together. They turned churches and schoolhouses into hospitals and sleeping places. They took there mattresses from private houses. They set up cots sent from a large hotel in St. Louis. They spread out army blankets brought by General Sheridan. Here they took the homeless. They hired carriages and brought in the sick and old from "The Sands," the cemetery, the prairies round about. Carpenters gave their time to build rough houses of shelter in different parts of town. At some churches

women cooked food and served meals and gave out provisions that were sent in.

But the world had given us more than three million dollars in money, and thousands of carloads of provisions. It was a great task to take care of these things and to give them out quickly and wisely. A Relief Committee was formed to do this work. This committee had storehouses built in different parts of the burned district. Here a few men and women stayed to receive goods and to give people what they needed.

The hardest thing, however, was to find shelter for all these hundred thousand houseless people. Chicago dreaded the coming of winter. But the Relief Committee at last hit upon a good plan.

They bought lumber and hired carpenters. They set to building cheap little houses of one or two rooms. Into each they put a mattress and bedding, a stove, and a half-ton of coal.

So Chicago's neighbors saved her people from suffering. The brotherly kindness that the world heaped upon her then, Chicago ought to remember forever.

But in spite of all help and all kindness, the next week was a very hard one. The pump at the waterworks was still broken. Wells were gone, and the river was a foul sewer, for that was before the days of the drainage canal. Wagons went about as in old times, peddling lake water

or spring water. But many people could not afford to buy. They had to walk long distances to the lake with pails or bottles. Worse than this lack of water was the fear of another fire. A thousand stories and fears were flying about. Everybody was so worn out and nervous that he would believe anything. So most people slept uneasily at night. They waked twenty times, thinking that they heard an alarm of fire. Perhaps they went to the windows and saw a glow in the sky; for the coal heaps along the North Branch and the lumber yards on the South Branch burned for almost a week. To quiet people's fears and to guard the city from robbers, soldiers were posted all about. They walked the streets at night and halted any passer-by. It was an exciting, unhappy time.

But Chicago was showing herself worthy of the kindness of her neighbors. The papers of other cities had said:

"Chicago cannot rise again."

But the newspapers of Chicago, herself, had a different thing to say. The Tribune Building with all its fine presses and type had burned; but immediately the editor rented a little printing shop on a west-side street and began work. On Wednesday morning people were reading the *Tribune* again; and the things that they read put courage into their hearts.

“The people of this once beautiful city have resolved that Chicago shall rise again.” “The hearts of our men and women are still brave.” “Ten, twenty years may be needed to rebuild our fair city, but the money to rebuild it fireproof will be found. The losses we have suffered must be borne; but the place, the time, and the men are here to commence at the bottom and work up again. Let us all cheer up, save what is left, and we shall come out right. The worst is already over. In a few days more all the dangers will be past, and we can take up again the battle of life with Christian faith and western grit. Let us all cheer up!”

And the people did cheer up. On Tuesday morning the ruins in many places were still hot, and the north side was yet burning. But even then business men began looking on the west side for vacant buildings in which to begin work again. Some of them bought a little lumber and built small sheds on their own ruins. The city allowed others to put up small frame buildings on Lake Front Park. They were to stay for only a year. It was an ugly city of scattered pine shanties and ragged ruins, but it was a city that was alive and at work.

The bankers met, talked things over, and said:

“We have lost millions of dollars; but it was the people’s money, and they need it now. We

can borrow and get upon our feet again. We will open a bank. We will pay our debts."

The lumbermen came together. Most of them owned nothing but ash piles, but they said:

"More lumber will be coming in on ships. Everybody will be anxious to buy it. We could get



One of the First to resume Business after the Fire

anything we asked for it. But we will not raise the price."

Those merchants who were trying to begin again had courage. More than that, they had friends. Great merchants in the East wrote to them such letters as this:

"We suppose you are burned out. Order what

goods you need and pay when you can. We want your trade."

People in other cities who owed bills to our business men sent the money on the earliest mails.

"My bill is not yet due," they would say, "but the fire has changed all that."

Not for years did Chicago receive so much money in one month as she received during that October.

This Chicago fire is not a thing of the long ago. Many of the people you see to-day could sit down and tell you stories of that time.

"I should like to show you that picture," one will say, "but I lost it in the fire."

"Mr. So-and-so," another will say, "used to be a wealthy man, but he lost everything in the fire, and he never could get started again."

If you ask for certain books at the Chicago Historical Society, the librarian will say:

"No, we lost them in the fire."

So there are some scars still left. But the fire did Chicago one good turn. It cleaned it out and showed people the danger in flimsy buildings. It made them determine that the new Chicago should not be a fire trap.

"Before, we built in a hurry, without thinking of safety," they said. "We suffered for it. The new Chicago must be different. We must have a fireproof city."

People were in earnest about this fireproof city. They elected a mayor who, they knew, would see to it that such a city was built. They elected men for the council who, they knew, would pass laws to make such a city safe. And they did it. No frame buildings, no wooden roofs, no board sidewalks, no piles of wood or paper, were allowed down town. Coal yards and lumber yards were moved outside the fire limits. These fire limits were put farther out. Hotels and theaters were compelled to have fire escapes and apparatus for putting out fire. The fire department was made larger. New engines and tools were bought. More alarm boxes and better ones were put on the streets.

Ever since that time the councilmen have kept adding new laws to protect the city. Now those fire ordinances make a small book. We cannot expect everybody to know them all. So when a man wishes to build, he must tell the building commissioner. This officer finds out all about the plans. If they do not seem to him good and safe, he will not allow the building to be put up.

So here is another great department that is responsible for our safety. In the city hall are the few men who are in charge of the work. Scattered all over the city are their helpers. There are more than a hundred fire-engine companies and thirty hook and ladder companies, and as many as four fireboats in the river. When we stand before

an engine-house door and hear the gong, and see the stall doors fly open, the horses run out, the harness drop, the men slide down the pole, and the engine roll out with its boiler already full of steam, we are seeing something with a long story behind it. The story is one of much thinking, much practice, hard work, danger. It is a story that begins with fire buckets and ends with this great engine. It is a story of men who care about the safety of their neighbors.

SOME OF CHICAGO'S BUSY PLACES

SOUTH WATER STREET

THERE are few places that I like better to visit than South Water Street. It is ugly in the evening. Buildings of old brick stand bare. Their little windows are empty and dirty. Their barnlike doors are shut across the whole front of the store. Dirty awnings hang over empty sidewalks. Nothing moves up and down the whole street. But early the next morning it is all different. Up and down both curbstones wagons stand wheel to wheel. Others are worming their way about in the crowded middle of the street. The wide walks have become narrow lanes. On one side are the black caves of open wagon-ends. On the other are piles of boxes and baskets and barrels.

It is an interesting adventure to walk down this lane. You stare at the oranges bursting from their boxes; the baskets of plums—golden, blue, green; the cool heaps of watermelons; white onions, yellow carrots, brown potatoes, red apples, peaches, grapes, berries. Then you hear a gay shout behind you:

“L-o-o-o-k out!”

A noisy truck, piled with celery boxes, rumbles

at you. The brown Italian behind it grins at your scramble to get out of the way. You look to see where it came from. A wide door yawns at you. A dark room behind it is piled with more boxes and barrels and baskets. More trucks are being loaded and unloaded. While you are staring in here, there is another shout behind you:

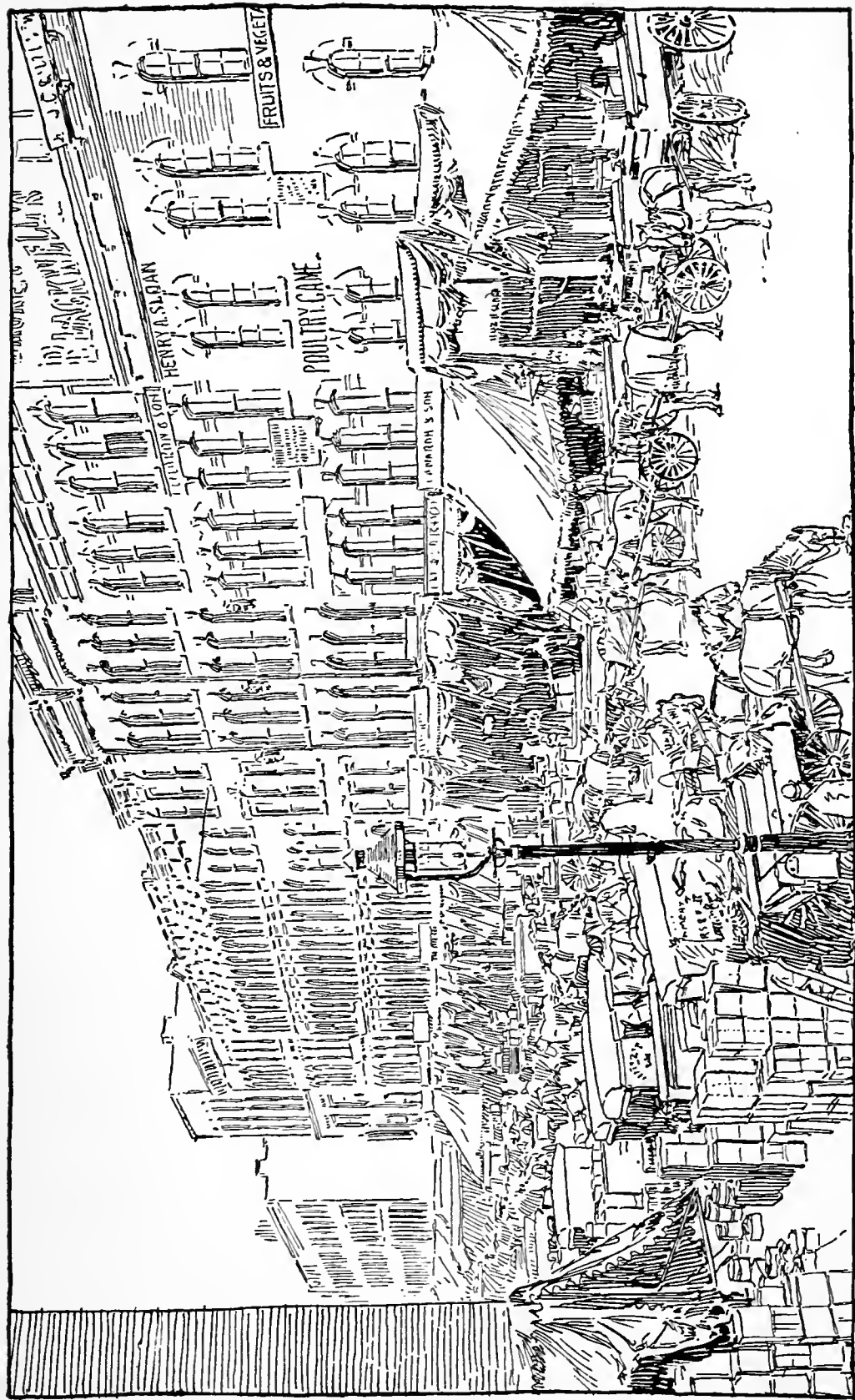
“Look out!”

Here again comes a truck loaded with baskets of peaches. You leap aside and find yourself looking into the back of a covered wagon. It is half filled with boxes of lemons, oranges, pears, celery, with baskets of peaches, melons, grapes.

“Look out!” again.

You step back. A man drops a bag of potatoes from his shoulders into the wagon. You begin to suspect that you are in the way, and you feel sure that a great deal of business is being done on South Water Street. You walk on down the narrow lane. At every store door is a group of men, talking loud and fast. Half of these you cannot understand because they are speaking Italian or Greek. The foreign voices, the dark skins, the red handkerchiefs at the neck, the queer names on the wagon-boxes, all make this seem like a strange city.

The wagons have come from all over Chicago. The addresses on their boxes show that fact. And the owners' names! They come from all



South Water Street

corners of the world—Jones, Schwartz, Geanopoulos, Cafferatta, Rosenfeld, O'Malley, MacDonald. Surely Chicago has gathered people from every country.

Some of these drivers have been here since midnight. They slept on their wagon-floors and ate breakfast on the seat. Their horses still stand with heads in nosebags. It is worth this trouble to have first place when the commission house opens. After this long waiting everybody seems good-natured. Nobody ever seems to lose his temper—even when he stands for a half hour in the middle of the street in a blockade. But of course all these men are in a hurry to get their goods and start away. Anxious customers are waiting for them at their grocery stores or their fruit stands. As soon as a wagon is loaded the driver works his way out and starts home. One goes north, the next south, another west. Some of them go only a few blocks. Others have a drive of seven or eight miles before them.

But while these wagons are driving away, others are coming. They, too, are full of boxes and baskets and bags. They have come from the shipping docks along the river. Here lie the boats from across the lakes. From their dark hulls the deck hands are unloading the cargo. Down the gangplanks dash trucks piled with crates of berries, boxes of celery, bags of potatoes.

The men dump them in the low, cool storehouse. But they do not remain there for long. The street in front is full of wagons backed up, waiting to carry them to South Water Street.

Other wagons stand at the freight depots. Behind them are the wide-open doors and a great room crowded with freight. Beyond, on the other side of the depot, lies a freight train with car doors open. Men are carrying things out of the cars into the freight house. The fruit and vegetables are hurried across and into the wagons.

But where is the wonderful California fruit? These wagons from docks and depot have none of it. It is all over at the fruit auction house. This is built of rough brick that is dirty from city smoke. It has few windows and many large sliding doors. All freight depots, dock buildings, and storehouses seem to look alike. These doors are open. Empty wagons are backed up before them. Inside, the long rooms are sweet with fruit smells. Clean boxes stand in long, neat piles. The labels on the ends tell an interesting story—Foothill Orchard, Tanaka & Co., Lee Kum Kee, Rancho Americano. The fruit is bursting from the boxes. The top layer is open. The cleanest, freshest fruit in Chicago gleams out from its paper wrappers—golden pears, great green plums, moist grapes. There are perhaps twenty-five carloads of fruit

here. Men are going quietly from pile to pile. They touch the fruit. They peer under covers. They make notes on a piece of paper.

But when nine o'clock comes they all leave this cool storehouse. They go upstairs to a large room. It is filled with desks like a schoolroom. The men sit down here. In front is a high platform. Here are an auctioneer and two or three clerks. Soon the sales begin.

"Sheet One!" cries the auctioneer. "What am I bid?"

Every man looks at his Sheet One. It tells what fruit is in a certain car. He remembers how it looked.

"Seventy-five!" shouts a man from the desks.

"Seventy-five," says the auctioneer. "I want eighty, eighty, eighty, eighty! I've got eighty. Who'll make it eighty-five?"

So the sale goes on. After about an hour there is a recess. Men who have finished buying, load their wagons and drive away. Some are from commission houses on South Water Street. They drive back there and leave their goods, to be sold again to grocerymen. But many of them are street peddlers. They go on into residence streets calling, "Appo, appo!" "Strawberries, strawberries!" "Nice, fresh pe-e-aches!"

There are two fruit auction houses. Both are on the north side—one at the foot of State

Street, the other at the foot of Michigan Street. They are only ten or twelve years old. But South Water itself is one of the oldest streets in the city. Long ago it was only a half street. It followed close along the crooked river bank, and there were buildings on only the south side of it. They looked upon the water. And they were the best buildings in town—grocery stores, dry goods stores, millinery shops. But after a while the river was straightened. Great pieces of the banks were sliced off. South Water Street was spoiled. Then it was laid out anew. This time it was set back from the river and was given two sides. The buildings had to be moved. Slowly the city grew southward. The retail stores followed the houses. South Water Street was left to those kinds of business that most needed the river. At last the provision business crowded out nearly everything else. And now people are saying:

“South Water Street is in the way. It is too narrow for the kind of business that is done there. It is too crowded. It is too dirty. It is too ugly. The heart of town is not the place for a great market place. It must be moved out.”

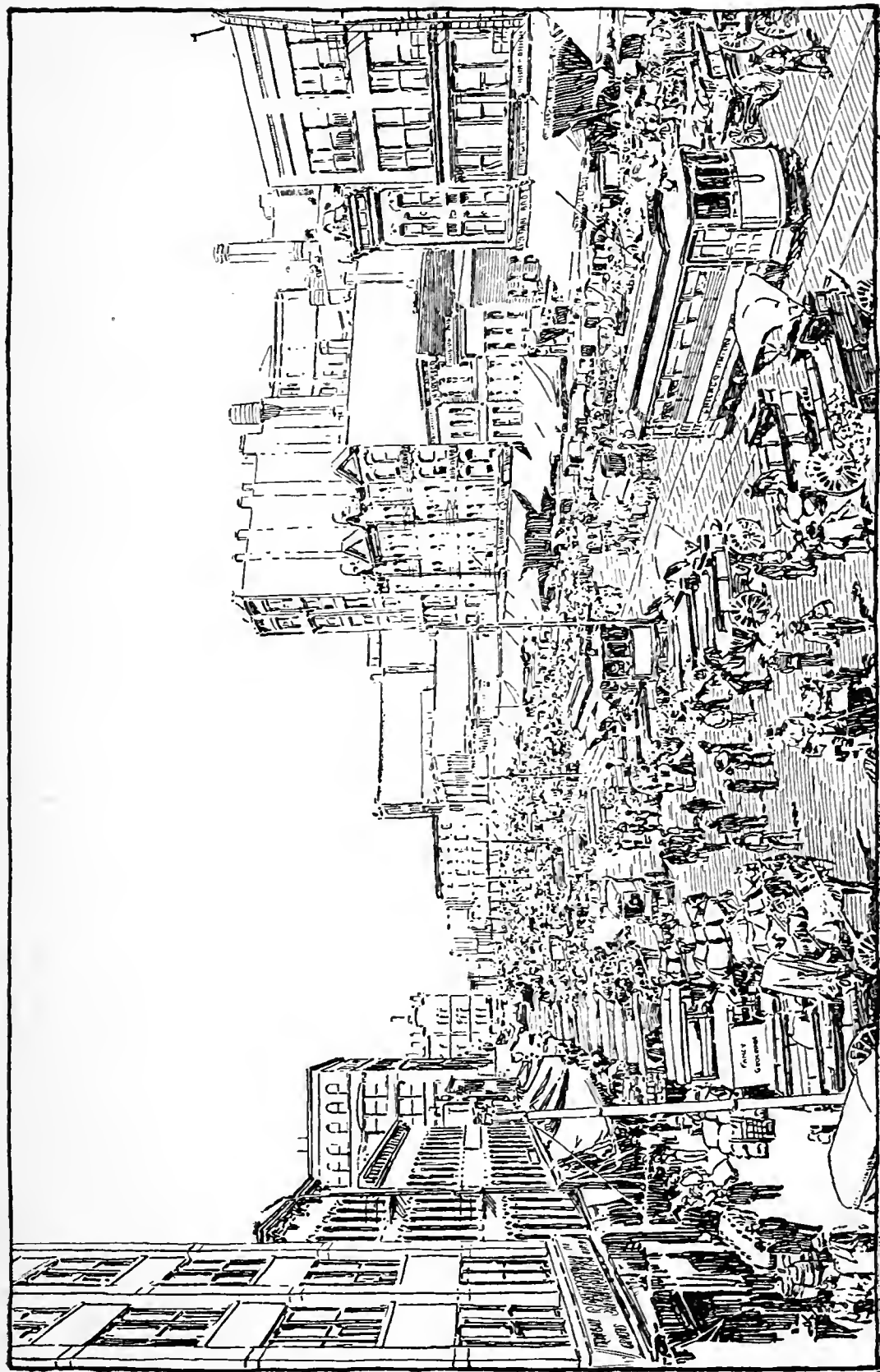
So within a few years neat stores and shops and office buildings may come back to this first old street, and we may have to go farther out to get our whiff of orchards and groves.

There is another place in Chicago besides South

Water Street where vegetables are sold. It is Haymarket Square, on the west side. South Water Street makes you think of fruit farms in Michigan, of orange groves in Florida, of vineyards in California. Haymarket tells you a story of little gardens on the edges of our own town. The wide street is crowded with rough-looking wagons. They stand in long straight lines with a narrow walk between. The street is so wide that there are two such lines on each side of it. Over the sides of the wagons hang carrots, beets, spinach, pieplant. The soil on the roots is still damp. The wagon wheels still carry bits of country mud. These vegetables were pulled last night. Perhaps they were grown inside the city limits. They were hauled down town before the sun rose this morning. The gardener now stands handling his vegetables and talking to a grocer's buyer. Women go about with big baskets, buying onions and cabbage for their dinners.

At twelve o'clock the sale stops. Grocers' wagons hurry off to their stores. Gardeners are driving home to get another load ready for the next day. At the sides of the street the commission men in their stores are ready to sell these vegetables to small groceries.

There seems to be no reason now for calling this Haymarket Square, but a few years ago there came here not so many vegetable wagons as hay



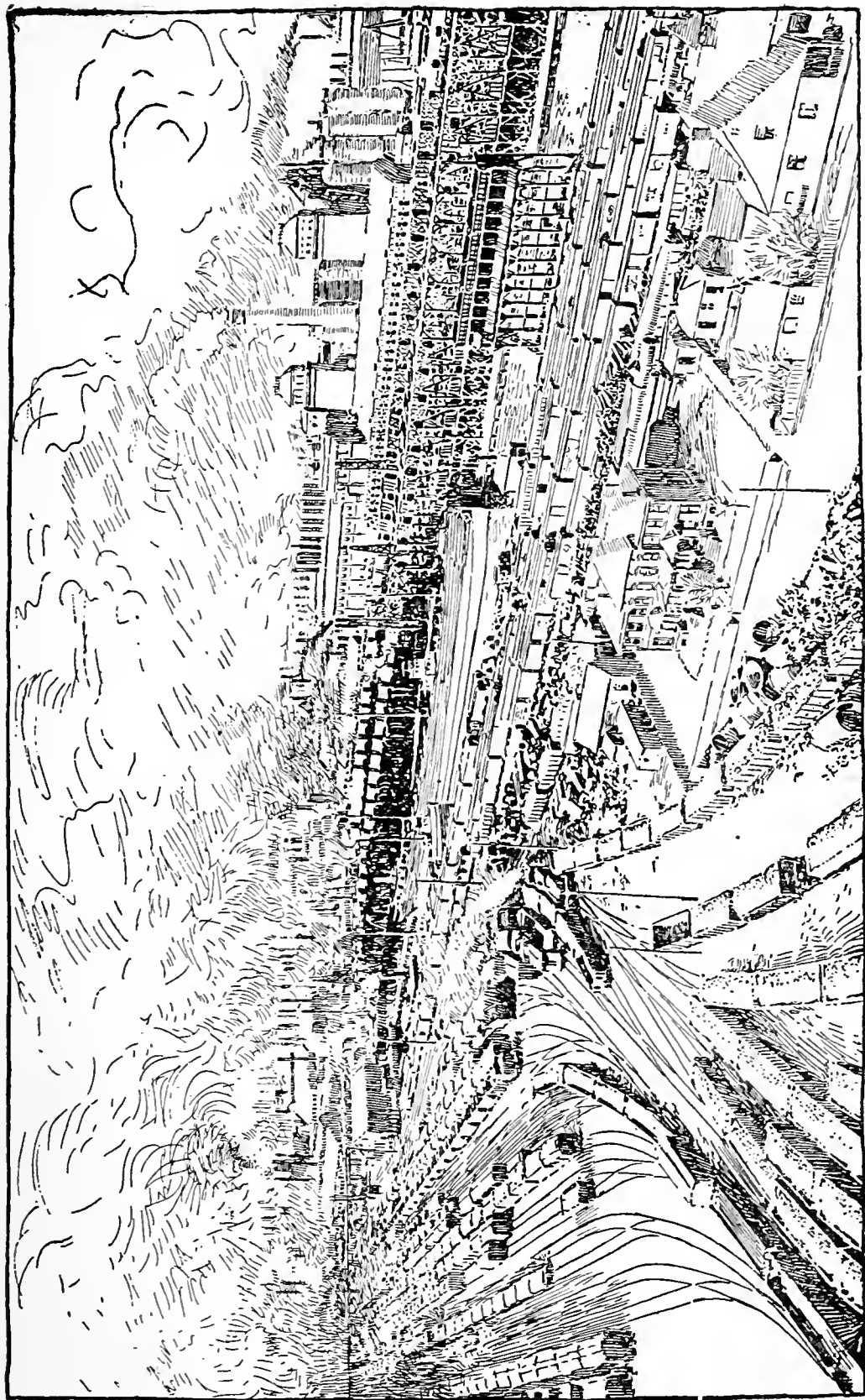
Haymarket Square

wagons. Farmers drove in from the prairie many miles away. They unhitched their horses and stayed here perhaps all day, perhaps all night, until their hay was sold. But the city grew and after a while covered their hay fields. The railroads brought cheap hay from Kansas and Nebraska. It was worth less money than vegetables. Then the vacant corners of our old hay fields, lying among new city houses, were turned into gardens, and Haymarket Square into a selling place for vegetables. At one time the city built three market houses—one in each part of the town, and the one for the west side was here in Haymarket Square. They were long, low buildings fenced off into small stalls. Here men laid out their goods for sale. Buyers walked up and down the central lane. But after a few years the buildings in Haymarket Square were torn down to make room for venders' carts.

So boats and railroads and gardeners' wagons pour provisions into Chicago. Teams go from docks and depots to commission houses and from commission houses to a thousand grocery stores.

THE STEEL MILLS

Almost any summer day, if you look out upon the lake, you may see a long, black-hulled boat headed south. She is probably going to the steel mills in South Chicago or Gary or Indiana Harbor.



The Steel Mills

She is loaded with iron ore. She has come perhaps eight hundred miles from great iron mines on Lake Superior. As she turns toward shore at South Chicago the mill yards stretch before her along the lake for a mile. There are rows of tall, stiff stacks; broad, black roofs of iron; cinder-covered land with fifty miles of railroad tracks. The whole sky is dark with smoke. Two broad slips lie open for boats. This ship steams into the river and ties up at the docks.

On the wharves at both sides of her are little sharp hills. There are hardly two of the same color—dark red, light red, brown, black, yellow. Some are smooth piles of stuff as fine as sand. Some are rough with big and little blocks and lumps. Most of them glisten in the sun. Little planked streets lead among them. The boards are stained with the colors of the hills. These piles are iron ore. They have all come in big boats from the mines of the Lake Superior region.

Along the bank of the slip is a tall iron framework. Iron derrick arms travel to and fro along this with scoops hanging from them. One of them reaches out over the open hatch of the boat that has just come in. Down drops the scoop. In a moment it comes up again with ore spilling over its edges. The arm swings around to one of the glistening hills. The scoop opens, and out drops the new-brought ore. Sometimes eight boats lie

in the two slips and are unloaded at once. The sky seems full of moving arms.

This country of hills seems a quiet place, and yet hundreds of men are working here with shovels and wheelbarrows. Off in other directions are piles of coal and coke and limestone. Trains of cars are moving to and fro among them, dumping stone from Indiana and Illinois, coal from Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Illinois. From all these piles men come, wheeling full barrows. They meet behind a line of high, dirty, red stacks. Each stack is as big around as a small house and as tall as a skyscraper. Flames shoot from the top of some of them. These are blast furnaces. Open elevators creep up the sides of them, carrying the loaded wheelbarrows. At the top, coal, stone, and ore are dumped into the furnace to be made into iron. Inside of other stacks is a great roaring noise. These are the stoves that heat the air to fan the furnace fire. But this is no ordinary fire, and no ordinary wind will fan it hard enough. Off there is a large building. It is filled with steam engines and huge fans that blow a terrible gale through the stoves and on into the furnaces.

In front of these furnaces is the most interesting place. Here is a big iron shed. Its floor is of sand, marked off with little ditches. The furnace is roaring in your ears. You can hear nothing else. But soon you see something. Two men

have been ramming at the furnace with a long iron rod. A million sparks shoot up, and out spurts a yellow stream. It flows along the sand ditches and grows redder and redder as it flows. One river of it runs off into a train of iron pots that carry it away, for this is only slag. But the melted iron stays in the sand ditches and turns darker and darker as it cools into pigs.

Some of this iron the company sells and sends off to other factories; but most of it goes for only a short journey in the yards, to the steel furnace, half a mile away. Here is a tall iron shed with open sides. Inside stand great iron eggs with open tops. Little cars on a high track stop above them. They turn over, and into the furnaces fall tons of iron and strange metal called spiegel. Then the blast shoots through the furnace, and a wonderful flame leaps out through the roof. You can see the light in the sky on any night in Chicago. A man on a little platform in a corner sits and watches this flame for a long time as it changes from red to yellow and blue and white. At just the right time he pulls a lever. The flame drops, the great egg stirs. Slowly it tips. Out of it shoots a storm of sparks. They burst in air. They patter against iron roof and walls. The egg keeps on turning. A big iron pot swings under it. A further tip, and a stream of cold-looking blue stuff pours out and fills the pot. The egg rights itself, is filled.

and is at work again. The filled pot pours into ladles. Ladles swing about and pour into tall iron molds that come slowly through the shed on little cars. The shed seems full of blue and red streams and lakes and flames and sparks, of self-moving pots and ladles and furnaces and cars, of hiss and spatter and roar. And yet men are moving quietly about among it all.

This trainload of molds moves out into the open yards. An iron arm lifts off the covers, and there stand big, red-hot blocks of steel. Some of them are dropped to cool and be shipped away. Others are taken to big buildings near at hand. Here is the most wonderful machinery you can imagine. Witches and wizards and giants seem to be doing the work. They pick red-hot blocks from blazing ovens with iron fingers. They knead them between iron rollers. They pinch them and bend them and squeeze them into rods and rails and blocks and sheets. They carry them through buildings and around corners and set them to cool. And all the time they are making a frightful uproar. A dozen battles could not make more noise, nor a dozen Fourth of July celebrations more beautiful fireworks.

These mills never shut down. The furnaces are never allowed to cool, except when they need to be repaired or cleaned. Day and night, Sundays and all, a cityful of men is at work. The

noise keeps up, the smoke rises and drifts, the fires blaze, the trains creep about. For everything here must be used while it is hot. Time and fuel are wasted if iron or furnaces cool and have to be heated again.

Steel from these mills goes all over the world. It covers battleships for England, carries railroad trains in Japan, is made into mining machinery for South Africa. Chicago herself uses much of it. Scattered through the city are more than fifty iron foundries. They make iron shutters, fences, staircases, tables, pipes, signs, roofing, doors, beds, columns and beams for buildings. There are machine shops, boiler shops, blacksmith shops, car shops, railroad repair shops. A near neighbor to the rolling mills themselves is the South Chicago shipyard. Here men are building steel steamships and great freighters to carry grain and coal and ore on the lakes. They use machines that cut steel as though it were cheese, that punch holes in steel plate as easily as you can put your finger through soft clay. They have compressed air drills and hammers that work faster than you can wink.

But the mills at South Chicago are old. A newer town and better mills have sprung up farther south in the sand dunes of the Indiana shore. For miles up and down the lake rise smokestacks by the hundred, and big buildings

and hills of coal and coke. Ships come and go. Derricks as large as a schoolhouse swing through the air, unloading ore. A great steel company has smoothed down hills, dug a canal, built a harbor with long piers and breakwaters, pushed out into the lake, turned a river out of its way, and moved railroads. All this it has done to make room for the largest and best steel mills in the world. Those mills cover a square mile of land. They need a whole new town to hold their men. They use new plans of work that save time and money. Nothing goes to waste in these new mills. They will make half the steel of the United States. And for neighbors to use their products they have great bridge works and cement factories.

Why should the greatest steel mills of the world be at the end of Lake Michigan? Why are they not at the iron mines of Lake Superior? Iron ore cannot be smelted without coal to heat it and limestone to help. The greatest coal beds in the United States are in Pennsylvania. The next largest are in Illinois. There are limestone quarries in our state and in Michigan. We must get the coal and limestone and ore together if we want to make iron or steel. Shall we carry the coal and stone to the iron mines, or the ore to the coal mines and quarries? It does not seem to make much difference. But when the steel

is made, where will it be used? Once the answer was, "In the railroads and great factories and shipyards of the East." So at that time the ore was sent to the coal mines of Pennsylvania, and Pittsburg became the greatest steel maker of the United States. But since then the West has grown up. It has filled with people, who need tools and machinery. Hundreds of factories have been built that use iron and steel. Great shipyards have grown up along the lakes that build half a hundred steel vessels a year. Thousands of miles of railroads have been laid, and ten thousand miles more are laid every year. Chicago has become the greatest railroad center of the world. The West needs more steel now than the East. Since that is true, it seemed foolish to carry ore a thousand miles to Pittsburg and then send the steel back a thousand miles, and pay freight both ways. So the steel company said:

"We will build a new mill in the Middle West. It must be where we can easily get coal and limestone, and where our ore ships can reach it. It must be where there are many railroads to carry our steel to the men who buy it. It must be where we can get cheap land, empty land, and a great deal of it."

Just out of Chicago they found such a place, and they built their mills and their harbor and

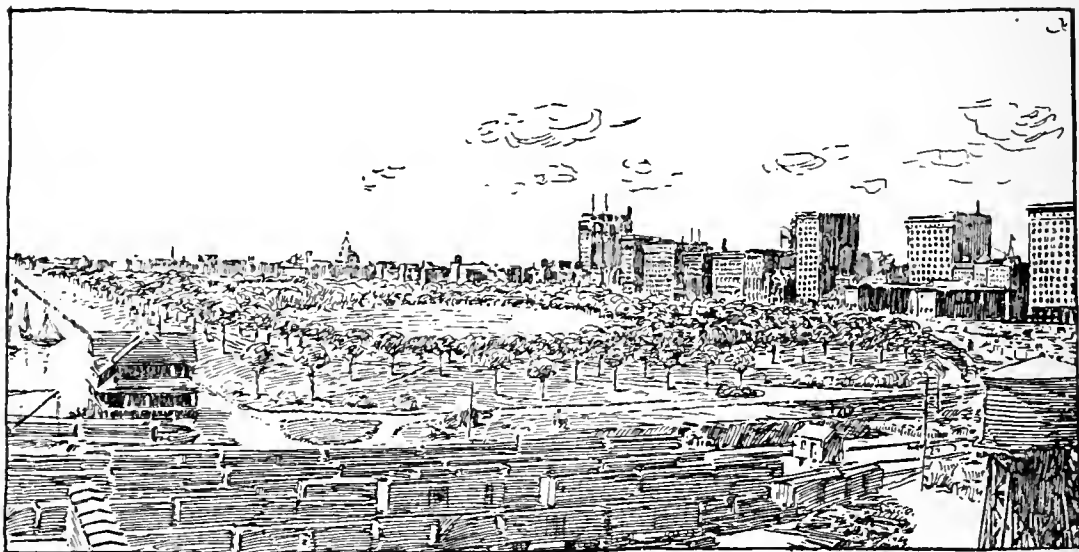
their town, and called it Gary. And some people think that it will sometime grow to be a bigger city than Pittsburg.

"The greatest industry of the United States," they say, "is steel working. It is iron that makes our lakes busy and our lake ports prosperous. For years most of the large ships have gone from Lake Superior to the cities on Lake Erie. Lake Michigan has had only the stragglers. Now the mills of Gary will change all that. The great stream of ore ships and coal ships will turn south through the Straits of Mackinac, and our lake will be the busiest of them all."

All this helps to answer the question:

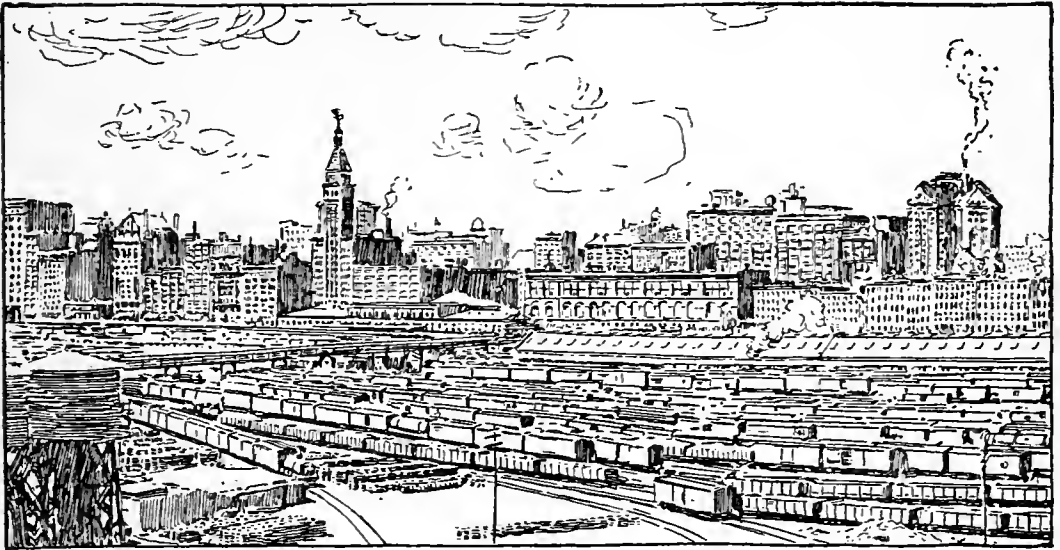
"Why did Chicago, built in a swampy wilderness, become a great city?"

Where will a large city grow up? There must be people living about with things to sell. Good land roads or water roads must lead to her. Over these roads must come and go things to be bought and sold. For one reason or another these things must stop for a time in the city—to be changed from wagon to boat, to be made from hides into shoes, to be sold to city consumers. Now in the old days of the Indian and of the French trapper Chicago was such a place. The woods about her were full of game and of fur. Empty canoes from the north could meet

*Panorama*

fur-laden pack horses from the forests. Hunting parties from down the lake could stop here to sleep, carry their canoes for a few flat miles, and go on down the river to the Mississippi. Here was the shortest distance between great lake and great river.

After the white men came it was the same story. Chicago was at the southern and western end of a long inland sea. Boats brought cargoes of goods from the East and left them here. Wagons came and carried them away to farm and village. That was the reason for digging the Illinois & Michigan Canal. Then river packets could meet lake boats and do the work of the wagons. Next men built railroads leading out from Chicago in all directions. These helped the river boats. Finally, long lines of tracks were laid from ocean to ocean. From Boston, New York,



of Chicago

Philadelphia, to San Francisco, Portland, Galveston, they went as straight as might be. But they could not afford to miss Chicago. There cargoes of lake goods and of northern grain awaited them. So they bent their course, if necessary, and touched Chicago. Again land travel met lake travel. That is why we are a railroad center. That is why cattle are brought here to be sent out as meat and leather; why lumber is shipped here to be cut, planed, made up into moldings, doors, furniture, and then taken away again. That is why grain comes here on trains and is stored in elevators until boats can carry it to the mill towns. All these industries bring workers. These people need stores, theaters, churches, schools. These buildings call for carpenters, masons, teamsters. So the city keeps adding to itself. Soon it comes to need officers to take care of it and its people—mayor, policemen,

firemen, board of health, street commissioners. Then it gets into trouble because it is so big. In some places its houses are so close together that people get no sunshine and children no place to play. Some of its tenements are too crowded. The air is smoky from factories. Many of the people are poor. The city need try no more to be large and rich. But it must try to be clean and comfortable and happy.

That is the great problem now, and there is much work to be done in solving it. Our streets are too crowded and too noisy. Shall we build a subway to make room for some of the cars and trucks? Shall we move our railroad stations farther out and scatter our store and office buildings farther apart, and so thin out our crowds? The railroads make our air foul with smoke. Shall we force them to use electric locomotives? Many of our people live in ugly, dirty, crowded tenements. Shall we compel the owners to tear down these old buildings? Shall we allow only clean and wholesome apartments to be built? In some parts of our city the children must play on the streets, and their parents have only the dusty sidewalks for resting in the hot summer evenings. Shall we go on with the good plans we have started and make more playgrounds and swimming pools and parks? Visiting ships are troubled by our narrow

river, our interfering bridges. Shall we widen the river and build public docks? Shall we make a new harbor north and south of the river mouth and line it with wharves where ships may load and unload? We have not enough money to pave our streets, and keep them clean, and run our schools, and do all our work perfectly. Can we get a new charter that shall give us the right to get money and to take care of our city as we think right? Can we get enough cars to take people comfortably to their work and home again? Shall we have better ways of getting rid of our garbage? Can every factory be a safe and healthful place for people to work? Can we make it possible for every child to go to school until he is fourteen years old? Shall our lake shore be made beautiful? Can we teach every man, woman, and child to love his city and work for its good? These are some of the questions that Chicago people are discussing. There are men and women who are spending their lives to bring these good things to pass. It will take years to do it, and Chicago will always be growing and always be changing. Every year new questions will spring up to be answered, new troubles to be conquered, new work to be done, for Chicago. Who shall do it?

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

I. WHAT HAS BEEN DONE

- 1607. Jamestown founded. (First English settlement in America.)
- 1608. Quebec founded. (First French settlement in Canada.)
- 1670. Michilimackinac founded.
- 1673. Marquette and Joliet discover Mississippi River.
- 1674. Marquette winters at Chicago.
- 1680. La Salle in Illinois.
- 1684. Little French fort built at Chicago.
- 1702. French fort built at Vincennes.
- 1718. New Orleans founded.
- 1721. Frenchman discovers lead mines at Galena.
- 1763. End of French and Indian War, by which France lost all her American possessions.
- 1764. St. Louis founded.
- 1776. American Revolution.
- 1780. Bellefontaine founded. (First American settlement in Illinois.)
- 1786. Pointe de Saible builds cabin.
- 1787. Northwest Territory organized. Ohio formed from Territory in 1800; Michigan in 1805; Indiana in 1809, and Illinois in 1818.
- 1795. Treaty of Greenville signed, in which Indians give United States, among other land, that on which Chicago now stands.
- 1800. Ohio becomes separate territory.
- 1803. Fort Dearborn built.
- 1804. Mr. Kinzie comes.

- 1805. Michigan becomes separate territory.
- 1809. Territory of Illinois founded. (Included Wisconsin and part of Minnesota.)
- 1809. Indiana becomes separate territory.
- 1811. Tecumseh's battle of Tippecanoe.
- 1812. War between England and America.
- 1812. Fort Dearborn massacre.
- 1816. Fort Dearborn rebuilt.
- 1818. Illinois becomes separate territory.
- 1819. First steamboat on Great Lakes.
- 1829. First ferry at Chicago.
- 1829. Wolf's Tavern built.
- 1830. First passenger steam railway in America. (B. & O., in Maryland.)
- 1830. Chicago laid out.
- 1832. First steamboat at Chicago.
- 1832. Black Hawk War.
- 1832. Cholera epidemic.
- 1833. State Road completed to Vincennes.
- 1833. Town of Chicago incorporated.
- 1833. New river channel and piers begun.
- 1834. Year of the boom.
- 1834. First drawbridge built.
- 1835. First volunteer fire department formed.
- 1836. Illinois-Michigan Canal begun.
- 1836. Soldiers withdrawn from Fort Dearborn.
- 1837. Chicago becomes a city.
- 1838. Galena & Chicago Union Railroad begun.
- 1838. Hard times.
- 1838. First wheat shipped from Chicago.
- 1840. First floating swing bridge built at Clark Street.
- 1842. First waterworks opened.
- 1842. First newspaper started.
- 1848. Illinois-Michigan Canal finished.
- 1848. Telegraph built between Chicago and Milwaukee.

- 1848. First trip on Galena & Chicago Union Railroad.
- 1849. First plank roads.
- 1849. Flood.
- 1850. City lighted by gas.
- 1850. Many streets planked.
- 1851. Illinois Central Railroad begun.
- 1854. Cholera epidemic.
- 1854. City waterworks finished.
- 1855. Main line of Illinois Central completed.
- 1856. Chesbrough sewers begun.
- 1856. First street car.
- 1858. Paid fire department established.
- 1864. Lake tunnel begun.
- 1864. Lincoln Park begun.
- 1865. Fire alarm telegraph laid.
- 1865. Union Stock Yards begun.
- 1867. First lake tunnel finished.
- 1869. Washington Street river tunnel built.
- 1869. Washington Park begun. (Then called West Park and Gage Park.)
- 1869. Jackson Park begun. (Then called East Park or Lake Park.)
- 1869. West parks and boulevards begun.
- 1871. La Salle Street tunnel finished.
- 1871. Great fire.
- 1871. Public library begun by English sympathizers after the fire.
- 1876. First rolling mills opened in South Chicago.
- 1879. Art Institute founded.
- 1887. St. Gaudens' statue of Lincoln dedicated.
- 1889. Hull House begun.
- 1890. First electric car.
- 1892. Drainage canal begun.
- 1892. First elevated road opened.
- 1892. Elevation of railroad tracks begun.
- 1893. World's Fair.

- 1893. First bascule bridge in Chicago.
- 1893. Art Institute building finished.
- 1894. First free bathhouse.
- 1896. First vacation school opened.
- 1899. Juvenile court established.
- 1899. Illinois Telephone Company's tunnel begun.
- 1900. Drainage canal completed.
- 1901. First public playground opened.
- 1906. Lincoln Park extension begun.
- 1906. Gary begun.
- 1908. Smoke Bureau established.
- 1908. Burnham's plans for "The City Beautiful" published.
- 1909. Tree planting ordinance passed.
- 1909. County Building completed.
- 1910. Locks at Lockport completed.
- 1910. First of the enlarged river tunnels completed.
- 1910. Wilmette Canal completed.
- 1911. Site of Field Museum selected.
- 1911. Bill for outer harbor passed.
- 1911. City Hall completed.
- 1911. Elevated railroad lines consolidated.
- 1911. Chicago & North-Western Railroad depot completed.

II. SHALL THESE THINGS BE DONE?

- Calumet drainage system completed.
- South Chicago lot level raised.
- Improved street paving and cleaning realized.
- Improved system of garbage disposal established.
- Railroads electrified.
- Smoke abolished.
- Subways built.
- Trees grown along all streets.
- Grant Park completed.
- Small parks made in all crowded districts.
- Outer park system completed.

Michigan Avenue widened and north and south side
boulevards connected.

Boulevard system completed.

Banks of the river made beautiful.

Deep waterway to Gulf opened.

Long outer harbor and docks built.

New city charter gained.

Better housing conditions created.

City hospitals built in all parts of city.

Schools used as recreation centers.

Field Museum built.

City theaters established.

Public concerts given in parks and playgrounds.

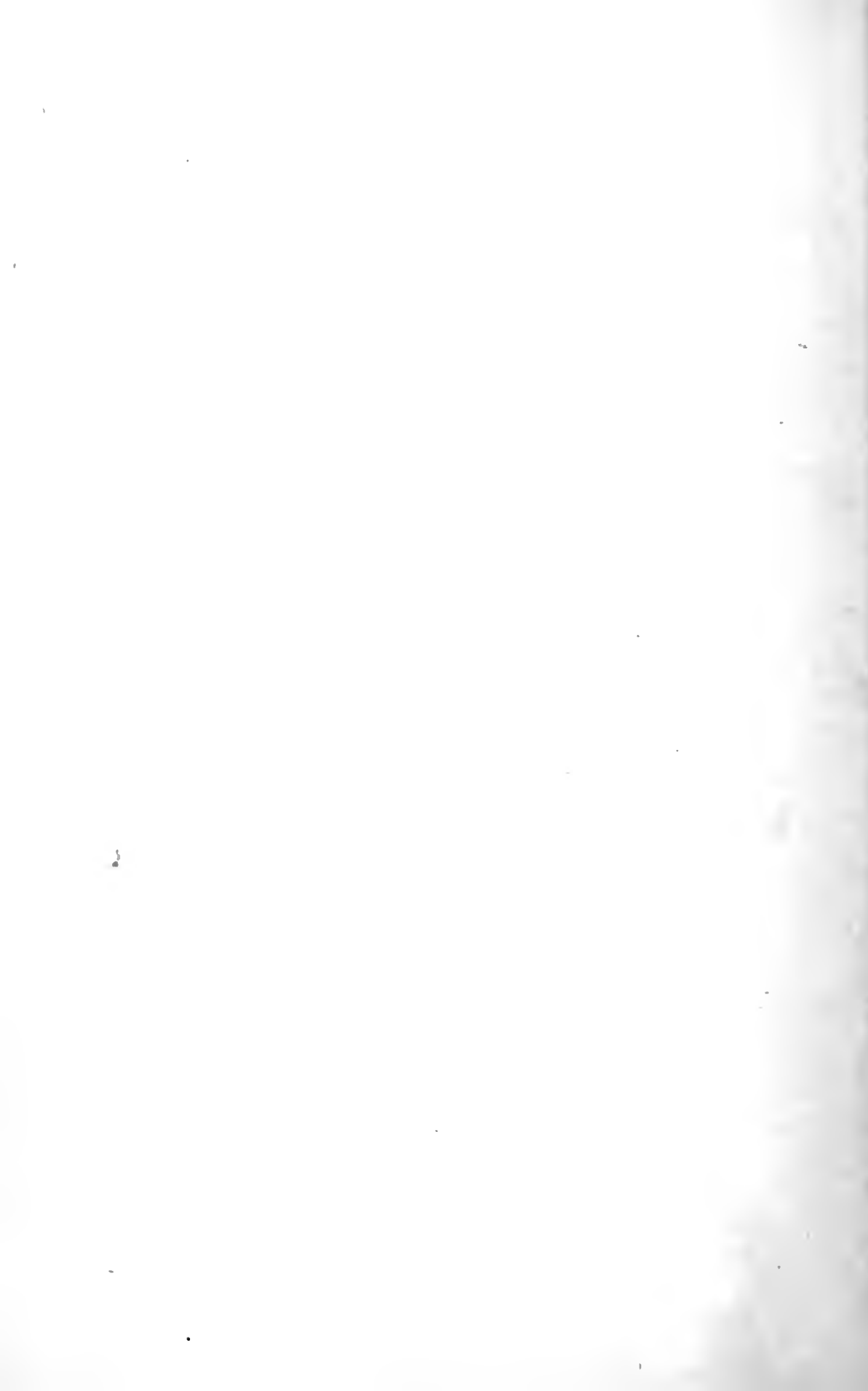
Shops and gardens established at every school.

Orphans, the aged, and the unfortunate cared for
by the city.

Twelfth Street widened.

Surface street-car lines consolidated.

Realization of the modern plan for a great and
beautiful city.



READING LIST

THERE is much material for the student of the history of Chicago. The Chicago Historical Society, in particular, has a large special collection. But only a few books, that have been found most useful, most easily accessible, and most readable, are given here.

FRENCH PERIOD

- Jesuit Relations (per index). Edited by Reuben Goldthwaites. *Burrows*.
Narrative and Critical History of America. By Justin Winsor. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*
Pioneers of France in the New World. By Francis Parkman. *Little, Brown & Co.*
The Jesuits in North America. By Francis Parkman. *Little, Brown & Co.*
La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West. By Francis Parkman. *Little, Brown & Co.*
The Old Regime in Canada. By Francis Parkman. *Little, Brown & Co.*
Count Frontenac and New France. By Francis Parkman. *Little, Brown & Co.*
The Story of the Trapper. By Agnes C. Laut. *D. Appleton & Co.*

EARLY ILLINOIS

- Illinois, Historical and Statistical. 2 vols. By John Moses. (Out of print.)
History of Illinois. By Henry Brown. (Out of print.)
Wau-bun. By Mrs. John H. Kinzie. (Juliette Augusta McGill Kinzie.) *Rand McNally & Co.*
Historic Illinois. By Randall Parrish. *A. C. McClurg & Co.*

CHICAGO

- History of Chicago. By A. T. Andreas. *Andreas.*
 History of Chicago. By Moses and Kirkland.
Munsell & Co.
 Discovery and Conquests of the Northwest with the
 History of Chicago. By Rufus Blanchard. *Blanchard.*
 Chicago and the Great Conflagration. By Elias
 Colbert and Everett Chamberlain. (Out of print.)
 Reminiscences of Early Chicago. By Edwin O.
 Gale. *Fleming H. Revell Co.*
 Industrial Chicago. Vol. V. By George W. Hotchkiss.
Goodspeed Publishing Co.
 Story of Chicago. By Joseph Kirkland. *Dibble*
Publishing Co. -
 Sketch of Life of Gurdon Saltonstall Hubbard. By
 Henry E. Hamilton. (Out of print.)
 Chicago City Manual. Edited by S. A. Eastman.
Chicago Bureau of Statistics.
 Plan of Chicago. By Burnham and Bennett. Edited
 by Moore. *The Commercial Club.*
 Guide to Chicago. *Association of Commerce.*

FOR CHILDREN'S READING

- Autobiography of Black Hawk. (Out of print.)
 Discovery of the Old Northwest. By James Baldwin.
American Book Co.
 Conquest of the Old Northwest. By James Baldwin.
American Book Co.
 Heroes of the Middle West. By Mary Hartwell
 Catherwood. *Ginn & Co.*
 Pioneers of the Mississippi Valley. By Chas. Mc-
 Murry. *Macmillan Co.*
 Story of the Great Lakes. By Channing and Lansing.
Macmillan Co.
 The Story of Chicago and National Development.
 By Eleanor Atkinson. *Little Chronicle Co.*
 A Civic Manual for Chicago and Cook County. By
 S. R. Winchell. *A. Flanagan.*

A WORD ABOUT LOCAL HISTORY

WE sometimes are in danger of thinking that because people live in Chicago they are interested in its problems and know something about them. But the mind must act upon external things before they can become mind-matter. Your child lives above streets honeycombed with sewers and water mains, but a medieval castle may be more real to him. He skims the papers that chronicle the actions of the city council, but kings and queens may interest him more. It is not the material environment but the mental one which is pedagogically significant. If we would have present-day, tangible Chicago enter the pupil's mental environment; if we would inculcate a habit of social interest and usefulness; if we would rouse intelligent and active patriotism; if we would develop social conscience; if we would equip citizens with a knowledge of the needs of society; if we would transmute everyday material into matter for thinking, we must prick the inattentive mind with some surprise; we must galvanize dead-lying streets into the actors in a drama—for they are that, and not merely the scenes of dramatic episodes.

In starting mental action, surely the primary step is to bring children into contact with things. Their senses must feed images into their minds. This means excursions in school and out—alone, with parents, with teachers. Local history without field trips would certainly be at least as remote as ancient Egypt. But these sense impressions cannot

remain in their crude, pristine state. They must be worked over into associated trains, they must seize upon bits of old experience, reach out for new ones, weave all into fresh conceptions, or they will flit. Now the essence of the story of Chicago is change—change usually toward commercial improvement, and often toward social betterment. Let that meaning of things enter a child's mind, and it immediately sets ideas tingling, groping for their connections and their fulfillment. Therefore, more materials are needed for study—pictures, maps, charts, models, actual things, descriptions, statistics. The teacher's task becomes largely that of purveyor and curator. This book aims to be the helper in this situation. Its plea, like that of every text book or supplementary reader, might then be phrased:

"I beg you, do not study *me*. I am not subject matter; I am a tool. Study the things of which I treat, and use me when I can help to do your work."

The added special plea of this book may be somewhat of the following sort:

"Strive to answer some great question. Let it be, for example, 'Why is Chicago where it is, and why is it great?' In answering that you will need maps of old waterways, of old trails, and of the westward movement of our population, of the natural resources of the country; you will need histories of transportation and of industries. Perhaps, I, too, can contribute facts and picturesque details to your search. Or let your question be, 'What are the needs of a great city?' You will have to visit wharves, freight depots, pumping stations, fire houses; you will need to apply to the Sanitary Board and the Health Department and the Street Commissioner for statistics. Perhaps by telling the story of the evolution of institutions and devices and processes I may be able to help in your solution. A score of other

methods lie awaiting investigation. Attack them, and use me as a weapon in the fight if I appear worthy."

But this sounds like very strenuous business, and we must not allow a child's study to become gray, hard, unlovely, over-logical, and mature. The ideas that abide and fructify in all our minds are those with strong emotional association. Some people will get such stimulation from the most unlikely material—from machinery, from commerce, from sanitation. But the majority of us are most strongly moved by the beautiful, the fanciful; this fact is particularly true of children. In the history of Greece, sculpture may supply this esthetic stimulus; in that of Norway, story; in that of chivalry, ballad and song. Such material is more difficult to find in workaday Chicago. The romance of the open forest and the free life in the old French and Indian time seems most nearly to furnish it. I feel that by picture, play, story, we must make the most of that period in order to give color and liveliness to our somewhat monochromatic history, in order to give children a chance for light, imaginative play.

Perhaps few people would agree upon the points in the story of Chicago which are at once salient and fitted to the needs and capacities of children of the grammar school. But I must venture my list.

1. Reasons for Commercial Importance:

- a. Locus and movement of population in the United States.
- b. Products and industries of various localities.
- c. Trade routes.
- d. History of transportation.

2. Needs of a City:

- a. Water system.
- b. Sewer system.
- c. Street system.

- d. Lighting system.
- e. Fire protection.
- f. Parks.
- g. Schools.
- h. Provisions for public health.
- i. Systems of transportation.
- j. Laws and officers.
- k. Money.
- 3. Certain Picturesque and Comparatively Simple Industries:
 - a. Shipping.
 - b. Food handling.
 - c. Steel working.
 - d. Bridge making.
 - e. Building.
- 4. Dramatic Events and Associations:
 - a. Indians.
 - b. The French.
 - c. Frontier life.
 - d. The great fire.

I have written of Chicago, but the history of any city contains the same elements in differing proportions, and in any town will exist the same social value and the same purpose in the study of local history. My hope, then, for this book is that it shall be a finger pointing to real material for study, that it shall make insistent and unescapable demands for excursions, that it shall help to rouse its reader's loving interest in his city—an interest that shall grow into efficient social activity.

JENNIE HALL.

*Francis W. Parker School,
May 12, 1911*



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